

THE
BUSY-BODY;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Monsieur BIGAND.



VOL. I.



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George *Dunn*
THE
BUSY-BODY;

OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF

Monfieur BIGAND;

A Man infinitely Inquifitive and
Enterprizing, even to Rashnefs;

W H I C H

Unhappy Faculties, nevertheless, in-
stead of ruining, raifed him from the LOWEST
OBSCURITY, to a moft SPLENDID FORTUNE.

I N T E R S P E R S E D

With feveral Humourous STORIES.

T H E W H O L E

Containing great Variety of ADVENTURES,
equally Instructive and Diverting.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

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THE PREFACE.

WERE I to assure my Readers, that the Manuscript from whence this Work was taken, was found at *Rome* in a Wainscot Box, under the Foundation of a House, they would cry out ; this Author is an admirable Fellow ! Every Thing, that he undertakes has somewhat of the marvellous belonging to it. In this *Rome* opens her Bosom to him, and discovers all her Treasures ; in his *Payssanne Parve-*

vi P R E F A C E.

nue,* a Marchioness of the first Rank, intrusts him with her Secrets ; and in his *Mentor a la-Mode*, he entertains us with Analogies, which have never been thought on by any body but himself : And the first Opportunity, he will palm upon us, with the same Confidence, some new Flights of his Imagination, and will give us to understand, that they are to have the greater Regard paid to them, on Account of some such Mystery, miraculously brought to Light.

Such are the Censures I must expect from them : What, then, must I do in this Case ? I cannot compel them to believe me ; nothing is more free than Thought ; and were I in their Stead, perhaps, I should say more. The Publick are to be our Judges ; and, to pass
Sentence

* A celebrate Novel of the same Author's, that has been miserably murdered, under the Title of the *Fortunate Country-Maid*.

P R E F A C E. vii

Sentence on all the Works of Nature : Were I desirous of pre - possessing them in my Favour, I would here make an Encomium upon their Equity ; but what would this avail me ; I should acquaint them with nothing new, and they would not be a Jot the less severe in their Criticisms. As for falling upon my Knees, and asking their Pardon, in a Preface, as a learned Man * says upon this Head, I am their very humble Servant ; and renounce their Favour, at this mortifying Price. But let us leave vain Reflections ; frequently arising from the Pleasure of talking of One's Self ; which is a Vanity common to almost all Authors : Let us endeavour not to imitate them, and return to our Subject.

A poor Mason, burthened with seven Children, demolishing the Foundation of a House, in the Street *F*——, at

* Monsieur *Boileau*.

viii P R E F A C E.

at *Rome*, found, under a Stone, the Box before-mentioned. He looked about him, to see whether he was not observed by any one ; it is some hidden Treasure, said he to himself ; I am very poor ; it is no Injury to any one ; I may justly convert it to my own Use. Having thus considered, he pulled off his Coat, and wrapt up the Box therein. Dinner-Time being come, the Mason goes Home, and carries with him his supposed Treasure. He locks himself up, and opens the Box ; but how great was his Disappointment, to find nothing but Paper therein ! For mere Madness and Vexation, he jobbed the Tool; whereof he had made Use to get off the Lid, several Times into the Manuscript ; and this was the Occasion of some Chasms, which our Readers will find in the Sequel of the Work.

The poor Mason could not forbear acquainting his Wife with what had happened

pened to him ; charging her at the same Time not to say one Word of it : But she had a Neighbour, who was Discretion itself ; and she informed her thereof with the same Precaution and Injunction. The latter also had an intimate Friend of the same Sex, for whose Prudence she could be answerable ; she was likewise let into the Secret ; in short, in Twenty-four Hours not a Soul in *Rome* was a Stranger to it.

A busy Inquirer after the Tatters of Antiquity, who set a great Value upon the very least Shreds thereof, came one Day to the poor Man, and begg'd him to let him see the Box, with the Papers he had found. He look'd them over with wonderful Care ; and was in perfect Raptures at the Sight of the Manuscript ; especially, when he could not read the Hand, which made him conceive a very extraordinary Opinion
of

x P R E F A C E.

of it. The Box, now almost turned to Touch-wood, seemed to him to have been at least the Cabinet of some *Roman* Empress; he bid the Man, therefore, at the first Word, Fifty Crowns for the Whole. The poor Mason, not expecting any such Offer, was struck with Amazement; and the Antiquary, taking his Astonishment for a Refusal, on Account of the Smallness of the Sum, drawing out his Purse, clapp'd a Hundred Crowns in his Hand; which done, they parted from each other very well contented.

The Lover of Antiquities did not long enjoy his new Purchase; but, died suddenly a few Days after; and the unfortunate Manuscript was again buried in Oblivion. Some Time after, some Thieves broke open a Cabinet, belonging to the Deceased, upon which a Seal had been put, as well as upon the Rest of his Effects: The Box above-mentioned

mentioned was deposited therein, under several Locks ; they seiz'd thereon, imagining it to be full of Things of Value.

The Rogue, who had it in his Custody, was obliged to betake himself to Flight, the same Day, for some of his Pranks of the same Kind ; and was so closely pursued, that he was forced to quit his Country. He was seiz'd afterwards at *Paris*, for some Tricks of the same Nature, and the Manuscript, being found in his Possession, was lodg'd with the Clerk of the Arraignments, in whose Office it remained many Years.

It fell, at last, into the Hands of another Clerk, who understood a little *Italian* ; and having look'd over it, resolv'd to part with it. He happen'd to hear, I don't know which Way, that I was very ready to buy old Manuscripts ; accordingly, he brought it to me, I
did

xii P R E F A C E.

did not dislike it, we agreed upon the Price, and this it is, which I now offer to the Publick.

I found some Difficulty in translating it; but, what surprized me most therein, was, to see the Scene laid at *Paris*: The Author must have had his Reasons for removing it thither. I did not think it material to alter the false Names that are assumed therein, because that was of no great Importance; but, as there are some satyrical Passages, against Persons in Power, at the Time when it was written, and the Scene being laid at *Paris*, some Persons might have made false Applications thereof, I have omitted them, as well as several monstrous, and extraordinary Stories, hardly to be believ'd, and too different from the Customs of these Times.

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THE
BUSY-BODY:
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Monf. *BIGAND*.

CHAP. .I.

Who Bigand is. His predominant Inclinations. He is placed in a Convent. What happens to him there.

XXXXX SHALL not trifle away my Reader's Time, with the particular Account, of my little Adventures, during the first Years of my Infancy; wherefore, I shall only say, that I was born of Parents who were but mean, and in indifferent Circumstances. But what is absolute-

ly necessary to be known, is, that I could scarce walk, before I gave evident Signs, what I should one Day be: I had such an unparalled Propensity to Curiosity, that I was perpetually listening at every Door, or peeping through the Key-holes; insomuch that nothing was transacted, either at home, or in the neighbourhood, but I was exactly informed thereof.

The Consequence of this was, that few Days pass'd over my Head, wherein I was not ill used on this Account; however, all Chastisement was lost upon me; my predominant Inclination got the better of every thing; and Whipping made so little Impression upon me, that as soon as it was over, I used to pull off my Shoes, and follow my Father, to see where he hid the Rods; with Intent to destroy them, according to my ordinary Custom: The Cream of the Jest was, that I was always a Sufferer by this Precaution; for the Rods not being to be found, when they were wanted, a new one was made; and my poor Backside was no Gainer by the Exchange.

My Father put me to my Book very early, and I was a tolerable Proficient; but the same unaccountable Faculty attended me at School; I was the continual Plague of my School-fellows: I watched all their Actions, and gave an exact Account thereof to our Master. Notwithstanding my Application to my Studies, I still found Time enough, when I came Home, to set the whole Neighbourhood in an Uproar; and was universally hated. All the married Men were my Enemies; whenever they went out to the Ale-house, Tavern, or elsewhere, their Wives were sure, at their return home, to acquaint them with every Particular, that had passed in their Company. As little could the single Women endure me; if they

they spoke but to a Sweet-Heart, the Mother, or the Mistress, knew the Time, the Place, and even Part of the Discourse, that passed between them. Was a Servant guilty of any Roguery? His Master was apprized thereof in a Moment. In short, I was called the Spy, and Busy-Body, of the Ward wherein I lived; and not a Week passed, wherein I was not brought home, beaten almost to Mummy, by those who had been Sufferers, by my unhappy Curiosity.

My Father, wearied out by the numberless Complaints, that were daily made against me, and fearing I should, one time or other, be killed for my inquisitive Temper, resolved to send me from under his Roof; to see if that would produce any Reformation. He had, in his younger Days, been Door-keeper at a Monastery; and had kept up a Correspondence there; he desired I might be admitted therein; and, for his Sake, I was taken in, to be under the Cook; with a Promise to make me, continue my Studies.

The Lay-Brother under whom I was put, seeing me of the *Lilliputian* Size, fell a laughing at me; and asked, how old I might be: Thirteen, Master, said I, the fourth of next *May*. Bless me, cried he, interrupting me, with a bantering Air, I thought you could be but Six at the most; and that all you could serve for, would be, to put into the Wheel of the Jack, instead of a cunning Cur of a Turn-Spit, who gets out of the Way, whenever he finds it is about Dinner or Supper-time. Don't trouble yourself about that said I briskly, I'll render you a good Account of your Dog; and he shall not stir a Step, for the future, but you shall be amply informed of it. We shall be finely fitted, replied the same Brother; (giving a Tap on the Shoulder, to one of

his Fellow Servants, whose plump, rosy Cheeks shewed him to be a jolly Boon-Companion) have they bely'd him in the least? Very well, my Boy, very well, thou need'st only go on; thou wilt not make thy Court amiss here; I shall pass by thy being a Spy over the Dog; but have a Care thou art not so over any one else; if thou shouldst thou wouldst not have a very good Time on't here with us.

I gave little Attention to this Discourse; being wholly taken up with something that pleased me better: I had another excellent Quality, of which, through Modesty, I have not made mention; I was a great Lover of my Belly, and had no Aversion to Wine. Whilst the Lay-Brother before-mentioned was reading me this Lecture, some of the Relicks of the Dinner were brought into the Kitchen: whose savoury Smell was infinitely delightful to my Nostrils. I kept my Eyes fixed thereon, and saw them put into the Larder; and observed, with Joy, that they did not take out the Key. Some Time after, all the Servants of the Monastery, as the Cooks, Gardeners, and others, sat down to Dinner: They placed me at one End of the Table, and helped me, to what the rest did not like. I eat but little; they took Notice of it; and, on that Account, were pleas'd to give me Epithet of Sober.

Dinner being over, and every one being gone about his Business, I waited a fair Opportunity, to put in Execution, a liquorish Scheme which I had concerted; but was disturbed therein, by a cursed Lay-Brother who was Door-keeper: and whose over-gorg'd Stomach disposed him to a Nap. I was in Hopes, each Moment, he would fall into a sound Sleep; and that then I might have Leisure, to take a Review of the Larder before-mentioned.

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My Expectation was in vain ; he only slumbered uneasily, and opened his Eyes, from Time to Time ; his Head nodding one way, and another ; and sometimes getting a Knock against the Wall, that would wake him, and make him mutter.

Hereupon I grew stark mad ; scarce had I stirred two steps, before I was forced to return ; at last, quite wearied out with these Attempts, I had Recourse to a Stratagem, to draw him out of the Kitchen. I ran to the Gate of the Convent, and rung the Bell ; his Duty called him thither ; wherefore, as soon as he heard it, he got up murmuring. I took Advantage of his Absence ; hurried to the Larder, and stealing half a Turkey and a Bottle of Wine, wrapt it up in a Napkin, carried it to a Garret assigned me for my Lodging, which had been already shewn me ; and hid it in the Straw Bottom, of the sorry Flock-Bed, whereon I was to lie ; with the laudable Intention, to feast myself therewith at Night.

It rejoiced me infinitely, that I had so happily accomplished my Design ; but I was ignorant that my Garret was next to a Library ; wherein an old Monk happened to be reading, when I went up thither. They were only separated by a sorry Partition ; and the good Father, not knowing for what Use that Room was designed, was desirous to see what was doing therein ; looking, therefore, through the Joinings of the Boards, he discovered, but too plainly, what Business was going forwards. He went directly to the Cook, and gave him Notice thereof ; whereupon, he resolved to punish me for it, in such a Manner, as should make me remember it for some Time : My Father, undoubtedly, had told him, that I was inured to Beating ; and that it made not the least Impression upon me. That he might the

better compass his Design, therefore, he took Care to employ me, in such a Manner, all the rest of the Day, that he had a sufficient Opportunity, to play me the most extraordinary Trick, that ever entered into the Head of Man; it might justly be called, a true Monk's Revenge.

As soon as Supper was over, every one retired to his Lodging; and I flew with Pleasure to my Garret; though I had not any Light, I flattered myself, that would not prevent my feasting myself to my Heart's Content: I fastened the Door on the Inside, as well as I could; and undressed myself, with Design to get into Bed, and stuff there, more at my Ease: This done, I put my Hand into the Straw, and took out the Napkin, wherein I had concealed my Theft: I opened it; and, to my great Astonishment, instead of a tender, nice Bit, which I expected to have met with, found something both very hard and dry; not suspecting yet any Deceit however; but imagining I had touched the Rump Bone, I felt about elsewhere, but was never a Jot the better off. Did I take the Carcass, with without minding it? said I to myself; and yet it did not seem so to me. I felt about it then once more, and my Fingers got into some Holes, where I found something more tender: I thought that the Town was then my own; and brought out some Morfels of Flesh, which were delicious; but there was too little, to satisfy my voracious Appetite: I made several vain Efforts, therefore, to get some more; but, notwithstanding my having a Knife to help to get the Flesh off, could not pick off the least Bit.

At last, by long striving, I broke somewhat; it was a little Bone, which I clapt immediately to my Mouth; but was soon glad to take it away again;

again; for it was as hard as Iron, and had a mouldy 'Taste. This obliged me to have Recourse to my Bottle, to get the filthy Relish out of my Mouth; but scarce had I had one Gulp, before I brought it up again, faster than it went down; it being as bitter as Gall. Not being able to imagine the Reason of all this, I grew at last out of Patience, and was resolved to examine into it; and knowing there was a Lamp burning, in the Dormitory, adjoining to my Garret, I opened the Door, and ran in thither. But, how great was my Terror, on seeing, by the glimmering Light thereof, that my so-much-longed-for Turkey, was changed into a ghastly Death's Head. I let it fall immediately; my Blood ran cold in my Veins; and had it not been for the Wall, which held me up, I had dropt down backward. The Fall of the dreadful Head, made the whole House ring: the poor Monks, not pre-acquainted with the Design, were terrified at the Noise, and ran to the Doors of their Cells; when, seeing me in my Shirt, they took me for a Spirit; and crossing themselves, hastened again to their Beds, where they covered themselves over Head and Ears: Mean while, I stood motionless, without daring to stir from where I was; my Hair standing up an End, and my Heart beating, as if ready to start from its Place.

I should have stood a considerable Time in the same Posture, had I not met with another fresh Cause of Terror to renew my Fright; I felt something rough and hairy pass between my Legs, which made me leap almost out of my Skin: I betook myself to Flight, and saw somewhat black run before me. So great was my Consternation, that I could not distinguish what might be the Occasion of it, but by the Mewing of a Cat, which,

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at that Time, however, I did not take for what it was. To add to my Dread, as I ran along, I kicked the fatal Skull before me, which set it a rolling a-new, with a terrible Noise. I scampered away, as fast as my Legs could carry me, and hunted about for my Chamber, to hide myself in my Bed. Finding one with the Door half open, I took it for mine, ran in, and shut it after me: I felt about for my Bed, met with one, and got hastily into it; but, good Heavens! what became of me, when I was received with an hearty Drubbing, and heard a hoarse Voice, conjuring me, for God's Sake, to tell who I was! Convinced then of my Mistake, I leapt out again; overthrew every Thing that lay in my Way, and got again to the Door; the same Voice beseeching me all the while to discover myself; and I could distinguish it a considerable Time, even after my being in my Garret, which, at last, I found out.

Next Morning the whole Convent were in an Uproar about what had happened in the Night; the roguish Cook, who had been the Occasion of all the Disturbance, not having made his Boast thereof to any one, it was whispered about, that a Spirit haunted the Dormitory; and many Stories were raised upon that Head, which were widely different from the Truth. There was not one, who did not repeat some extraordinary Circumstance relating thereto; to which he added several ridiculous Reflections: Some said it was one Father *Anselm*, whose Ghost walked; and that he had always taken a Pleasure in plaguing the Monks in the Night-time: Others averred, this Apparition was the Fore-runner of some Misfortune that would befall them; adding that they did not live regularly enough, but must reform their

their Manners : In short, this Accident was the whole Subject of their Conversation, till what followed soon after, afforded them a fresh Topick for their Discourse.

The Consequence of this Adventure was, it cured me of my Gluttony ; so that I never, afterwards, had Recourse to such Shifts, in order to indulge my Appetite : It gave me an Aversion for a long while, to all Manner of Victuals ; every thing I saw seemed to me a Death's Head ; it was continually before my Eyes : Time at last wore away this mortifying Conceit ; but it has not cured me, of an incredible Dislike to Turkeys ; I cannot bear the Sight of them, but turn pale immediately, and am taken ill. In the mean while, the mischievous Rogue of a Cook, who had played me this scurvy Trick, took no Manner of Notice to me, of what had passed ; I could see him smile frequently, when he looked me in the Face ; but as this was very usual with him, I did not reflect at all upon it ; nor did he ever tell me of it, till above three Years afterwards.

Though this Misfortune produced the good Effect before-mentioned, it did not cure me of my other Faults ; but, as I advanced in Age, I grew still so much the more subtle and unlucky. Four Years were spent in this Manner, during which I made a tolerable Progress in my Learning. I had contracted a Friendship with one of the Novices who was old enough to have been a Monk ; and in whose Acquaintance I found a thousand Advantages : He had a prodigious Number of Romances ; I can't imagine by what Means he had been able to get them together ; and I used to spend whole Nights in reading them. This Novice was called Fryar *Angel* ; but his Name ought, in Justice, to have been quite the contrary ; he was thoughtful
and

and sullen ; and, under a most agreeable Aspect, concealed a Temper addicted to every thing that was wicked : As much inclined to Roguery as I might be, I was a perfect Saint, when compared to him.

The Master of the Novices, who had discovered his vicious Inclinations, had used his utmost Efforts to reform him ; and, finding that the good Usage, to which he had at first had Recourse, had been all lost upon him, had begun to treat him with Rigour. Frequent Abstinence, with the Prohibition of Wine at his Meals, and obliging him to work hard, instead of allowing him any Recreation, were the next Means whereof he made Tryal ; but it was all in vain : He found the Way to elude, in a great Measure, all these Mortifications ; for he would filch, out of the Kitchen, enough to compensate for what Retrenchment was made in his Diet ; he would likewise pilfer Money ; and therewith procured Wine to regale himself, by the Help of a little Boy, who used to be sent to and fro' on Errands to the Convent. He was even artful enough to rob the Master of the Novices ; but having once been caught in the Fact, the exasperated Monk, who did not understand jesting upon so tender a Point, had him tyed to a Post, by four other Novices, where he was lashed so severely, that he was perfectly flayed.

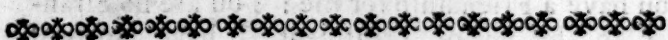
Fryar *Angel* was ready to burst with Rage ; and took a firm Resolution, to be heartily revenged. That he might the better compass his Design, he pretended to take his Chastisement kindly ; and carried his Hypocrisy so far, as to thank the good Father for it, and own he richly deserved it. In short he dissembled so admirably, that the Master of the Novices, who was naturally very good-humoured,

moured, being moved thereat, restored him to Favour; abated of his Rigour, with Respect to his Diet and Labour; and, notwithstanding the Order that had been left at his Admittance, to keep him strictly confined, allowed him more Liberty than usual; whereby he gave him the Opportunity to accomplish his so much desired, and so long studied, Revenge.

He came to my Bed-side one Night, and lying down by me; my dear *Bigand*, said he, I have taken Notice of your ready Wit, and know you have a Friendship for me: You are no Stranger to the severe Treatment, I have received from the Master of the Novices; I have resolved to be revenged on him, and make my Escape from this Goal; you don't know it yet; and though you have not already met with the same inhuman Usage, you may depend upon it, you will have it in your Turn. What would you do here? What would be the End of it? Is it not better to get away, and try our Fortune? Whatever befalls us, it will be more eligible, than to languish away our Lives in a Cloister.

I have long had the same Thought, said I, over-joyed to see him in this Mind; why did not you mention it to me before? If you had, it would have been done already; I am heartily tired, as well as you, of this Kind of Life; and have had it in my Head, more than once, to take a different Course. How glad am I, cried he, embracing me, to find you in this Disposition! How sweet is it to be free! And how happy shall we be to travel the World over! Never fear, we shall not want for any thing. Why should we stir out of *Paris*, answered I; is it not large enough to afford us a Livelihood? I am better acquainted with it than any one, resumed Fryar *Angel*; I have

have acted divers Parts therein, in my Time, and had not Fortune favoured me so much, you would not have seen me here. Were I to stay therein, therefore, I should be afraid of being again laid hold on; and confined so strictly, that I should have no Hopes of recovering again my Liberty, ever after. I will give you a convincing Proof, dear *Bigand*, of my Friendship; and of the Confidence I repose in you: Listen to my first Adventures: you will afterwards be better capable of judging, whether I dare again appear publicly therein.



C H A P. II.

Fryar Angel robs his Father, and runs away from him. He meets with a remarkable Adventure, at the Hotel de Luxembourg.

I AM the Son of a Shoe-maker of *Auxerre*; my Father was famous for breeding Canary-Birds, and teaching them to sing: He had always Abundance of them by him, of all Sorts and Prices; and the Profit, he made of them, enabled him to live very comfortably. I was likewise brought up a Shoe-maker; and was so great a Proficient at my Trade, that I earned twice as much by my Labour, as the ablest of our Journey-men. Whenever a Pair of Shoes were bespoke, in a great Hurry, I was always pitched upon to make them; and, when I carried them home, they were so much surprized at my Dispatch, that they always gave me something handsome to drink; this it was made me a Debauchee.

As I was never without Money, I never wanted Friends to help me to spend it: They had entered me into the Fraternity of Bottle-Companions:

I took

I took Abundance of Pleasure in tippling, and was terribly mortified, when I was forced to keep away from the Tavern, and stay at Home in the Shop. My Father was not long before he took notice of my Debauchery; accordingly, he chastised me for it, which nettled me to the Soul and he repeated his Correction so often, that I resolved to run away from him, as soon as I could find a favourable Opportunity.

Ever since I had left off working, Money for my superfluous Expences fell short, and which was worse, I knew not how to leave off drinking: To add to my Mortification, the Acquaintance I had so often treated, finding me no longer able to carry them to the Tavern, abandoned me, and made their court to those who could bear their Expences: Their rascally Behaviour provoked me; I resolved, the first Opportunity that offered, to make them sensible of it; and it was not long before I met with one. A Customer of my Father's owed him two hundred Livres; I saw it paid down in ready Money, and managed Matters so well, that I laid hold on some of them.

Being Master of this Treasure, I went directly to the same Tavern, where I knew my false Friends used to frequent; taking with me some others, whom I did not believe a Jot better. When a Man has Money he can speak with Spirit. In order, therefore, to mortify the former, as soon as I came up to the Bar, I called about me briskly; asking haughtily, what was in the House for Supper; and charging them to bring the best Wine in the Cellar. I was shewn into the same Room, where my former Companions were sitting; they had heard the haughty Manner wherein I had called to the Waiters; and were fully persuaded it proceeded from my Pockets being well lined.

As soon, therefore, as I entered the Room, they all arose, and came up to me to embrace me: I received them very coldly; and immediately turning about to those who had come along with me, affected to seem unusually gay and merry. A good Supper was brought up to my Table, whilst my old Comrades had nothing but Bread with their Wine. The Smell of an excellent Fricassee, which agreeably struck their Nostrils, set their Mouths a watering; and tantalized them to that Degree, that I am well assured, they then greatly regretted their not being upon such good Terms with me, to be admitted to partake thereof. I observed their Vexation with Pleasure; and left the Tavern, infinitely overjoyed, that I had shewn them my Circumstances were different from what they had imagined.

This Vanity, however, was very prejudicial to my Purse: not a Farthing was left of what I had stolen from my Father; nevertheless I comforted myself with the Hopes of robbing him again. With this Design, I went next Morning to the same Place, from whence I had taken the former Money; but there was no longer any there, it having either been removed elsewhere, or laid out in Business: I studied, therefore, some other Means to procure myself a fresh Supply.

My Father had two Canary Birds, which he had been breeding up for six Months; and which began to sing very finely. I took them; and found no Difficulty in selling them; having first had the Precaution to pull open the Wire of their Cages, in such a Manner, that it might be imagined they had made their Escape. This Stratagem had the desired Success; and I was highly delighted with this new Way of furnishing myself with Money: But I repeated my Thefts so often, that my Father

ther began to mistrust me; accordingly he had me narrowly watched, took me in the Fact, and drubbed me heartily. Provoked highly thereat, I resolved to run away; and one fine Morning, when I knew he had received a good Sum, I laid Hands thereon, and left the House; with a firm Resolution, never more to set Foot therein as long as I lived.

When I was got to a Place of Safety, and began to examine into my Treasure, I found myself Master of five hundred Livres; and thought myself as rich as *Cræsus*. I went to a Broker's, where, for fifty Crowns, I provided myself with Cloaths fit for a Prince: I bought a Sword likewise; hired a ready furnished Lodging; and, not having any Acquaintance, went in Search of them, to Coffee-Houses, and Billiard-Tables. A few Days after, I was introduced at a Gaming-House, where there was great Play of all Kinds: I was admitted into the Secret; and good Luck co-operating with Art, I came away from the Table, one Day, with a thousand Crowns ready Money.

A Sum so considerable as this was at that Time to me, puffed me up exceedingly; and added to those great Airs which I naturally loved to assume. I sent for a Taylor; bespoke two Suits of Cloaths in the Pink of the Mode; and, being too well dressed to be without a Footman, hired one directly; a Chariot by the Week soon followed I and, in a little While, I had entered into an Intimacy with the first-rate Rakes and Gamesters.

Gaming had been too favourable to me, for me to give it over. I followed it close, therefore; and it continued still so much my Friend, that before the Month was expired, I was worth ten thousand Livres. I had acquired this Money too

easily, not to spend it in the same Manner. I had never, as yet, been conversant with Women; and had often heard, there was no passing one's Life agreeably, without them; my Curiosity tempted me to put it to the Trial, and I devoted myself to the Widow of a Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom I fell in Love. She was handsome and inviting; she saw me live in such a Manner, as shewed my Circumstances were easy; her's were quite the contrary; she did, therefore, as many others do every Day; she admitted of my Addresses on this Account: She was a great Lover of Gaming; I played with her out of Complaisance; and this Piece of good Breeding cost me two thousand Crowns.

Ever since my falling in Love, I had forsaken the Gaming-Tables, whither I never failed going before every Day: Finding myself, however, at the End of my Riches, I returned thither, and the same Good-Luck followed me; at four Sitzings I won ten thousand Crowns. This unexpected and sudden Increase of my Wealth, quite turned my Brain: I entertained my Mistress like a Prince; no Treats, no Balls, Operas, or Masquerades were wanting: In short, I made such Haste to see the Bottom of my Pocket, that at the End of two Months, not a Penny remained therein. This, however, was not what afflicted me most; my *Dalilah*, to whom I had been weak enough both to own my Extraction, and what I relied upon for my Subsistence, turned her Back upon me, one fine Morning, and left me in the Lurch; preferring a Counsellor before me, who did not, indeed, make so great a Figure, but whose Income was not so precarious and uncertain.

I loved my False-One too well, not to be nettled at her perfidious Usage; and, to be revenged on her,

her, picked a Quarrel with her Keeper; believing that because I wore a Sword, I must necessarily be indued with the Sentiments, of a Man of Honour. Great was my Mistake, however; for the Counsellor, though bred to the Law, having the Spirit of a Gentleman, as he really was, and having repelled the Affront I had offered him with Violence, I sent him a Challenge, which he accepted. We met in the Field, according to our Appointment; my Nose fell a Bleeding; his Sword was already drawn, when I knew not where to look for mine; I repented my having carried Matters so far; fell on my Knees, and asked his Pardon. The Counsellor, despising me for my Cowardice, caned me heartily, and let me go: I went Home greatly out of Countenance; and with a firm Resolution never more to quarrel with any one, upon any Account whatever.

My Money being all gone, I sold those Jewels I had bought in my Prosperity; raised a considerable Sum thereby; and returned to the Gaming-Tables, to retrieve my Fortune: But I had made too ill an Use of my Good-Luck, for it to continue always favourable to me; accordingly it forsook me; and I not only lost all my Money, but also all my Effects; insomuch that, at last, I was obliged to betake myself again to the same Cloaths wherein I had left my Father's; and which, in Contempt, I had thrown into a Place, where I kept my Wood for Firing.

In the utmost Despair, at the melancholy Situation to which I found myself reduced, I resolved to extricate myself from it, at any Rate whatever: We cannot bear, without the greatest Reluctance, to fall from Prosperity to Want; I could not bring down my Spirit, therefore to my new Condition.

dition. In order to better it, I had Recourse to several Undertakings, but could not succeed in any one of them; and was just at the End of all my Stratagems, when Fortune served me, as she had often done before, and raised me, in a Moment, to a greater Height than I had ever yet arrived at.

One Day, as I was walking very melancholy about the *Hotel de Luxembourg*, thinking upon a Robbery, I was to have committed, the Night following, upon a Goldsmith, who lived near the House where I lodged; I was accosted by a Man, dressed very plain, who asked me, whether I had waited long for him: I answered very short, that I had waited but too long. I beg your Pardon, continued he, with great Civility; but, indeed, it is not my Fault: When one is employed about such Business, one cannot go too much about, to avoid being observed; besides they have made me wait at the Treasury. However, your forty thousand Livres are ready for you; you will find them lodged under the Stone, as was agreed on, in the Ruins of the old House; don't forget to put the Treaty you know of in the same Place. Farewel, I must be gone directly where my Business calls me; another Time we will be better acquainted. Having thus said, the Man went his Way, and was soon out of Sight.

In the mean while, I knew not what to make of this Riddle; and yet it had been spoken to me too seriously, not to demand my utmost Attention. May not this be some of Fortune's unaccountable Caprices, said I to myself, and an Opportunity, she has now thrown in my Way, to extricate me from the Despair whereunto I was reduced? Hereupon, I went out of the *Hotel de Luxembourg* by the Gate of the Street *d'Enfer*; looking about me on all Sides, to see, whether I could not find
any

any old House, fallen to Ruin. In Search thereof I wandered a good Way out of Town; I cast my Eyes every Way, without finding what I sought for; and had advanced above a League in the Country; I was weary; it grew cold; and the Ground was covered with Snow: In short, Night began to approach; and I was returning very melancholy towards the Town; when, happening to look a-cro's the Fields, I observed the Footsteps of a Man imprinted on the Snow; and felt an Emotion within myself, which seemed to foretel, that something extraordinary was soon to happen to me.

Hereupon, considering within myself, that my Case was already desperate, I resolved to follow those Traces; they conducted me to a little Wood: I entered it by the Help of these Guides, and arrived at last, at a very thick Coppice, into which I had a good deal of Difficulty to penetrate: but when I had advanced about thirty Paces therein, I perceived an old ruinous Building, at some Distance; and did not in the least doubt, but it was the same, whereof the unknown Stranger had made Mention to me.

I hastened up to it, therefore; and, entering it without Hesitation, looked about every where, without being able to find the Stone whereof I had been told. In short, I began already to regret the fruitless Trouble I had given myself, and was murmuring within myself, against the Man who had been the Occasion thereof, when I happened to perceive some old ruined Stairs, which lead into a Cellar. Overjoyed at this Discovery, down I went; and, notwithstanding the Darkeness that was all around, I found, in one of the Corners, a large Stone, which I had much ado to lift. At last, having removed it, and putting my Hand into
a Hole

a Hole, that was under it, I felt four Bags ; I pulled them out, and seized thereon ; my Heart fluttering all the While at the unexpected Good-Fortune that was befallen me.

As soon as I got out of the Cellar, I was in a new Perplexity ; being both at a sad Loss, what Way I should take to return ; and in a thousand Fears, lest the Unknown should arrive every Minute, and catch me in the Façt ; or should cause me to be followed, by my Footsteps. In order to prevent the latter, I had Recourse to an Expedient, which then came into my Head : I untied one of my Garters, and fastening it, by a Nail, to a little Board, that happened to be there, drew it after me as I walked ; which quite took away all the Traces, that were made by my Feet, in the Snow.

It was Night, dark as Pitch, when I got back to *Paris* ; and I was not willing to return to my old Lodging ; wherefore, I hired an Apartment in the Neighbourhood of the Royal Palace. My Poverty had made me a good Husband ; I bought me a plain Habit, and avoided seeming to have Money, as much as possible. Whilst I behaved in this Manner, I led an easy and contented Life ; but are Youth and vicious Inclinations capable of persevering, for any Time, in a regular Course of Life.

One Day, as I was returning from taking a Walk in the *Tuilleries*, I stood still a little, to let a Lady pass by, whose dazzling Beauty caused an uncommon Emotion in me : She was brighter than the Day ; and had a most majestic Presence. I followed her with my Eyes as far possible ; and finding her ready to escape me, felt a sudden Inclination within me to dog her : She walked but slowly, wherefore I soon overtook her ; and saw her

her turn down Street, where she stopt at a House, that made a very handsome Appearance.

The Door being opened, she went in, and it was shut after her; nevertheless, I could not resolve upon going away, 'till I had seen her a second Time; I was in Hopes she would appear, either at her Window, or in her Balcony; my Expectation, however, was in vain, and Night surprized me, whilst I staid there. I returned therefore, to my Lodging, so full of the Idea of this Lady, that I could not eat any Supper; nay, I could not sleep, all Night, for studying what Means I should use, to get acquainted with this Wonder of her Sex. Money is a Deity, that removes all Difficulties; I did not want for that, wherefore, I got up, full of the most sanguine Hopes.

I no longer remembered, the Rules I had prescribed to myself; I was desirous of seeming agreeable, in the Eyes of my Charmer; and my Oeconomy did not suit, by any Means, with this Desire. I caused, therefore, several rich Suits of Cloaths to be made for me; having acquired a genteel Fancy, during my former good Fortune; and knowing so well how to dress to the best Advantage, that no One could mimick the Man of Quality more to the Life.

I hired, therefore, several Servants; and, like the Nobility, chose out one of them to be my Confidant, and assist me in the carrying on my new Intrigue. I pitched on an arch Rogue for this Purpose, named *Bericard*; who had an admirable Talent for this Sort of Business: I went with him myself, to shew him the Lady's House; and enjoined him to bring me Word,
who

who was the Owner thereof. In about two Hours he came Home ; and informed me, that it belonged to Madam *de B——*, and that she was kept by Monf. *de T——*, whose Fortune and Power, set her above the Reach of others.

The superior Rank, whereof her Keeper was possessed, ought to have cured me of my new Passion : But, who can admit of Subordination in Love ? On the contrary, my Desires grew but the stronger, on hearing of the Difficulties that lay in the Way ; and I resolved, at any Rate, to engage in an intimate Correspondence with Madam *de B——*. I depended very much upon my good Mien, and handsome Appearance ; and imagined, that since she had consented, to have an Intrigue with another, I might be admitted, to pass away those leisure Moments, which the weighty Affairs of State would not allow Monf. *de T——* to spend with her.

I sent her, therefore, a Billet-doux, in the Style of a Commissioner of the Treasury ; and pitched upon *Bericard* for that Purpose. He performed this Charge to Admiration ; and the Answer he brought me back was diverting. My Language was understood ; and nothing was wanting but to come to an Explanation thereof. In order to this, an Affignation was made me, to be next Day, at Six in the Evening, in the *Faux-bourg St. Honoré*, in a certain Street, that was pointed out to me ; as was also the House of Rendezvous. I was to leave my Equipage, at a small Distance from thence ; and, for certain Reasons, with which I was to be made acquainted at this Interview, was to be dressed as plainly as possible ; of which she was herself to set me an Example, by coming in the Habit of a Country-Lads.

I was

I was transported, at the Receipt of this Letter; the very Notion of having an Intrigue, with *Monf. de T——*'s Mistress, flattered my Vanity extremely: There was but one Circumstance I disliked; which was, that I could not make Ostentation of my Grandeur, on this Occasion. It was absolutely necessary, however, to be conformable to Orders; wherefore I obeyed; but I put on such fine Linnen and such rich Lace, as rendered it easy to judge, No-body dressed better, when I was not restrained by such strong Reasons as those, which had been insinuated to me.

I went then, at the appointed Hour, to the Place of Rendezvous, that had been specify'd: The Door was open; I entered therein, and it was shut after me in an Instant: A Servant appeared, who shewed me into a decent Apartment, and left me there; telling me, the Person, I wanted would be with me presently.

In Expectation thereof I walked up and down the Room, pleasing myself with the Thoughts of the Happiness I was soon to enjoy. I had already waited near an Hour; and began to grow uneasy at this Delay; when I heard somebody at the Door. I advanced to meet my Charmer; my Bow was ready, and my Mouth opened to make my Compliments to the lovely *Madam de B——*, when, instead of her, there appears a majestic old Gentleman, whose Look strikes an Awe, and commands Respect. I stepped back two Paces, and fell a trembling, though I knew not why.

It was not me you expected, Sir, said he; were I not so well assured thereof as I am, your Confusion would betray you; fear nothing, however; for, notwithstanding my being Gallant, to the Lady of your Affections, I am not come to spoil your Rendezvous, but to be a Witness thereto.

thereto. You are not insensible, no doubt, that I have it in my Power, either to serve you considerably, or to do you great Prejudice: I beg you therefore, to sacrifice your Inclinations to me; and to enable me, by following my Directions, to convince my ungrateful false One of her Infidelity. I am going, continued he, to conceal myself behind this Bed; dissemble your Uneasiness; and carry yourself so, that she may not, in the least, suspect any Thing of what has happened; above all, no Signs; no Tipping of Winks: If you betray me, you are undone. Having thus said, he went to his Hiding-place; and, in a Moment afterwards, the Door opened, and Madam *de B*—— appeared.

How was my Heart melted at the Sight of her! How lovely did she seem! How enchanting was the Negligence and Simplicity of her Dress! How infinitely did I regret, the Part I was going to act! I made my Compliments to her, with such a disordered Air, that she took Notice of my Perplexity; but how far was she from having the least Mistrust of the Misfortune, wherewith she was threatened! She ascribed my Confusion to the Power of her Charms: She is a Coquet, and had not taken this Step, without having her Reasons for it; no Doubt it was not the first Time. It is not always Riches and a high Rank, that gives the Heart Content; Love is refractory, and is not pleased with Slavery. I should be very ill satisfied, cried she smiling, with the Charms, wherewith the World flatters me, should the Impressions they make upon one Admirer, proceed so far, as to deprive me of the Liberty of being told of their Efficacy by others. You say nothing pursued she? What am I to think of this Silence? Ah! Madam, answered I, with an infinite Perplexity;

plexity; how can one talk when one sees you? I want Words to express myself, and no longer know how to behave. Forgive the Want of Experience in a young Man, who has no other Merit, than that of thinking you the handsomest of Women.

Supposing it true, resumed she, throwing herself into an Elbow-Chair, that you had no other Desert than this, I should be satisfied therewith; I love this Confession from some Persons, and it is indifferent to me from others. I have an Admirer, for Instance, in the World.— Ah! Madam, cry'd I, interrupting her, upon finding her touch upon that String, an Admirer! You have as many, as there are Men who behold you. On saying this, notwithstanding *Mons. de T——*'s Threatenings, I could not help giving a Glance, with my Eye, at the Bed. She did not apprehend me; but even took the Sign I had made, in a very merry Sense, and fell a laughing. I don't understand you, cry'd she; Signs are doubtful; one may be deceived therein; and I don't love to find myself mistaken. You are mightily in the the right on't, Madam, said *Mons. de T——*, coming from his Hiding-place, you must have them better explained to you. O Heavens! am I betrayed! cryed the charming Woman, looking at me, with Anger in her Eyes; What had I done to you, that you should serve me so base a Trick?

It was none of the Gentleman's Fault, answered the old Statesman, very calmly, that you was not forewarned; neither was it to him I owed the Knowledge of your ill Conduct: Such a Lover as I am is always the last who is informed thereof; and it required a Life, no less disorderly than yours, before the News thereof could have

reached my Ears ; I have had you watched, and was resolved to be convinced by my own Eyes, whether the Intelligence that was given me of this your Assignment, was true or false. I leave you now to judge, whether I have been imposed upon or not ; or whether you deserve, ungrateful as you are, the many Favours, with which I have loaded you ; all is now over ; I will never see you more ; and I despise you too much, to leave you any thing to fear from my Resentment.

As for you Sir, resumed he, turning to me, and making me pass on before him, I forget the little Regard, you have shewn to my Request ; this said, we went out of the Room together : However, as I was going away, I could not help giving the afflicted Fair One, such a Look, as sufficiently shewed her how greatly concerned I was, at the Distress wherein I saw her plunged.

As soon as we were out of the House, *Mont. de T*——obliged me to get into his Coach ; which done, he enquired, who and what I was ? I was greatly perplexed at these Questions ; it is a very difficult Thing, so to invent a Story, before a Man of Penetration, and in Power, but that he will soon find it out. The forty thousand Livres which I had converted to my own Use, as has been already observed, came then fresh into my Mind ; and the Remembrance thereof, quite confounded me. I gave wretched Answers to every Demand he made ; he took Notice thereof, and pressed upon me more and more ; I contradicted myself several times ; and he let me understand, that he observed it. I see plainly, said he, that you are disordered ; it is no hard Matter to judge, that what has just passed, is the Occasion of it ; I must allow you Time to recollect and recover yourself ; come to me, To-morrow, at my House ;

we shall then be able to talk more calmly ; and shall consider, what can be done for you.

You may now go, pursued he, smiling with an Air of Confidence, to Madam *de B*— ; my Resentment against her is quite over ; you may assure her of it ; you may even tell her (in order to make your Court to her) that you have justify'd her, in my good Opinion : It is impossible to hate, what one has once so much loved ; you shall render me a faithful Account, of what Answers she gives you, in return ; and it shall be according to your Sincerity, and the Use you are pleased to make of mine, that I shall determine, how I shall deal with you. Just as he had thus spoken, we arrived at the Gate of a great House, where he alighted ; and I took leave of him, with a profound Bow ; and returned Home, with my Head full of this Adventure.

Scarce had I entered my own Apartment, when my Landlord came up after me, and delivered me a Letter ; which, he said, had been that Moment given him, with a strict Charge, to convey it to me, as soon as possible : I opened it, and read therein, pretty much to the following Effect.

As soon as ever you get Home, Sir, make all haste to me, at OSOUF'S Coffee-House, in the FOIRE SAINT-GERMAIN ; I will wait there for you till Midnight ; I have Matters of the greatest Consequence to communicate to you : Remember, to put on a different Habit, from that you had on before.

DE B—

I dress myself in an Instant, went thither with all Expedition ; and was introduced into a Room, where I found the distressed Fair One, buried in the utmost Affliction. Ah ! are you there, said she, I am overjoy'd at your coming, in order to concert Measures with you. What has just now

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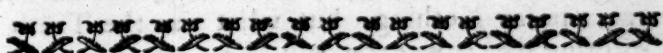
happened,

happened, ought to make us unite together, and repose a mutual Confidence in each other. To give you the first Proof of mine, I begin, by forewarning you, that we have, each of us, every thing to dread, from Mons. *de T*——'s Anger. The more calm he seemed the more I think him to be apprehended, and provided against; perhaps, he is even now, actually contriving to revenge himself, by our Ruin. I was desirous, to dispel her Fears; wherefore, I acquainted her, what he had said, in regard to her. You don't know him, so well as I, cry'd she, interrupting me; he does but dissemble with you; and is only endeavouring to take you at a Disadvantage; be ruled by me, therefore: and, before we proceed any farther upon Business, make all haste Home directly, and, if you have any Effects of Value, secure them immediately; believe me, you have not a Moment to lose. This Advice was greatly to my Liking; I gave her many Thanks, therefore, for her obliging Care; and returned directly, to my Lodging, with a Promise, to be back again with her, as soon as possible.

Bericard was there waiting for me with Impatience; he informed me, that some Persons had been to enquire of my Landlord, how long I had lodged at his House; whether he knew who I was; and after what Manner I lived. This alarming News, made me resolve to put my Design, but the sooner, in Execution; I ordered my Things to be packed up, with the utmost Expedition; leaving the Care thereof to the Servants; and sending for my Landlord up Stairs, and paying him what was due, told him, I was to lie that Night with one of my Friends, with whom I was to set out for the Country, next Morning, by Break of Day.

Hereupon,

Hereupon, my Landlord conducted me to the Door ; and I was just upon the Point of going out; when a Hackney-Coach, stopping thereat, gave a new turn to Affairs. An Officer with four Archers coming out of it, took me into Custody, by Order of Monsi. *de T*——; and I was so overwhelmed with Sorrow, at this unforeseen and sudden Misfortune, that I suffered them, without speaking a Word, to conduct me to *D*——, where we did not arrive, till late that Night.



C H A P. III.

Fryar Angel is committed Prisoner to D—. An extraordinary Method of Revenge.

I Had ever entertained, such a terrible Notion, of all Goals, that I shuddered with Horror, when I entered this. I was treated there, however, both with great Humanity and Civility; and my Diet was very tolerable; but the Anguish, that prey'd upon my Spirits, render'd me insensible of all this good Usage. I spent my Days in weeping bitterly; and was apprehensive, though not without sufficient Reason, that I should never be released. In the midst of all my Affliction, however, the Thoughts of Madam *De B*——, with whom I was sincerely in Love, were the greatest Aggravation of my Sorrows; her last Goodness, with her obliging Fears, on my Behalf, were perpetually in my Mind. Shall I never behold her more! then said I, melting into Tears; how cruel is this! What will they do with me? Ah! take all I have, added I, as if I had been talking to somebody, and leave me at Liberty, to throw myself at her Feet, there to swear eternal Constancy.

I spent many Days in this melancholy Condition, which impaired my Health visibly; the Governor came to visit me, and finding me so much dejected and brought so low, ordered the Turnkeys to allow me the Liberty of taking the Air every Day, within the Prison Walls: Besides this, he sent me some Books, for my Amusement; promised to intercede for me; and was as good as his Word. Three Days after, he gave me to understand, that I should be examined next Morning; and advised me, to say Nothing, but what was the Truth: assuring me, it was the only Way, to procure my Liberty, as soon as possible.

I resolved to follow his Counsel; *Mons. de T*—came at the Time appointed; I found him alone in a Parlour, into which I was conducted. I have allowed you sufficient Time, said he, to recollect yourself; you did not confess the Truth, when I demanded who you was; you are now to consider, whether you are disposed to do it at present. After this Preamble, he proceeded to examine me, and I acknowledged my Extraction, with every Circumstance relating to my Life, till the very Day of my being taken into Custody; not concealing even the Adventure of the forty thousand Livres.

Oh! this is right. cried he, putting on a more gracious Look; in this Article I discern some Truth: Having thus said, he rose up, and, after having considered a few Moments, told me, I had converted to my own Advantage a Sum of Money which, by no Means, belonged to me; and which, I could not but suspect, came from a Hand, to whom the highest Respect was due; as also, that I could not deny my being just upon the Point of putting it to a very ill Use; that nevertheless (in Consideration of my having made an
ingenuous

ingenuous Confession of my whole Life) he would endeavour to serve me : He then exhorted me to Patience ; assured me, my Confinement should not be of a long Continuance ; and went away, without ordering any Alteration in the Manner, wherein I had, till then been treated.

This Visit made me somewhat more easy than before ; I was in Hopes, every Hour, of being restored to my Liberty ; but the Time never came : In the mean While, three Months had already gone over my Head, since the Day that *Monf. de T——* had been to see me : My Spirits began to sink ; my Expectations vanished ; my Uneasiness increased ; and my Sorrows returned upon me, with fresh Vehemence ; when, one Day, about Four in the Afternoon, I was conducted into the same Parlour, wherein I had been examined ; and there met a Man dressed in black, who, shutting the Door the Moment I was entered, and sitting down, without using any Ceremony or Compliments, accosted me, as follows :

You are very fortunate, young Spark, in having fallen into the Hands of a Nobleman of such Goodness, as *Monf. de T——* ; any other but himself, would have made you suffer dearly for the forty thousand Livres you converted to your own Use ; it is not excusable by any Means ; it was a downright Theft : You knew the Man, who acquainted you therewith, had mistaken you for another ; and that this Money was not designed for you. I repeat it therefore, to you, once more, were it not for the Goodness of *Monf. de T——*, it is a hanging Matter : He forgives you, however, in Consideration of your Youth, and your Sincerity ; and will even release you from hence, but that is to be only upon one Condition. By your own Confession,
you

you have always been a Debauchee; and, according to all Appearance, you will never grow better; wherefore, he offers you your Choice of these two; either to continue here, all your Days, or to go into a Monastery, and become a Monk. If you pitch upon the latter of these, he will disburse, what is requisite for that Purpose; and, as soon as you shall have entered into Orders, and given some Proofs of your being thoroughly reformed, you will be allowed the full Enjoyment of your Liberty.

The Unknown thus concluded his agreeable Harangue; I did not hesitate long, however, upon the wretched Alternative that was offered me; of the two Evils that were proposed, I chose the least, as I thought, and pitched upon the Convent; but with a firm Resolution, to lay hold on the first Opportunity that should present, to escape. The Case was quite different, in the Prison where I was, it required a Miracle to get out; and they are very scarce in this Age, neither have I any Title to expect them.

It was to this Convent, dear *Bigand*, that I was conducted; within four Days after my Entrance, they made me put on the Habit; and such a strict Charge has been given with me, to keep a watchful Eye over me, that I never yet could find a favourable Moment, to put in Execution, the Design I have ever retained, to get away from hence as soon as possible. I have made many vain Attempts by Night; but the Gates are so carefully shut, and the Walls so very high, that I have been obliged to give over all Hopes of succeeding, without some Assistance; I see only thee, in whom I can confide, or on whom I can depend; however, I have a strong Notion that thou wilt
be

be able to restore me to my dear Liberty ; I leave thee now to judge, after having heard my Story, whether I dare stay at *Paris* ; and whether I have not all the Reason in the World, should I venture so to do, to be apprehensive of being again seized and confined, if not worse, for the Remainder of my Life.

The Knowledge of the World, which you must necessarily have acquired in the different Fortunes through which you have run, will certainly teach you, said I, what use you ought to make of your Liberty, should you ever be so happy as to regain it: For my Part, I am not able to give you any Advice upon that Head; besides my being but young, I have seen very little of the World; and should be at a great Loss how to shift therein myself.

Had I not been convinced, answer'd Fryar *Angel*, that thou art capable both of thinking, and of bringing a Design to a good Issue, I should not thus have been prepossessed in thy Favour; but I have long had an Eye upon thee; and am well assured, thou art very capable of making thy Fortune in the World; thou seemest to me to have a good deal of Courage; to be very enterprizing; and of an uncommon Presence of Mind: I want all these Qualities; and will confess to you freely, that I am a Coward. This is no Fault of mine; I would willingly be endued with Bravery; but the least Trifle imaginable discomposes me; whereas I have had a good Opinion of thee, ever since I saw thee fight with the Lad that runs on Errands; as weak as thou seemest to be, thy Courage and thy Dexterity made thee get the better of him, though he was much the strongest; besides, I have often observed thee to have a ready and lively Wit.—

Very

Very fine, cry'd I, interrupting him, one may easily see, you have been used to keep Company, with Persons of Quality and Distinction; to whom Flattery and Compliments cost nothing, when they have a mind, to gain any one over to their Interests, and stand in need of him: Say no more, I beseech you, either of my good or ill Qualities; Fryar *Martin*, our Cook, is not so complaisant as you; I don't know yet, myself, what I am, we shall see hereafter. At present we have two things, to consider of; one is, to revenge you on the Master of the Novices; and the other is, to make your Escape from the Monastery: Don't you think we should do better, to despise this Revenge; and only contrive some Means, to get away?

Ah! my dear *Bigand*, said Fryar *Angel*, interrupting me, feel my Shoulders, how cruelly they have been abused; and the sad Marks, that yet remain thereof; could you so easily forget this? It is very true, answered I, it is terrible; well, be it so: Get you gone to your Bed; I will study to content you; the Remainder of the Night is little enough for me to take my Rest; you can make yourself amends, for lying awake, in the Day-time; the Case is not the same with me; I have a cursed Rogue of a Master to deal with, who, as soon as I drop asleep, has Recourse to rough Means, to prevent me. On my thus saying, he left me, and, a Moment after, I fell a snoring.

Next Day, I rack'd my Brains, about the Means to satisfy Fryar *Angel*; and to procure our Liberty: His Story had filled me with the greatest Admiration for him; I congratulated myself on my Acquaintance with him; and flattered myself with the Thought, that, with so good a Guide, I might, one Day raise my Fortune in the World.

I call'd

I call'd to mind the prosperous Circumstances wherein he had been; and imagined that, had I been in his Place, I should have made a better Use thereof: Our Self-Love is always ready, to sooth us up with pleasing Fancies; and it is the Folly of Mankind, always to think themselves wiser than their Neighbours.

I bethought me of a hundred Schemes, the one more ridiculous than the other, to revenge Fryar *Angel*, upon the Master of Novices; but, I have ever lov'd Certainty in all Business; and the Projects, I had formed in my Mind, were not so. Many Days, were my Thoughts employed upon this Head; at last, I fix'd upon the following Resolution; which also was the Occasion, of our obtaining our Liberty.

We had, in our Monastery, a large black Cat; one of the most furious of his Kind, when once provoked; and upon him I pitched, to be the Instrument, of revenging Fryar *Angel*, upon the Master of the Novices. The Creature would come to me, because it was my Business to feed him: I took him one Night, and carried him into my Garret; having previously provided myself with a Bundle of Thorns, which I had cut in the Day-time. I made him a Collar of some of them, and fasten'd others under his Belly: This done, I ty'd some Pack-Thread to his Tail; and, having thus equipp'd him, carried him under my Arm barefoot, into the Master of the Novices Cell, of which I had taken good Notice.

It was late, and he was snoring heartily; whereby I knew he was in a sound Sleep; I lifted the Cloaths up, therefore, gently at the Feet; put the Cat into the Bed, and fastened the Pack-thread before mentioned (which I had already prepared, with

with a Running-Knot) to one of the good Fathers Legs. This done, I pinned down the Bed-Cloaths at the Feet, in such a manner, that it was impossible the Cat should make his Escape that Way; and, having thus dexterously performed this fine Commission, got away myself, as fast as I could, to Fryar *Angel*; whom I had appointed, to be in a small Passage, that led to a Granary. At the End of this Passage, was a little Stair-Case, where Fryar *Angel*, seated himself whilst I stood, in the Middle, longing to see the Issue, of the roguish Prank I had play'd.

Scarce had we taken our several Places, when we heard a dreadful Uproar; Mercy upon me! cry'd the poor Master of the Novices; Heaven help me! Come to my Assistance, my dear Brethren; have pity on me; come and deliver me; *Satan* is tearing me in Pieces, with his infernal Talons; Help! Murder! Help, for Heavens sake! Undoubtedly, the Cat was endeavouring to get out at the Head of the Bed; and finding himself hindered by the Pack-thread, had fastened, with his Claws, upon some Part of the poor Father; whilst the Thorns were, likewise, tearing him all over.

However that was, not being able to endure the Torment, he leapt out of Bed, still continuing his Outcries, and ran out of the Chamber. The rest of the Monks, terrify'd, at the dreadful Noise he made, called to him to have Patience; but, since my Adventure with the Death's-Head, they were all too much frightened, to dare to peep out of their Cells, or venture to stir to his Rescue. The wretched Father, therefore, ran from one End to the other of the Dormitory, striving, struggling, roaring, and using his utmost Efforts, to free

free himself from the furious Animal, whom, in his Fright, he took for nothing less than an infernal Spirit.

At last, by much straining, the Pack-thread broke, and the Cat, being set at Liberty, and no less terrified, than the poor Father, betook himself to Flight. Unfortunately for Fryar *Angel* and me, he ran into the Passage where we were; and coming by the Place where I had posted myself, tore my Legs with the Thorns, and put me to such Pain, that I thought the Skin was flayed off: But this was Nothing, to what befel Fryar *Angel*: As he directly stopt up the Passage, down the Stairs, whereon he sat, the Cat intangling himself, by Reason of the Pack-thread and Thorns, with his Legs, bit and scratched him to such a degree, that he was almost as ill-treated as the poor Father himself.

This made him soon change his Tone; and whereas, before, he could scarce restrain himself from bursting into a loud Laughter, he had then as much Difficulty, to forbear crying out. At last, the Cat got loose, and I went to comfort Fryar *Angel*; but, being enraged at this Misfortune, he vented all his Anger upon me; cursing my Contrivance a thousand Times; and calling me a hundred injurious Names; at which, however, I only laughed; and went very quietly to my Bed, where I soon fell into a sound Sleep.

Next Morning, I was roused on a sudden, by Fryar *Martin* pulling off the Bed-Cloaths: What, cried he, art thou asleep still, when every one else is up, and at Prayers; Get up, get up, thou lazy Rascal, or I will soon make thee stir, with a Vengeance. Had you suffered as much as I to Night, said I, you would not chide me so; I then

shewed him my scratched Legs: Ah ha! poor Wretch, cryed he, somewhat mollified at this Sight, does the Devil owe thee a Spite too? There are three of you then in the same Scrape: Lie still, lie still, where thou art, I fancy, before it is long, thou wilt have a good Number of Fellow Sufferers.

I have always had a ready Invention; and a Thought then came into my Head, that if they should examine me, how I came to be so ill treated, I would tell them such a Story, they should remember it all the Days of their Lives: I resolved the more upon this, and accordingly, drew the Plan thereof, that Instant in my Mind; because I fancied it might contribute to our Design of recovering our Liberty; which, otherwise, seemed to me very difficult. I had already thought about it more than once; and the more I had considered it, the more impracticable it had appeared: We had three Gates to pass, before we could get out: He who kept the Keys, never let them go out of his Sight; and all the Door-keepers being infinitely curious, all Comers and Goers underwent the strictest Examination from them. I could find only the Church-Yard, whereby it was possible to secure our Escape; and that was seldom opened; neither did I know who had the Key; however, that was the Way, by which I intended to make the Attempt: The Walls that surrounded it were low, and I considered, that, provided I could get the Gate open it would be no hard Matter to compass my Design; for this Reason, therefore, I invented the Story, that will follow presently.

Not long after the Cook, my Master, had left me, several of the oldest Monks entered my Garret,

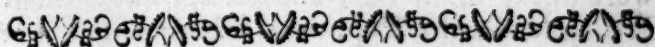
Garret, and looked upon my Leg: I would give a good deal, said one of them, to find out, what can be the Meaning of the Disturbances that have lately happened, in our Convent: I have been here these forty Years and never knew of ought like it: tell me, continued he, speaking to me, didst thou see any thing? I have seen but too much, aye, and heard, and felt it too, answered I. How! cryed another, has *Satan* spoken to thee! It is not the Devil, resumed I, who is the Occasion of these Alarms; it is the Spirit of one, who was formerly of this Monastery. Is it possible, cryed they all together? Yes, pursued I, I know the whole Story, and what must be done, to prevent the Misfortune with which we are threatened. How, said the Father who spoke first, this deserves Attention; and it is fit, we should acquaint our Prior therewith. No, No, reverend Father, cried I, interrupting him, with an innocent Tone; I have so many extraordinary Things to relate, they would not be believed. Pardon me, pardon me, said another of the Monks, Children and Fools tell Truth; we know very well, thou hast not Wit enough to invent a Story off-hand: Having thus premised, they all departed, and went, as they had said, to give Notice hereof to the whole Community.

One of these Monks returning soon after; dress thee quickly, said he, our reverend Father the Prior is waiting for thee in the Warming-Room; he will have thee relate to him what thou hast seen and heard. Hereupon I got up, and followed him directly to the Room above-mentioned; whither Fryar *Angel* had been forced to come likewise.

(which had made him look very sowl) though his Legs were all bound up with Rags. and he was scarce able to stand upon them.

I have been told, said the Prior, as soon as he set Eyes on me, that an Apparition has spoken to thee this Night; and thou hast something very extraordinary to impart to us. It is very true, Reverend Father, answered I, bowing to the Ground, and though I have been seemingly ill used, as well as the rest, it was only, in order to render what I have to declare the more credible; at least, so the Spirit assured me: What is most certain, is, that I never felt any Pain, when my Legs were so scratched. That is something particular, said the good credulous Father; well, go on, we shall believe thee; sit down, and begin; we are ready to hear thee.

I obeyed immediately; and seated myself upon a Stool, which faced a semicircular wooden Bench, whereupon the Members of the Society had placed themselves; not one of them being wanting, but the Master of the Novices, who had been so cruelly mauled by the Teeth and Talons of enraged *Grimalkin*, that he was not able to stir: The good Prior having then given some Orders, relating to the Affairs of the House, the Door of the Warming-Room was shut; a Sign was made to me, to begin my Narration; and I broke Silence, in the Manner following.



C H A P. IV.

The Story of an Apparition, related by Bigand.

SCARCE had I dropt asleep, when I was rowzed out of it, in the greatest Surprise and Terror, by the Gripe of a burning Hand, which seized me by the Arm; and upon opening my Eyes, in the utmost Consternation, I discovered by a glimmering Light, a most terrible Spectre, standing before me. His Aspect was enough to strike the boldest with Horror; and Flames issued out of his Mouth and Nostrils. Fear Nothing, cried the horrible Spirit, with a Voice like Thunder, I don't mean thee any Harm; on the contrary, I have pitched upon thee to deliver me from the most cruel Torments; my Name is *Mosaiide*; when living, I was a great Cabalist; listen to my Story, and the Method I will teach thee to restore me to the vital Air.

Having thus spoken, he withdrew his fiery Hand, and breathed upon my Face; after which I was no longer under any Terror. On the contrary, I had the Courage to take an exact View of him; and he appeared to me, pretty much as follows.

His Visage was very long, and of an Olive Complexion; his Eyes, which were extremely hollow, resembled those of a Cat, when provoked to Anger; the Difference between them was, that those of the Apparition actually illuminated the whole Room; but the Light that issued from them was gloomy and baleful. Underneath his Eyes, was a black and blue Circle; and his Brows

were thick, strait, stiff, and staring, like Bristles. His Nose, at the Top, was broad and flat, but terminated at the Tip, in an extremely sharp Point. His Lips were thick, and livid; and, when he spoke, a terrible Flame, intermixed with a black Smoke, followed his Words. A prodigious Beard reached up, half way, his Cheeks; and hung down from his Chin almost to the Ground. He had no Hair upon his Head; and the hind Part of his Skull seemed to be hollow. His Neck was as long as that of an Ostrich; and one might have counted every Bone of it. His Cloaths were of a coarse woollen Stuff, the Colour of which I could not distinguish. He was girt about the Middle with a large Iron Chain; and his Head reached up to the very Cieling. I made all these Observations, whilst he was telling me his Story; my Fears having been all dispelled, ever since his mysterious Breathing upon me. At this Part of my Narration, I paused a little, as if to take Breath; which done, I went on therewith, in the Terms ensuing, the good Fathers listening all the while, with the utmost Attention,

I have already told thee, continued the Spectre, that my Name is *Mosai*; my Father was a *Jew*, and greatly renowned amongst the *Hebrews*, for his Ability, in foretelling Things to come. He made me apply myself very early to my Studies; and taught me himself great Part of what he knew: This done, he sent me into *Egypt*; and, as he was very rich, provided me with every Thing necessary to render my Travels in that Country agreeable as well as advantageous. I saw all that was curious in that Store-House of Antiquity; and met with several Sages, with whom I got acquainted; and whose Correspondence was of great Advantage to me

me, in my Learning : I apply'd myself diligently to the Study of Natural Philosophy, and made a considerable Proficiency therein.

One Day, when I went to take a View of the Heavens, upon the largest Pyramid near Grand *Cairo*, a violent Rain surprized me thereon; and I entered into an Opening that was therein, in order to shelter myself from it. I found there some Stairs covered over with Rubbish, which prevented my passing on any farther; and yet I was desirous of going down these Steps, to see whereto they lead. In order to accomplish my Desire, I removed the Stones that blocked up the Entrance; but, had hardly advanced a few Paces, when, the Light failing me, I stopt short, and durst not venture to go on.

A little after, I heard a strange, hollow Kind of a Noise, which excited my Curiosity afresh: I listened thereto, and methought it was occasioned by the Fall of Water, which amazed me greatly; it not being at all probable, that there could be any such Thing upon a Structure of such an excessive Height. I could have wished to have examined into this Prodigy, but was afraid of losing myself in this (worse than *Dedalaean*) Labyrinth; and was just ready to turn back again, when, setting my Foot upon one of the Steps, it gave Way, and fell down an unfathomable Depth, with a most horrible Noise. Upon casting my Eyes on the Opening made by the Fall of this Stone, a Light issued from thence; by the Help of which I discovered another Stair-Case (by the Side of a Kind of Well) more spacious than the Steps whereon I stood. It was not difficult to leap upon it, from where I was; and, my Curiosity growing stronger than the Fears wherewith I was at first seized: Perhaps, said I to myself, these
Stairs

Stairs will conduct me to the Place, whence this Noise proceeds. Upon this Consideration, I took the Leap, and got safe to the aforelaid Stair-Cafe.

It was so well illuminated, that I went down it with Ease; and what surprized me most, was, by what Means the Light found Entrance there; for I could not perceive any Opening, whereby it could gain Admittance. In Proportion as I advanced farther, the Noise increased more and more; and methought I could even distinguish human Voices; I resolved therefore, at all Hazards, to examine into the very Bottom of this Mystery. At last, after having gone down numberless Steps, I came to the Foot of the Stairs, and found myself at the Mouth of a Cave; where I stopt, terrified and astonished at the amazing Objects that struck my Sight.

In the Middle of this Cave, was a large round Furnace, wherein was a Crucible full of a yellowish bubbling Liquid; and a Violet-coloured Steam ascended from thence, and played about the Surface of the Fire. Four naked Men, who seemed to me very much advanced in Years, were sitting upon the Edge of this burning Well; and one might plainly perceive their Legs, in the Midst of the Flames, which, notwithstanding, were not burnt thereby. Each of these Men had his particular Employment; one having an Iron Rod, with which he stirred about the Liquor in the Crucible; and the second a Cup, in which I could discern some of the same Liquid; whilst a third was blowing the Fire with a Pair of Bellows; and, the fourth, had a large Telescope, one End of which was supported by the Edge of the Crucible, which he seemed to be watching, with the
utmost

utmost Attention, by the Means of that Instrument.

A fifth venerable old Man, resembling the four before-mentioned, only that he seemed much more advanced in Years, and more decrepid, was walking about the Furnace; he had a Talisman in one Hand, and a Rod in the other, with which he struck the Ground, from Time to Time. As soon as he saw me, he ran to the four Corners of the Cave, and touched them with his Wand; giving, at the same Time, a loud Cry, like the Noise I had heard on coming down the Stairs. Four Blacks issuing in an Instant, out of the Wall; came directly to the Entrance of the Cave where I stood; and all of them, with an obliging Look, stretched out their Hands to me, as if to invite me to walk in.

I stood still, in Suspense, uncertain what to do; and repented my having engaged myself so far; a cold Sweat overspreading my whole Face. On perceiving this, the decrepid old Man, who was walking around the Furnace, ran up to the Blacks, who stretched out their Hands to me; and, shewing them the Talisman, they all seized me at once, and pull'd me into the Cave. At the same Time, I felt a Stroke upon my Head, and part of my Skull appeared at the End of the Wand; when the old Man, who was stirring about the Liquid, came out of the Furnace, with a large Ladle in his Hand; and running it into my Head, brought out my Brains, therein, which he put hastily into the Crucible; and, the Liquor rising up, in a Moment; in great Bubbles, boil'd over into the Flames. The old Man, then, fetch'd a loud Cry; and, the most ancient of them, had no sooner put my Skull into the Crucible, than the Liquid sunk down immediately,

ly, and all the Company disappeared, but the venerable Father with the Wand.

The Operation, which had just been performed upon me, had, in a Manner, enchanted me; I was no longer capable of any Thought; I beheld every Thing that passed, without making any Reflections thereon. The old Man then approached me, and accosting me in the *Chaldean* Tongue, with a Voice so sonorous, and so sweet, that I never heard any Musick comparable thereto: Happy Mortal, said he, how propitious were the Stars which reign'd at thy Nativity! Without having deserved it; behold, thou art this Day initiated, into the sacred Mysteries of the *Cabala*; draw near, and purify thyself once more.

Having thus spoken, he took me by the Hand, and made me go down into the Furnace. As soon as I was therein, I roared out terribly; I felt all the Violence, and Power, of the Flames; my Flesh was entirely consumed, in an Instant; and, I saw nothing but the Bones of my Legs remaining: The Pain then ceased; however, I could not help weeping bitterly.

Courage, my Son, then, cry'd the old Sire, thou hast now but one Ceremony more to undergo. This said, he laid hold on the Ladle where-with my Brains had been taken out, and filling it with the yellowish Liquor, that was in the Crucible, pour'd it into the hind Part of my Head. It made me shudder; the Fire issued from my Mouth, and Nostrils; but, O prodigious! scarce had it got Entrance there, when new Flesh came again, upon the Bones of my Legs.

The venerable Father, then, taking up the Bellows, already mentioned, and, blowing therein, filled my Head with an agreeable Vapour. I no longer felt any Pain, but found myself a quite different

different Man: The four old Men, who had vanished from my Sight, appeared again before me; and, all of them congratulated me, upon my Happiness, in being, as they said, become Incorruptible.

The venerable old Sire, the Regulator of all these Ceremonies, took me then by the Hand, and, striking one of the Corners of the Cave, with his Wand, it opened, and made us an easy Passage, to cross a Porch, enlightened by several Lamps: This conducted us into another Cave, in the Midst of which was a large Bed, wherein lay another old Man, reduced to the utmost Decrepitude.

He could only just be said to be alive; for, his Body was become motionless; and, even his Eyes no longer stirred: The prodigious Number of his Years; or, rather, of the Ages he had lived, having dried up all his Muscles. In short he was a terrible Spectacle to behold. Approach this venerable Man, said my Guide to me; he is the first of all Mortals, who dived into the Secrets of Nature: This is the incomparable *Huzail* *; hearken

* *Huzail* lived in the Time of *Semiramis*, Queen of *Egypt*. He made himself known at that Court, by the Interpretation of a Dream, which had troubled that Princess; and in the Explanation of which all the *Egyptian* Sages had miscarried. That Queen conceived such a great Affection for him, that she promoted him to the Dignity of her First-Minister; and he took Advantage of the immense Riches, which that Post procured him, to make Experiments, and study all the most abstruse Mysteries of Nature. He found out the Secret of conversing with the Intelligences; discovered the Philosopher's Stone; and brought to Light the Secret of living in the Flames, without being consumed:

hearken to his Life ; it is one continual Series of Prodigies. †

I went away from this Place, full of Astonishment and Joy ; I ascended the same Steps I had come down ; but found it difficult, to get again from thence to the first Stairs, from whence I had leapt on these. It grew Night, and I could not forbear being apprehensive of some unfortunate Accident : Judge, then, my Surprize, when, being got to the Top of the Pyramid, I found it as Light as at Noon-Day ; and beheld an infinite Number of People surrounding it, who gave loud Huzzas, as soon as they saw me appear, and seem'd to eye me attentively.

I was moved thereat ; and would have hid myself, by entring again into the Pyramid ; but could not find the Opening, at which I had come out : Mean while, the People, perceiving my Design, redoubled their Shouts ; and hastening up to me, in great Numbers, seized upon me, and bound me

A large Pile of Wood was immediately made ready, and a Fire kindled under it ; I trembled,
on

med : He also found out the *Grand Elixir*, and *Catholic* of Immortality. One Day, he vanished from the Sight of Mankind, and chose out this Pyramid, which he had caused to be built, to take his Repose therein, after all his Labours : All the Sages of the Earth go thither to pay Homage to him, and receive from him the Seal of their Perfection. He never speaks but once a Year ; the great Number of Ages he has lived has deprived his Body of all Motion : and it is in this Place, the Adepts preserve the sacred Fire of their *Opus Magnum*

† The Author has passed over this Story in Silence ; it would have made a compleat Volume by itself. See the foregoing Note.

on seeing these dreadful Preparations, forgetting that I was become incorruptible; and my Blood chilled in my Veins, when they threw me into the Midst of the Flames. Scarce was I got there, when the People dispersed themselves, and left me all alone; mean while, the Fire seemed to respect me, and burnt only the Cords, wherewith I was bound.

The venerable old Father, with the Wand, then appearing to me, in the Midst thereof; Thou art now sensible, said he, of the Effect of our Mysteries; thou needest never fear any Thing, either from this Element, or from the Attempts of Men. The People threw thee into the Flames, because they took thee for *Huzail*, whom they know to be concealed in the Pyramid; they have long been in Search of him; being incited thereto by an Oracle, which has promised them perpetual Plenty, in Case they sacrifice him to their God; but, vain are all their Efforts; they will never succeed therein.

As for thee, thou wilt not entirely be immortal, and perfectly instructed in the Mysteries of the *Cabala*, until thou art purified in the Fountain of *Chryseil*; * it is thy Business to find it out: It is in a temperate Climate; in the Midst of a very large City, swarming continually, with innumerable Inhabitants.

Whilst thou art making this Search, thy Patience will be put to the severest Trials; neither canst thou arrive at the Possession, of this inestimable Good, till thou hast passed through all the

VOL. I.

F

Conditions

* We have omitted the Account given by the old Sire of this Spring, as not relating to the Story of *Monf. Bigand*.

Conditions of Life. § It is in the last State, which thou wilt take upon thee, that thou wilt find this salutary Spring. Having thus said, he disappeared.

Judge now, *Bigand*, pursued the Spectre, going on with his amazing Story; judge my Perplexity, at this Discourse. In what Part of the World was I to seek this miraculous Fountain? And, through how many different States was I to pass, in order to attain thereto? I returned to *Grand Cairo*, quite absorbed in these Reflections; settled all my Affairs; and, three Days after, I set out from thence——

The Loss of a Person so dear to me * went to my very Soul; and I was so much affected thereat, that I resolved to forsake the World, and give over all the fine Projects † I had formed. Accordingly, I left *Italy*, and arrived in *France*, where *Paris* took my Fancy, by reason of its Largeness, and the Variety of Amusements with which it abounded; but the Idea of my dear *Lina* ‡ followed me every where, and rendered them all intolerable to me.

At

§ The Original relates all that happened to *Mosaiide*, in the different States through which he passed: The Translator has omitted it, with Design to make a Book of it, separately by itself.

* It was the Death of a Wife, whom *Mosaiide* tenderly loved; and, who lost her Life in defending him against four Villains, who would have assassinated him.

† *Mosaiide* was to have penetrated into the Bowels of the Earth; and was to have begun his Journey, by entering in at the burning Mouth of Mount *Ætna*.

‡ This was the Name of his beloved Wife.

At last, being moved with the Piety of the Christian Religion; I caused myself to be instructed therein; abjured my own; and entered into this Society of *Dervises*; * made over all my Effects, for the Benefit of the Poor; became a Monk in this House; and lived forty Years retired therein, without having my Peace of Mind once disturbed.

Unfortunately, one Night, a Fire broke out in this Convent; I was buried in a sound Sleep, from which I was awaked in a Surprise, by dreadful Shrieks and Outcries; the Flames had entirely surrounded my Room, and had even consumed my Bed; so that I found myself, as it were, in the Midst of a most intense burning Furnace. I started up in the utmost Confusion, having quite forgot my being become proof against the fiercest Fire, when, finding myself not in the least hurt thereby, I be-thought me of it again; and, my Imagination being heated by the Ideas which this Accident brought fresh to my Remembrance, absolutely rendered of no Benefit all the Fruits of my long Retirement; and I could not help ardently longing for the Advantages that had been promised me.

However, this did not prevent, my running to the Assistance of those, who were encompassed by the Flames, and on the Point of being destroyed by them. I went through the Fire to their Rescue; and saved them, as well as divers Things of Value, which were ready to be burnt. This Action seemed a kind of Prodigy; particular Notice was taken of it; all the Monks looked upon me with Respect, as something more than human;

F 2

* The Name given by the *Turks* and *Arabs*, to a Sort of *Mabometan* Monks.

man ; and my Memory is still held in great Veneration, in this Monastery.

The good Fathers, who were listening to this Story, began then to stare at each other ; the youngest of them asking the most antient, whether they had ever known any Thing, of this remarkable and astonishing Adventure ; whilst the latter shook their Heads, and answered, they had never heard one Word of it. Very good ! said one of these, don't you see, that this is all the Devil's doings ! There is not one Word of Truth in all this Lad has uttered ; his Reverence, our Father Prior, must certainly have Abundance of Patience, and Condescension, to listen to such a Parcel of idle Tales.

Pardon me, I am not of your Opinion, cry'd the good credulous Prior : these Things deserve our utmost Attention ; this Boy could never have been able to invent them ; perhaps we may derive some Advantage from thence ; the End of the Story must decide all : Go on, pursued he, addressing himself to me, and don't omit any one Circumstance ; I'll assure you, this demands a singular Regard.

In the mean while, I could not help laughing in my Sleeve, at the serious Air, with which he swallowed, the Romance I had forged : I had such a lively Imagination, that I never was at a Loss for such Stories ; I resumed, therefore, the Thread of my Narration, in the Manner following, without any Hesitation.

As soon as what had passed in our Convent, was known in the City, continued the Apparition, all the World flock'd thither to see me ; I was obliged to shew myself, and the more Difficulty I made thereof, the more my Reputation increased. Numbers came from the most remote Provinces ; this began to grow troublesome

to

to me ; and I resolved to with-draw myself from the Eyes of all Mankind : Wherefore, as the Authority, I had acquired in the Monastery, left me absolute Master to dispose, as I pleased, of myself, I caused a Vault that was under the Charnel-House in the Church-Yard to be walled up, and immured myself therein, having all my Victuals brought and let down to me, by an Air-hole : In this manner I lived ten Years.

One Day, when I had given way to Sleep, I was awakened from thence, by feeling the Ground tremble under me. On rising up, I observed that one of the Stones of the Vault, whereon I stood, sunk down and rose up again, with an easy and gently Motion. I removed therefore, from thence ; but had hardly done so, before an impetuous Torrent drove the Stone from its Place, and burst in upon me with such Violence and Rapidity, that it soon filled my Cave.

Surprized and terrified at this Accident, I gave a loud Cry ; I could not preserve myself from this Element ; and it was impossible to escape it : In the mean while, the Water still rose higher and higher ; and, Nature being ever averse to suffering its own Destruction, I struggled to avoid it. However, the Water got Entrance at my Mouth, and I was just upon the Point of being drowned, when, the said Element rushing in impetuously at the Hole which had been left in my Skull, (ever since my undergoing the Operation in the Pyramid) no sooner found Admission there, than it began to boil up, and to abate as fast as it had ascended, and was changed as black as Ink.

When it had all returned back the same way it came, I saw, with the utmost Surprize, that my whole Body was become black ; I thought how-

ever, at first, this Change in the Colour of my Skin had been owing to the Mud the Water had brought along with it; but I was greatly mistaken, this Miracle was wrought entirely by the Power of the Inundation.

Hereupon, I grew curious, to take a Survey of the Hole from whence this Deluge had issued; but on stooping down with that Intent, good Heavens! what did I behold? A dreadful Basilisk looked me full in the Face with its murdering Eyes; Immediately I stagger and fall to the Ground, where, as I lay expiring, it thus accosted me.

Thou diest, in order to enjoy Immortality: Here is the inestimable Fountain of Chryseil; thou wilt soon be covered therewith, and wilt never get out of this Tomb, 'till Mankind will give Credit to the Story of thy Life and Adventures. Thou wilt be allowed to appear three Nights to whoever thou thinkest proper; but, after that, thou hast Nothing farther to hope: If thou canst not obtain Credit, and prevail so far, as to have a Watch set for three Nights together at this Tomb, thou wilt never get away from thence, 'till the whole Earth is reduced to Nothing by the last Conflagration.

This is the last of the three Times that I have been suffered to appear for these fifty Years; first I shewed myself to the Master of the Novices; secondly, to Fryar Angel; and thirdly, to thyself: I have taken a severe Revenge To-night upon the Master, for not having revealed what I have just imparted to thee; I have also done the same by Fryar Angel; and, as for thyself, thou shalt be destroyed, together with this whole Society, unless thou takest Warning by the Example of others: Having thus said, the Ghost disappeared with a loud and terrible Cry.



C H A P. V.

Bigand takes Advantage of the Terror caused in the Monastery by his Story, to make his Escape with Fryar Angel.

THE Conclusion of my Story, caused a terrible Emotion in my Hearers ; many of them turning pale, and shuddering, at the Apprehension of the Danger, with which they were threatened. A murmuring Noise arose amongst them, occasioned by the Diversity of their Opinions ; and they began all to talk at a Time, 'till the Prior imposed Silence on them, and made them discuss and debate the Question with more Order. Some of them treated the Whole as an idle Tale ; whilst others were of a different Sentiment ; and the most learned, who are almost continually on the wrong Side, proved by a great Number of Quotations, no ways relating to the Matter in Hand, that such Warnings ought never to be neglected.

At last, a third Party, of whom I approved, because they were thereby aiding to my Design, alledged that they should run no Hazard in sending me, three Nights together, to watch at the Tomb of the Apparition ; since no ill Consequence could result from thence.

Mean while, notwithstanding all their Arguments, *Pro* and *Con*, they had not as yet come to any Conclusion, when Fryar *Angel*, who had very rightly judged, that this Story had only been invented, in order to get the Key of the Church-Yard, (the sole Way, by which we could possibly

bly make our Escape) resolved to second it; that it might thereby gain Belief from them the more easily.

Falling down, therefore, upon his Knees, before them; I ask your Pardon, my reverend Fathers, cried he; and repent my having so long concealed it from you, that this Spirit appeared to me some Time ago; and gave me the very same Account, you have just heard from this Lad; but I never durst reveal it, lest it should have been thought an Artifice, to which I had Recourse, with Intent to gain your good Opinion, and curry Favour with you. Nevertheless, had I foreseen how dangerous my Silence would prove, I should have been very far from venturing to conceal this from you so long: I own my Fault, therefore, and confess myself worthy of Punishment; behold me, then, ready to undergo whatever Penance your Reverences shall be pleased to think fit.

This well-timed Speech, coloured over with a dissembled Contrition, made a very great Impression upon them; they returned, therefore, to Consultation, and the last Advice carried it; which was, that the Gate of the Church-Yard should be opened for me, the Night following, in order to my watching therein. This being concluded on, every one retired; and the good Prior went directly to the Master of the Novices; whom he reprimanded severely, for having concealed a Matter of such Importance, as that whereof he had just been informed; and which had been corroborated by the Evidence of Fryar *Angel*, who was ready to repeat it again, in the very Terms, wherein I had related it.

Astonished at this Charge, the poor Monk protested (as well he might) that he knew not what the Prior meant; whereupon the latter recounted
to

to him the whole Story: At the Rehearsal of which, the Master of the Novices was so much amazed, that he could not help thinking his Superiour had lost his Senses; and accordingly intimated so much to him. The Prior, greatly offended thereat, returned to the Society; and told them, that the Obstinacy and Disrespect of the Master of the Novices, deserved a severe Punishment, as soon as he should be in a Condition to undergo it.

I had overheard all this, because, according to my laudable Custom, I had been listening at the Doors: I have always been a great Lover of Secrets; and never had the least Suspicion of any, without taking all possible Measures to get at the Knowledge of them.

Night being come, my Supper was given me, and the Gate of the Church-Yard opened for me; at the first Glance, I took Notice of the Place, by which it would be easiest for us to make our Escape; I waited, then, only for Fryar *Angel*, whom I had ordered to come thither to me, as soon as every one was retired to his Chamber? Meanwhile, it was almost Midnight, and no Fryar *Angel* appeared. Growing out of all Patience, therefore, at his Delay, I hastened to his Cell, to know the Reason thereof; and thought to have opened it as usual; when he whispered to me through the Key-hole, and told me it was impossible.

What is the Matter, cried I? They have locked me in to Night, said he; the Fathers are mistrustful; and such a strict Charge has been given with me, that they thought proper to take this Precaution. We are finely off, then, answered I, what shall we do now? There is no such Thing as breaking open the Door; for that would make too much Noise. And the Windows
are

are so strongly grated, replied he, there is no thinking of getting out that Way.

Try whether you can't raise up the Door, rejoined I; besides its being very heavy, the Hinges are riveted, resumed Fryar *Angel*; I am stark mad, continued he, and if you cannot find out some Expedient to release me, I shall die with Vexation. Pish, pish, said I, we have still two Days to think on it.

I won't depend upon that, answered he, fresh Orders may be given To-morrow; I am even surprized to the last Degree, that they should be so far deluded, to repose so great a Confidence in you, for such a Story of a Cock and a Bull, as you invented. Your Compliment is very encouraging, replied I; however, for once, as I have some Value for you, I will return Good for Evil. Hark you, I have found out an infallible Expedient.

What is it, cried he, interrupting me hastily? Get up the Chimney, said I, and then—The Devil take your Expedient, cry'd he, again interrupting me, in a Passion, there is never a Fire-Place. That is no Fault of mine, added I; we must study some other Way; compose yourself; it requires some Time to consider about it.

I puzzled my Brains then about it, above half an Hour, and could not think on any Thing that I liked: Fryar *Angel's* Cell was surrounded by those of the other Novices: I knew, indeed, we might force open the Door, and might not, perhaps, have any Thing to fear from the Monks; because the Adventure of the Night before might keep them in some Awe; but this would have been a great Piece of Presumption, to have run the Venture, and the contrary might have happened.

I bethought me then of making Fryar *Angel* counterfeit Sicknefs next Day ; in that Cafe, we might have placed a Sort of Head, covered with his Night-Cap, in his Bed ; by which Means, he might have hid himself in the Day-time in my Garret, where he might have waited 'till Night ; but this Scheme might have failed likewise, and Delays were dangerous.

After long ruminating to no Purpose, I came to a Resolution on a sudden, by casting my Eyes upon a Dial, that faced the Dormitory, and had an Alarm belonging to it, to call up the Fathers at Four in the Morning to Mattins. My Design pleased me highly ; I thought it could not fail of Success ; wherefore, addressing myself to Fryar *Angel*, are you ready to come out, said I ? What signifies that Question, answered he ; is my Door open ? No, replied I, but it shall be presently. Which way will you bring that to pass, pursued he ? I will tell you, resumed I to him ; I am going to awaken all the Fathers. You are mad then, cried he, interrupting me in a Passion.

Have a little Patience, said I, my good angry Brother ; do not you rise every Morning to Mattins ? Yes, undoubtedly, answered he, and what then ? Well, well, compose yourself then, replied I ; instead of going to them as usual at Four, you shall be called now at Midnight : As soon as your Door is open, lay hold on that Opportunity, and make haste to me in the Church-Yard. Upon my Word, cried he, out of all Patience, I cannot comprehend how you mean to accomplish your Design : Rely upon me, said I, leaving him, and you will soon see *Bigand* is no Fool.

Having thus spoken, I went up to the Dial, I moved the Hand forward, and, putting it almost at the Hour, at which the Alarm was to strike, I
had

had scarce got to the Bottom of the Stairs, when it went off; and, on entring the Church-Yard, I heard the first Ringing of the Bell to Mattins. I begun then to have a good Opinion of my Stratagem; and, accordingly, it had all the Success that I could have desired.

The good Monks went devoutly to Church, and Fryar *Angel's* Door was set open; for great Care was always taken to make him go thither: He followed my Advice, and hastening to me quickly; Thou art a brave Fellow, said he, embracing me; prithee let us have no Compliments, cried I, but take me on your Shoulders, otherwise I am too short to get over the Wall; he did so, and by that Means I mounted thereon; he did the same; and we were both soon in the Street.



C H A P. VI.

Fryar Angel meets Bericard his favourite Footman, and Confidant; who procures him an Interview with Madam de B——. Bigand very much dissatisfied with Fryar Angel; and why.

SO far all is very well, said I to Fryar *Angel*, as soon as we had leapt into the Street; but what will become of us now? I have not a Farthing, and I do not believe you are much better stocked; you are in a Fryar's Habit, and I am dressed like a Scullion: Should the Watch but happen to come this Way, and lay their unsanctified Paws upon us, we should be a Couple of pretty Sparks, and in a very fine Pickle: But, supposing that Misfortune should not light upon us, whither shall we now fly for Refuge?

You

You should have made all these wise Reflections, before you left the Monastery, cried Fryar *Angel*, interrupting me impatiently; but, is it possible, that, with all the Wit you have shewn, in inventing such an extraordinary Story off-hand, to impose upon and terrify the poor credulous Monks, you should now be uneasy about such a Trifle.

What! said I, do you call it a Trifle, to be turned loose into the Streets of *Paris* in the ticklish Circumstances wherein we are at present? Yes, my Lad, continued Fryar *Angel*, whom, for the future, we shall style *D'Ossilly*, (that being the Name of his Family) nothing now gives me any Pain. *Paris* is my never-failing Spring; I know every Inch of it; fear not, we will not want for any Thing.

I have a Thought, even now come into my Head, which I believe would do our Business; were it not that I am restrained from putting it in Execution, by the Apprehension of falling again into the Hands of *Monf. de T*——. The Dread of that is the only Thing, which casts a Damp upon my Spirits; and allays the Joy I should otherwise feel, at having at last recovered my dear Liberty.

You ought to make yourself easy upon that Head, rejoined I; how do you know whether that Minister is still in Favour, or whether he is now an Admirer of the Lady of whom you told me? If either of these should happen, you would no longer have any Thing to fear from him: It is very easy to see that the Punishment inflicted on you by *Monf. de T*——, was more owing to his being jealous of your rivaling him in his Mistress, than to his Desire of chastising you for the Crimes, whereof you have been guilty. I begin to be of

the same Opinion, returned *D'Ossilly* ; however, that be, let us run the Hazard of putting it to the Tryal.

I have a Mind, pursued he, to go to *Madam de B——* ; it is no unseasonable Hour for her ; it is a good Way thither, however, and I am a little afraid of some cross Accident. If we can get safely thither, how do I know, (though she should not be moved, with what has befallen me, on her Account) but she may put me in a Way, to recover my Losses.

Upon mature Consideration, I judged this, to be none of the worst of Thoughts ; for, had *Monf. de T——* happened to be there, the Fryar's Habit, which *D'Ossilly* had on, would, in all Probability, have disguised him so much, that he would not have been known by him : I encouraged him, therefore, to persevere in his Design, and we went forward, on our Way thither ; flattering ourselves, as we were going along, with the finest Chimeras imaginable ; and *D'Ossilly* making me a hundred fair Promises, of which he never kept one.

I was greatly overjoyed, at having so good a Director at my setting out ; and was in great Hopes, of improving finely, under him, those little Talents, of which I was Master. We jogged along then together, discoursing thus about various Things, when, as we were passing by the Street *Froment——* we heard a Noise, which made us apprehensive of some Danger ; and stood up against the Wall, for fear of being discovered.

For what Reason, cried a Man, who spoke very loud, would you have me marry a Woman, who is an utter Stranger to me ? For what Reason, answers another ! Have not I found you
both

both locked in together, at an unseasonable Hour? A very pretty Reason indeed, reply'd the first! I met the young Woman, who, it seems, is your Sister, at Ten o'Clock; she stops me, and tells me, she wants to speak a Word with me; I go up Stairs with her; she complains she has had no Supper; I send for a fine Pullet; you catch us together at Table; we drink together; you say you like me very well; I thank you for your Compliment, and am your very humble Servant; so far all is as it should be: But, to proceed afterwards to Violence, in order to compel me, to sign a Promise of Marriage, that is a little too much.

Besides, continued he, what Advantage would you reap thereby? I am Valet de Chambre to a Master, who does not pay me my Wages; your Sister and I should soon be starved to Death. Oh! you tell me now a Circumstance, that alters the Case, answered the other; and, since you are but a Servant, a good Journey to you; you are not the Person I want; having thus said they parted from each other.

Do you know, *Bigand*, cried *D'Ossilly* then to me, who the Man was, whom they would have obliged to marry, whether he would or not. Why, 'tis *Bericard* himself; the very Footman, of whom you have heard me speak: I knew him again by the Sound of his Voice; it was lucky to meet with him thus; call him hither. But hold! what if he should betray me! There is no Fear of that, said I, unless you have given him Cause so to do, by some ill Usage.

If that is all, resumed *D'Ossilly*, call him; he will be overjoyed to see me: However, upon second Thoughts, continued he, let us run no

Hazard; but, go you after him, and overtake him; when you have so done, enter into some Discourse with him about me; and, according as you find him disposed, take you your Resolution.

I judged his Advice good, wherefore, I followed *Bericard*; and because he walked very fast, called after him, by his Name. It is to no Purpose, cried he, (imagining it was the Woman's Brother who pursued him, and had changed his his Mind) I have forsworn Matrimony. 'That is not what I want with you, *Monf. Bericard*, said I, pray stay a little: Upon hearing himself named, he turned about, thinking it was some of his Acquaintance, and advanced to meet me.

Though I am an absolute Stranger to you, Sir, said I, when I came up with him, I am at your Service, if you stand in need of any Assistance, in the Affair, that has just happened to you. I am very much obliged to you, answered he; the Fellow took me for a Bubble, but he was mistaken; and, I believe, has given over all Thoughts of his ridiculous Design: But, may I ask, Sir, continued he, how you came to be so well informed of my Name? That is easy to tell you, replied I; you lived with a Master, who lodged in the same House with me; and though I was but young at that time, I knew you again readily, by your Voice.

Ay! pray who was that Master, rejoined *Bericard*? *Monf. D'Ossilly*, answered I. Oh! Heavens! cried he, interrupting me, poor Gentleman! How much was I concerned at his Misfortune? He was so good a Master! nor was I the only one, who was greatly grieved thereat. A certain Lady, of his Acquaintance, did all that

was

was in her Power to serve him; but he had too potent an Adversary to deal with.

I have tryed all Manner of Ways to find him out, by her Order, but could never succeed therein; you, that are acquainted with him, have you heard any thing about him? I would give all I have in the World, to get some News of him. It would be a very easy Matter, said I speaking lower, to satisfy your Curiosity; but I have no Good to tell you; he is at Liberty, at present, but has not got a Doit. Ah! what signifies that, continued he, let me but know where he is; I have no great Matter, but it is all at his Service; and I will soon leave the Master I now live with, to return to him.

Since you are thus disposed, resumed I, you shall see him immediately; he is not far off. *Bericard* seemed greatly overjoyed at this News; whereupon *D'Ossilly*, who was behind us listening, shewed himself; and his old Servant embracing him eagerly, expressed his Satisfaction, in the most lively Terms.

How infinitely am I rejoiced, said the young Fellow, that I have met you so fortunately; and, that it is in my Power to serve you, at this Juncture! You would have been puzzled, to have found a Place of Shelter, at this Time of Night; this Habit would have created some disagreeable Suspicions of you; but, now, I will carry you to my Lodging, where No-body will set Eyes on you.

My Master is gone to *Versailles*, and is not to return this Week; during that Interval, we shall have Time to take other Measures, and to provide you a convenient Lodging; I hope all Things will go the best in the World.

How glad will Madam *de B*—— be, to see you! When we get home, I have Abundance of

Things to tell you, with which, I am well assured, you will be highly delighted. As we were thus talking, we arrived at the Street *de R*——. Aha! cry'd *D'Ossilly*, I should know this Neighbourhood; the Door you are opening seems to me to be that where *Madam de B*—— lives. You are not much mistaken, answered *Bericard*, her House joins to this; and her Brother, upon whom I wait, lodges here. But, notwithstanding they are two different Houses, there is a Door, that maintains a Communication between the one and the other; and, if *Madam de B*—— is not gone to Bed, I am mightily mistaken, if she will not be glad to see you, as soon as she knows that you are at Liberty.

I shall take great Care, said *D'Ossilly*, how I appear before her, in the Garb wherein I am at present. Why so, cry'd *Bericard*? On the contrary, I think it is the most likely Way in the World to move her. What one sees, always makes more Impression upon one, than what one only hears. Well, well, rejoind'd *D'Ossilly*, I will do just as you would have me

Scarce had we enter'd the Lodging, when we heard somebody rap at the Door beforementioned, that opened into the other House; and a Woman's Voice, asking who was there. *Bericard* having answered it was he; my Mistress, said the Voice, desires to know, whether your Master is returned. No, reply'd he, but inform your Lady, if she is not gone to Bed, I should be glad to speak with her; and have something to tell her, which will please her very much: The Maid ran accordingly, to deliver this Message to her Mistress, and the Door opened soon after.

Can any Thing be more curious than a Woman! Especially, when one gives her Hopes of somewhat

somewhat that is new, and will delight her? But, not to make any farther Reflections, the Door, as has been observed before, opened, and, who should come in, but Madam de B—— herself! who, seeing *D'Ossilly* and me, in a pretty extraordinary Dress, asked *Bericard*, what was the Meaning of her finding Strangers, at that Hour, in her Brother's Apartment?

I am very unfortunate, Madam, cried *D'Ossilly*, throwing himself at her Feet, in being taken for such by you, and in not having the Honour to be known to you. Heavens! Is it you, Sir, said she, after having viewed him attentively for some Moments? My good Stars! what a Transformation is here! Who the Deuce could have known you again in that Habit? On my Word, you are not a little obliged to me, for having recollected your Features, under such a Disguise. Get up, that Robe was not made to be so debased. Whence come you then? where have you been? and why did you never let me hear from you?

These Questions gave *D'Ossilly* an Opportunity of relating to her all that had befallen him, since his having left her in the *Foire-Saint-Germain*. Don't you remember, said she, as soon as he had done, that I had but too well foreseen the Misfortune with which you was threatened; the Face of Affairs, however, is greatly changed since that Time: Observe you, in your Turn, what has happened during your Absence.

I staid at *Ossus's* 'till Midnight, and trembled, when I saw you did not return; suspecting but too truly, that some Disaster had befallen you: Accordingly, I sent a trusty Servant to your Lodging, in order to be informed how Matters stood; and he brought me Word of your having been taken into Custody. I reproached myself with
having

having been the Occasion of it, and was quite inconsolable; wherefore I went directly to *Monf. de T——*'s; I did not reflect at all upon the Step I was going to take; your Misfortune had touched me, and you was become dear to me.

He was just gone to Bed; and, I know not whether it was owing to his Anger at what had passed, or whether he suspected the Occasion of my Visit, but in vain did I use all Manner of Intreaties to see him; he continued inexorable, and absolutely refused to admit me. I returned home, excessively nettled, and fully resolved to be revenged of him: A Woman can always find the Means, when she is assured her Power is not upon the Decline.

Monf. de T—— loved me too well, to be two Days without coming to visit me: He would have begun by reprimanding me, but I would not so much as vouchsafe to offer at excusing myself; we came to an Explanation, and he was forced to own himself in the wrong. In vain did he beg to be reconciled to my Favour; I would not consent thereto, but on Condition of his restoring you to your Liberty; he promised he would, and made his Peace with me on that Consideration.

However, I must own to you ingenuously, that on proposing it to him several Times afterwards, I found him so much averse thereto, that I would not urge him about it any more: I did not know you well enough to take Things so much to Heart; it would have been making myself appear criminal in his Eyes; and endeavouring to embroil myself with a Man, to whom I was indebted for all I had; he took my Complaisance to him in this Respect very kindly.

In the mean while, his Interest began to decline; he was not insensible of it, and asked Leave

to

to retire; upon which all his Creatures turned their Backs upon him. I lamented his Misfortune; and gave him sincere Proofs of my Concern thereat; but, as he was more wedded to Ambition than Love, his Affection for me abated.

He left no Stone unturned, in order to get himself recalled, but in vain; his pretended Friends, who, whilst he was in Favour, had assured him that nothing should be capable of producing any Change in them, were the very first to oppose his being reinstated in his Employments. Their Ingratitude touched him to the Quick; upon which he resolved never more either to see them, or set his Foot in a Place so destitute of all Sentiments of Honour and Gratitude; and has retired to one of his Estates in ———.

We parted with each other the best Friends in the World: I was the only Person who did not forsake him, all the while he remained at *Paris*; from the Moment his Fortune changed, to the Time of his setting out for his Country-Seat, I was never absent from him one Minute; and I did that for him in his Adversity, which he could never prevail on me to consent to in the Height of his Prosperity: I sacrificed to him all those Acquaintance of whom he had till then been so jealous.

This Behaviour touched him in the most sensible Part; he is immensely rich; and to shew me how great a Value he set upon my Way of thinking, he has put me in a Condition no longer to stand in need of any one, by settling upon me an Estate of twelve thousand Livres *per annum*. My Brother also has felt the good Effects of his Favour, by being enabled to purchase a Company. In short, *Monf. de T—* took his Leave of me, and set out for his Retirement; being determined there to

to spend the Rest of his Days. Ever since that Time, we write regularly to each other: and, accordingly, I intend to send him Word how Matters are with you; and to engage him, if possible, to repair the Mischief he has done you.

In the mean while, till we see what Effect my Letter will produce, I desire you to stay with me; and accept wherewithal to appear again in the World: It is impossible, that your Affairs should not have suffered greatly by your Imprisonment; it is but Justice, therefore, (as I have been the Occasion thereof) that I should use my utmost Endeavours to restore you to the same Condition, wherein I first knew you.

Charmed with the agreeable Hopes with which this Account had flattered his Imagination, *D'Ossilly* had Recourse to the most lively Terms, to express how much affected he was with her obliging Offers. He did not want Wit; and he strained it to the highest Pitch, in order to persuade the Lady, the Love he had always retained for her, together with his being banished her Sight, had been the most sensible Aggravation of his Torments; and adding that, notwithstanding his Confinement had been the entire Ruin of his Fortune, his Loss was more than made up to him, by the infinite Pleasure he then enjoyed, in beholding her again.

Madam de B—— was agreeably flattered likewise, by this well-turned Compliment; and it was visible in her Eyes; she lowered her Voice afterwards, and asked him who I was: He answered her, in the same Manner, that I had done him some Service; and that, to requite me for it, he was willing to accept me for his Footman.

I was not a little nettled at this Discourse; we were so near upon a Level, that I could not have
imagined

imagined he would have undervalued me so much; but, the Hopes he had conceived of re-establishing his Fortune, ever since what Madam *de B*— had told him, had made him both forget his own Meanness, and how much he was obliged to me. No doubt my Aspect being none of the most slightly, it would have put him to the Blush, should he have owned me for one of his Friends.

However that be, the Ingratitude of his Procedure on that Occasion, cured me of the advantageous Opinion I had entertained of him; and Resentment succeeded in its Stead; I resolved, therefore, to dissemble, till a favourable Opportunity should offer to make an Advantage of him, and then to give him the Drop.

After a Conversation of two Hours, between *D'Ossilly*, and the Lady, they took Leave of each other: but not 'till she had ordered *Bericard* to lay him in her Brother's Apartment: Accordingly the young Fellow, who had been very much devoted to him, and who knew him only superficially, executed this Injunction with great Zeal and Diligence; bringing him a magnificent Night-Gown, with Linen suitable thereto, and every Thing necessary towards furnishing him with a genteel Undress.

D'Ossilly made not the least Offer to decline accepting of so much Deference; but suffered himself to be thus waited on, without any Reluctance; nay, so much was he puffed up, by the Regard paid him; and so much State did he take upon him, that one should not have known him to have been the same Person; his very Looks and Manner of Speech were altered: If I said any thing, his Answers were short and dry, resembling more those of an imperious Master, than of a Friend or Acquaintance; and

and, to crown all, the only Favour he did me, was to order *Bericard*, to shew me some Garret, where I might lie till Morning; when he would see what could be done for me.

This Injunction was punctually comply'd with; for, I was conducted to a sorry Dog-hole, where I found a most miserable Flock-Bed; which must certainly have served the worst of Scullions, it was so excessive dirty. I resolved however, to have Patience for the present; and, as soon as I was left alone, crept down Stairs again bare-foot, and listened at every Door, to which I came. At last, I got to that of *D'Ossilly's* Bed-Chamber; and clapping my Ear thereto, over-heard a Discourse, wherein I was very nearly concerned.

That grateful Friend was just then telling *Bericard*, very ingenuously, that I did not suit him by any Means; being not only too short, but also very dangerous. 'Tis a little Rascal, continued he, who will bring himself to the Gallows, one Day or other; he is made up of a Thousand vicious Inclinations. Adding, that nevertheless, he was obliged not to cast me off, abruptly, on account of the Service I had done him; but, however, upon mature Consideration, he must rid his Hands of me, as soon as possibly he could with any Decency.

Let me alone for that, said *Bericard*; as soon as my Lady has settled your Affairs, I will look out for an Apartment for you, and he shall know nothing of the Matter; this done, you shall repair thither privately; and, when you are got there, he shall be told, you are set out Post, for the first Place whereon we shall agree. As he is acquainted with your last Adventure, he will readily believe, that having heard some Officers were

in Quest of you, with Intent to take you again into Custody, you had made your Escape.

I will order him, then, in your Name, to go thither after you; and will give him so little Money, for that Purpose, that, should he have a Mind to return, upon not finding you there, he will not have wherewith to bear his Charges back again. An admirable Expedient, cried the perfidious *D'Ossilly*! It is doing me a real Service, to deliver me from that Scoundrel; adding several other pretty Epithets of the same Kind, which I shall not repeat, out of Modesty.

I was thoroughly incensed at his Ingratitude; and fully resolved to be severely revenged on him; I have ever been so happy, to retain the good Quality of remembering, all my Life whoever does me an ill Turn: With these laudable Sentiments, I left his Chamber-Door, and was going again up Stairs, when I saw a Light at a Window, opposite to that of the Stair-Case. They both looked into a little Yard, and were so near to each other, that by getting out at that of the Stair-Case, I could easily set my Foot upon the Stone-work of the other. This done, the Glass was so clear, that I could plainly discern a Man leaning upon a Writing-Table, who was dressed with the utmost Magnificence; but the Shade of a little Hat, he had pulled down over his Eyes, prevented my distinguishing his Features: He was writing, and seemed to apply himself thereto, with the utmost Earnestness.

I was going, therefore, to withdraw, not seeing any Thing that could excite my Curiosity; when, casting my Eyes on one Side, a Pair of Pistols, that lay a-cross each other, upon

the Table, struck my Sight; and, looking somewhat farther, I beheld a little Casket that was turned upside down, out of which came a great Quantity of Gold. I gazed upon it with Pleasure, having always had a singular Value for that Metal; but was not long, before my Eyes were diverted from it, by Things of much more Importance.

The Gentleman, who was writing, laying aside his Pen, cast his Eyes up to Heaven, and fetched a great Sigh; at this Motion, I had an Opportunity of observing his Features: He seemed to be between Thirty and Forty, and of an engaging and noble Aspect; but buried in a most profound Melancholy. After having considered a few Minutes within himself, he took up his Paper whereon he was writing, and read loud enough for me to over-hear every Word: Accordingly, I did not lose one Syllable; and the Beginning affected me so much, that, though the Posture wherein I stood was very uneasy, I gave the greatest Attention thereto,



C H A P. VII.

We must not always believe Appearances. The Story of an English Nobleman, upon this Head.

L E T T E R.

The Marquess of Sinectthon, to the false Lady Sthelhorf.

BEFORE I return to the Dust from whence I sprung, and am no more seen, I am determined to publish my Story to the Universe; and the just Reasons I have to renounce this Life. The English are generally accused of abandoning themselves too easily to Despair; (because some of them have been known to end their Days generously) and People have not given themselves Time to examine, whether these Transports of Fury have been most owing to Heroism, or to Weakness and Pusillanimity. I dare aver, there is no one, of any Nation whatever, who, were he in my Place, after what has befallen me, would not have resolved upon taking the most violent Course. If I am to be blamed, it is only for not revenging myself otherwise than by ending my own Days: Any other but I would, perhaps, have begun his Vengeance, by sacrificing the ungrateful false one who is now the Cause of all my Misfortunes; but, O, unprofitable Revenge! the Crime is already perpetrated; can the shedding all the Blood in her Veins, prevent its having been committed?

Having read this Letter very distinctly, the Unknown went on, with the Perusal of what he had written, (as if to examine, whether he had been guilty of any Mistake) and read as follows.

I am a Native of *England*; of an illustrious Family, which have always signalized themselves, by their sincere Attachment to their lawful Sovereigns. I followed the Fortune of the Chevalier *D——*, which was but indifferent; and spent part of my Estate, to support him in the various Countries, where he has been obliged to take Refuge.

He was a Lover of the Ladies; and I was his Confidant in all his Intrigues; the little Inclination he had always observed in me, for the Fair Sex, and which he knew not to be affected, rendered it impossible for him, to choose one more proper for that Purpose. We travelled *incognito*; he required nothing of me but my Friendship; and had obliged me to forbear all those Marks of Respect which were due to him.

One Evening. when we were at the Opera, a Lady of unparalleled Beauty, and the utmost Magnificence, happened to sit in the next Box to us: Her languishing Eyes inspired the Heart with the most lively Passion that Love can produce; she was dressed in a brown Head *, which, with the jetty Blackness of her Locks, heightened the dazzling Lustre of her lovely Skin, that might have vy'd for Whiteness, with the Snow.

The Chevalier *D——* obliged me to take Notice of her; after which confessing *Sineſtbon*, said he to me, pretty loud, that there is the Abstract
of

* It was formerly the Custom for Ladies to wear coloured Heads.

of all Perfection. If you don't absolutely surprise me, replied I, with your enthusiastic Raptures! Will you be all your Days an Idolizer of Beauty. Have you not learned sufficiently, at your own Expence, that the more lovely a Woman is, the more dangerous she is likewise? Could you but once be brought to think like me, you would avoid Abundance of Trouble and Vexation; I can look at them without desiring them.

Heaven forbid! answered he; I should then be deprived of some of the most agreeable Moments of my Life! You are, I believe, the only one of your Kind; for, where is the Man, who carries his Hatred to that amiable Sex to such a Length as you do visibly every Day. You go somewhat too far, replied I; I cannot agree, that I have any Aversion to Womankind; you should only have said, therefore, that I am happy enough not to fall in Love with them; and consequently not to be their Slave.

A young Toupee of Quality interrupted here our Conversation, by whispering us in the Ear loud enough to be heard by all the Boxes near us, that the Marquess D—— had just obtained a Decree, empowering him to confine his Wife in a Convent, on Account of his having surprized her, (as his Jealousy surmised) with two Lovers at once. A very pretty Reason; continued he, ironically! If his Petition should be allowed to be well grounded, and be drawn into a Precedent, we should soon lose a great Part of the prettiest Women in Town. This Story afforded me a fair Opportunity, to inveigh against the whole Sex: and, accordingly, I spoke all the ill of them, which I then actually thought.

The Chevalier D—— then asked the smart young Toupee, who that beautiful Lady was, of

whom he had just made me take Notice. Stap my Vitals, cried the pert Coxcomb, are not you ashamed of your Ignorance? What! Don't you know the beautiful Widow, my Lady *Stbelborf*? You her Countryman! I know her very well by Name, answered the Chevalier *D—*, but, as for her Person, it is impossible, I should have been acquainted with her; I have been but Four Days at *Paris*; which Way, then, can I have seen every one that is in it?

The Excuse is tolerably devised, pursued the young Witling; but will not be admitted, amongst us *Connoisseurs*, of the first Rate, in the Affairs of Gallantry. A Person of your Age and Figure, and a professed Admirer of the Ladies, ought to have been acquainted with her, on the very first Day of his Arrival.

What should such a one do, the Moment he comes into such a City as this? Why, he should make it his Business, to enquire after the most celebrated Beauties; this Lady is esteemed one of the first Rank; and, accordingly, would have been one of the first named to you; and thus you would have known her: What a pretty Excuse indeed have you found out!

Why, how do you think I act in this Respect? There is hardly a handsome Face, in all *Paris*, but I can give an exact Description of it. I go every Day four times to the Theatres. Four times in one Day, cry'd the Chevalier *D—*, which Way is that possible? A mighty Matter to be wondered at, indeed, answered the pert Lord *Fanny*! nevertheless, it is nothing but the real Truth.

I am now actually just come from the *Italian* Comedy; you see me here, at present at the Opera; and, as soon as I have made an Appointment for a Supper, which, at this time, employs my

my Thoughts, I will do the *French Comedy* the Favour, to make my Appearance there, *en passant* ; I will just stay to ogle some of the Boxes, and from thence will run to the comic Opera, where I will take up *La S——*, and carry her to sup with me at *Osouf's*, at the *Foire St. Germain*. You see, all this is not very difficult ; and, I am surprized, to the last Degree, that you should in the least wonder at it.

But, cry'd I, interrupting him, how can you pass Sentence, upon a new Piece, with so much Wit, and in such a decisive manner. as I hear you every Day, since you make no longer Stay at any of them ? The Marquis is a very pretty Gentleman likewise, said the young Powder-puff, with a Sneer. Is a Man, like me, made, to sit three long Hours in one Place ? Or does he go to the Theatres, for the Sake of the Performance ?

No, no; good my Lord Marquis, those poor Wretches, the Authors, are obliged to come, and read their Works, with all Humility, to us ; we are willing to grant them this Favour whilst our Cloaths are putting on ; it is a fatiguing Time, which we must away with ; one is liable to Duns ; the Attention we pretend to give to these Pieces, whilst they are reading, keeps them a little in Awe, and delivers us from their Importunities.

According to the Humour wherein we are, we approve of them, or find Fault ; if but two Words therein please us, we promise the Author, to take his Work under our Protection ; we pronounce it excellent, to our Creatures ; they are obliged to take our Words for it, and to acquiesce with our Opinion, whether they will, or not ; it is the Way to please us, and that is sufficient : They go to the Play ; carry their Friends with them, and applaud the Performance ; we enter just at the same

same Juncture ; stay a few Minutes ; but without giving any Attention to the Play ; and, when we go out, we say aloud, *Nothing can be finer ; this is indeed admirable* : and thus, behold the Author well satisfy'd ; and the Piece received with Approbation.

Here my Lady *Stbelborf*, who had over-heard all, from the first Moment we entered the Opera, could not forbear Laughter ; upon which, the smart Critic, of a new Kind, goes up to her, with the confident Air of a young Fop of Quality, and presenting the *Cbevalier D——* to her, the Conversation became very gallant ; I alone said not a Word. She gave me, however such Looks, from time to time, as seemed to shew, she had a Design upon my Heart : nevertheless, it continued insensible, and I came away unwounded. She did not suffer my indifference to escape unobserved, but took off her Eyes from me, with a Spite, for which I could not help applauding myself.

The Performance being over, we came out of the Opera ; and the Coach of the *Cbevalier D——* being at some Distance, the beauteous Widow offered us a Place in her's ; and carried us to her *Hotel*, where, without much Ceremony, she kept us to Supper with her : Her Charms then displayed themselves, to the greatest Advantage ; the *Cbevalier D——* went away passionately in Love ; whilst I did her barely Justice, and that was all.

I was some Days afterwards, without seeing her ; but the *Cbevalier D——* went thither constantly ; she was the only One, of all those who had captivated him, that had ever made such a lasting Impression upon him ; and, perhaps, she was also the only One, who continued insensible of all his Addresses, and Proof against all his Attacks. Formerly he used to court the Ladies, like
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a pert young Fop of Quality ; now he made his Approaches, like a submissive Lover : He was extremely amiable ; insomuch, that I was surprized at, the Rigour with which he was treated ; this made me conceive a very great Esteem for my Lady ; and that was no common Thing with me

One Day when the *Chevalier D—* was telling me, with some Concern, how little Progress he made, in his new Amour ; Word was brought me, that a Footman desired to speak with me ; I went out to him, therefore, and he delivered me a Letter, couched in the following Terms.

L E T T E R.

My Lady Stelhorf to the Marquis of Seneſthon.

FOUR Days are elapsed, my Lord, since you set Foot within my Doors : and yet the *Chevalier D—* comes every Day : Why, since you seem so strictly united in all other Respects, do you differ so widely in this Particular ? And why ! O ! why, do I take Notice thereof ? Whence proceeds that Aversion you bear to Women ? Have you had any Reason to complain of them ? I have a hundred Questions to ask you ; and shall wait for you, at Seven in the Evening, in the Thuilleries, in order to hear your Answers thereto ; you will find me with one of my Women upon the Terrass. Would you believe it, that I have taken it in my Head, to get the better of all your Prejudices against our Sex ? I flatter myself so far, my Lord, to be persuaded I shall not miscarry in this my Design.

STELHORF.

This Letter caused an Emotion in me, for which I could not assign any Reason ; I went in again

again to the *Chevalier D—*, who was just going to set out for *Court*, in order to support his Interest there; and desired me, in the mean while, to urge his Suit with my Lady: His choosing me out for such a Commission, made me laugh; and I gave him to understand how absolutely unfit I was to undertake it; wherefore, I would not be answerable for the Success; but he only smiled thereat, in his Turn, and soon after departed for *Versailles*.

When the appointed Hour was come, I went to the Place of Assignment, not without a little Uneasiness; and found there the cruel Beauty, who seemed to have left Nothing undone, to keep her Word with me. She was perfectly enchanting; the Weather was hot, and the Undress she had on, was so gallant, and put on so much to her Advantage, that it was impossible to behold her, without falling a Victim to her Charms. I could not forbear doing her that Justice which was her due; and sighed as I accosted her: of which she took Notice, and saw plainly I was not as usual.

Well, my Lord, said she to me, have you reflected upon what I wrote to you; and are you sufficiently upon your Guard against yourself? I shall not make Use of any Circumlocution, when I confess to you frankly that you are th Man whom, of all your Sex, I should most choose to have devoted to me. Ah! Madam, answered I, of what Advantage would such a Triumph be to you? And what have I done to you, that you should so ardently desire, to render me unhappy?

How! cried my Lady, interrupting me, do you think I look likely to make a Man miserable? Yes, Madam, replied I, with an Emotion, to which I had been, till then, a Stranger; I cannot conceive a greater Misfortune than that of falling
in

in Love with you : Though I have never yet felt the Power of the blind Boy ; I can but too easily comprehend that One cannot become your Admirer, without undergoing all the Torments, a Man feels who burns with a hopeless Passion, without meeting with any Return ; I have had so much Experience of this, that it has served to secure me, against all the Snares of Love.

Vain Resistance ! resumed that imperious Beauty, you must yield yourself my Captive ; I allow you but eight Days to confess your Defeat ; after that Time, should you take it in your Head to be in Love with me ; I give you Notice beforehand, that I will exercise a tyrannic Power over you : Yes, I will have you acknowledge, that you think me the most amiable of Women.

There is no need to wait so long, Madam, rejoined I, for me to agree, that you are lovely beyond Expression : But, what avails this Confession, my Lady ? What farther would you have of me ? Spare my Heart I spare Nothing, cried she, interrupting me with a Smile ; make good Use of the Respite I have granted you ; I am naturally susceptible of Compassion ; if you do not submit within that Term, I proclaim an eternal War with you ; farewell, my Lord ; I allow you Time to reflect upon it

Having thus said, she rejoined one of her Women, who stood at a little Distance ; I would have made her some Answer ; but had not the Resolution : I found myself that Instant seized with a Kind of Emotion, which foretold me but too plainly, what would be the Effects of this Conversation.

I used my utmost Efforts to defend myself against the Approaches of Love ; but, it was all over, he had taken Possession of my Heart ; in
vain

vain did I endeavour to guard the Entrance against him ; it was not in my Power : I was constrained to yield, then, and acknowledge my Defeat.

My Lady seemed perfectly transported thereat ; and admitted of my Addresses ; mean while the *Chevalier D—* was obliged to undertake a short Voyage ; and I was almost as soon a Husband as a Lover : In short, I was entirely happy ; and regretted every Moment I had lived, without knowing the most amiable of her Sex.

Not long after the *Chevalier D—* returned ; and I sent him Word the more readily of my Marriage, because he had given me Reason, by acquainting me with some new Intrigues, to believe he had no longer any Thoughts of my Lady. But, scarce had he arrived again at *Paris*, before his Passion for her, which had seemed extinct, during his Absence, revived a fresh ; and by a most horrid Caprice, my perfidious Consort, who had withstood all his Attacks, whilst she was at her own Liberty, yielded herself up to him ; when she was no longer at her own Disposal.

Three Months have they carried on a secret Correspondence together, without my having the least Suspicion of it ; till returning to Night from the Ball at the Opera ; I promised myself a secret Pleasure in surprizing her. She had told me, as I was going out, that she was not well, and, therefore, she would have her Supper and go to Bed betimes. *Monsieur D—*, one of my Acquaintance, had been teasing me a Week, to spend an Evening with him ; I gave my Lady notice, therefore, that I would comply with his Invitation to Night ; and she has, undoubtedly, taken Advantage of his Opportunity, to stroll whither her Inclinations called her.

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In the mean while, I return Home; hasten up into her Apartment; and go on Tiptoe, that I may not disturb her; I approach her Bedside; pull back the Curtain; but find none of my Wife; nor even the least Sign, of her having ever been in Bed. I fly to her Closet; and perceive there, by the Disorder wherein I find her Toilet, that she is gone Abroad; a cold Sweat and Shuddering seizes me all over; I was never before inclined to Jealousy; but now I feel all the Torments of it; I search about every where, and observe a Key forgotten upon a Writing-Table; I open a Drawer; see a Letter; take it up trembling; and find there the Proof of my Misfortune.

Oh! my Lady, here it is! Thou lovest the *Chevalier D*——! Thou has admitted of his Visits many Times in my Absence; thou pretendest Sickness, and makest Use of that, as a Cloak, to screen thee in the Pursuit of thy new Intrigue. False Woman! I ought to sacrifice thee, in the Arms of him, who——But what do I say? Perfidious, and ungrateful as thou art, I can never hurt, what I have once so much loved; and find I shall still love as long as I live. My Death shall punish both myself, for my Weakness, and thee, for this Unworthiness; I shall be revenged by thy Remorse, and the Stings of thy Conscience; and thou wilt lament, but it will be then too late, the Loss of the most tender of Husbands.

Here the passionate Marquis concluded his Soliloquy: He wrote afterwards a few Lines; sealed up the Packet, seized upon his Pistols; and had already clapt their two Muzzles to his Forehead; when I saw a tall majestic Woman, more beautiful than the Queen of Love, appear behind him, and lay hold on both his Arms. O cruel! said she, what are you going to do? Rather turn these

deadly Weapons against me; than suffer me to outlive so dreadful a Misfortune.

Amazed at this Surprise, the too jealous Marquis fell backward in his Chair, with his Eyes stedfastly fixed upon her. What, continued the Lady, can be the Meaning of this outrageous Despair? Falling down then before him on her Knees, and taking him by the two Hands; Dearest Sovereign of my Heart, most beloved of Husbands, said she—Ah! Traitress, cried he, interrupting her, and pushing her from him; dare you still make Use of that sacred Name? Have not you profaned it by your criminal Amours? Have I not found your Letters? Have not these Eyes seen therein, the evident Proofs of a mutual Passion? How will you dare pretend to justify the Appointment mentioned therein?

Hold, cruel Man, cried the Lady, interrupting him in her Turn, with Tears in her Eyes; hold, and do not quite overwhelm me, with your unjust Reproaches. I guilty of Falshood and criminal Conversation! I betray you! How have I deserved this Usage? Do you know me? Or, rather, why have you not known me better? Ungrateful! I never loved any one but you! Why then, O why did you suffer yourself to be deluded by frivolous Appearances? Why did not you come to an Explanation with me? you would then have known how cautious you ought to be in your Surmises of a Woman, who has always lived so circumspect as I.

These Letters, these Evidences, as you call them of my Falshood, I confess they are my Hand; I wrote them to my Brother; and as I inclose them always under a Cover; and the Want of a Supercription contributed to your Mistake; your Jealousy made you misinterpret those Expressions,
which

which were only the Marks of a tender Affection, as the Tokens of a criminal Passion. You know how dear he is to me; Word was brought me that he had fought a Duel To-day, and was dangerously wounded; upon which had I been yet more indisposed than I really am, I would have flown to see him.

But what avail these vain Justifications, continued she, with a Flood of Tears streaming down her beauteous Cheeks? Am not I guilty, the Moment you begin to suspect me? Having thus said, her Grief overcame her to that Degree, that she seemed to faint away.

The penitent Marquis then rose up with Precipitation. O Heavens! cried he, what was I going to do! Forgive me, my dear Lady, I do not deserve to live; why did you prevent my being my own Executioner? My Death would have revenged you upon me, for my unjust Suspicions. Having thus testified his Repentance, he took the dear Object of his Affections in his Arms, and carried her into another Room; not being able, therefore, to see any Thing farther, I withdrew to my Garret, heartily tired with the uneasy Posture, wherein I had stood so long; and yet well pleased with this Story, for which I was indebted to my Curiosity.

Next Morning, *D'Ossilly* ordered me to be called about Ten o'Clock, whilst I was yet asleep. I hastened down into his Chamber, and was surprized, to see him magnificently dressed. This inspired me with some Respect for him: Outward Shew frequently makes more Impression, upon Persons of my Condition, than real Merit.

Well, *Bigand*, said he, as soon as he saw me, how do you like me? Did not I tell you, that, as soon as I should be at Liberty, I should not be at

a Loss how to behave myself? *Madame de B*—— has sent for this Suit, which is quite new, and has been fitted to my Shape, 'till a Taylor can make me two others, yet handsomer than this.

My Pocket is also well lined; here are a hundred *Louis-d'Ors*, continued he, drawing out a Stocking Purse, 'till somewhat better can be done for me. I congratulate you, Sir, answered I, upon this good News; it is to be presumed, continued I, laughing at him, in my Sleeve, that with so much Merit, as I know you to be Master of, you will not stop here.

I believe not, resumed he, with an Air that shewed his Approbation of my Flattery; I will tell you yet more; I am persuaded *Madame de B*—— loves me to Distraction, these are convincing Proofs of it; but, to confess the Truth ingenuously, I no longer find in myself the same lively Passion for her as I did formerly; though with Persons who are of my Way of Thinking, that ought not to weigh any Thing; neither will it hinder me, should Matters fall out so, from being Fool enough to marry her.

It vexed me to the very Heart, to hear the Son of a Cobler, nay, a Cheat and a Sharper, give himself such insolent Airs; I dissembled, however, for the present, because having but a very sorry Coat, I was in Hopes of his equipping me with a better; accordingly I let fall a Word or two to that Purpose, *en passant*.

Ay, with all my Heart, cried he: I thought, by this Exclamation, he was going to present me with, at least, Ten Pistoles; but his Generosity amounted only to a single one. Thou see'st, said he, that I am very liberal; when my Affairs are settled, I shall do somewhat more for thee; in the mean while, thou mayest eat here with the Servants;

vants; thou dost not want Wit; endeavour to please them, and gain their Good-will, and then we will see farther.

This Speech exasperated me to the Height; and I resolved within myself, to be fully revenged on him, the very first Opportunity that offered: I went down, then, into the Kitchen, where, by my Repartees, I became a Favourite with a great fat Cook, who ruled and domineered there most despotically.

He was a mighty Joker, and had a very ill Tongue; then as for Drunkenness, No-body could out-do him; he had always either a Jest, or a Glass of Wine in his Mouth: If he was to take Leave of any one, I am going to go, said he; or, if his Lady ordered him to serve up any Thing, in a Hurry, make haste up, cried he, and you shall no sooner be at the Stair-Head, than I will be here where I am. All the Servants admired his ready Wit, and had a profound Veneration for him; before he spoke, their Mouths were sure to be set ready, to laugh at what he was about to say; and I, who am now making my Remarks thereon, used to do like the rest.

I was not long at this House, before I was fully acquainted with all the Ways and Intrigues of the Family. *Madame de B——*, with whom I shall begin, was, at least, forty Years old, but she did not appear, at most, to be above Twenty-eight; which was owing to the admirable Secrets, to which she daily had Recourse, to preserve her Complexion, and her youthful Look. One Day, as I was peeping through the Key-hole of her Dressing-Room, I saw her, in her Shift, before her Looking-glass; she had got up, out of Precaution, to beautify her Phiz; and had a Co-

vering of Pomatum, an Inch thick thereupon, which, undoubtedly, she had put on over Night.

She took a coarse Cloth and rubbed her Forehead and Cheeks therewith, several Times; after which Ceremony, I was infinitely surprized, to find her of a very brown Complexion; she having always before seemed to me extremely fair; I was abundantly more amazed a little after, when having washed herself with a Water, that was kept safe under Lock and Key, she appeared of a dazzling Whiteness; but this was not sufficient. She then put her Finger, in a Pot of a Rose Colour, with which she enlivened the Lillies of her Cheeks; from thence she proceeded to a third Dye, which she applied very lightly to her Temples, and her Neck.

This done, I observed, with Admiration, three false Teeth, that were clapt in her Mouth; which Operation took up some Time; but her Arms and her Hands required still more: The Patches were next to be placed to the best Advantage; accordingly, one was put under the right Eye, and a second at the Corner of her Nose; but they changed their Situation twenty Times in one Minute.

Being, at last, adjusted to her Satisfaction, a gracious Smile of Approbation followed; which was accompanied, with some little pretty Gestures; after which, she returned to Bed, very well satisfied with herself; and I, hearing some body coming, slipt away, for fear of being taken in the Fact.

The House was well furnished; she had begun, at first, as several others have done, by admitting the Visits of some particular Persons: *Monf. de T——* happened to enter the Lists; and

and his Rank and Riches, had banished all the rest. All the Grandeur had commenced since that Time; and, if any one else was admitted by Chance, it was only for the Sake of Company. She had a Fund of good Sense at the Bottom, which had only been confounded, and rendered useless, by some melancholy Disasters, and Crosses. O Poverty! thou Persecutor of Virtue and Merit, thou art, but too often, the Occasion of their Shipwreck!

The Affairs of the Family were managed by a Sort of Steward, or Clerk of the Kitchen, who, without having that Title, performed the Office of those who are so called. One Day, as I was listening at his Door, according to my laudable Custom, I heard the Cook before-mentioned, complaining bitterly of him. I know, very well, *Monf. la Rappiniere*, said he, that every one must live, but we likewise, have some Regard, to the Agreements we make with each other.

We agreed, then, that when you were absent, I should regulate my Bills of Expences according to yours: I have dealt sincerely; have made my Lady pay just twice as much as the Provisions cost; and we shared the Overplus; there is no Fault to be found with that: But, then, for you to make out a third Bill, and reckon a Third more for every Thing, and put all you get thereby into your own Pocket, that is not fair, by any Means.

Who could tell you any such Thing, cried *La Rappiniere*, interrupting him? It is all false; and I am too much of a Man of Honour, to be guilty of any such under-hand Dealings. By the Life of *Pharoah*, said the Cook, interrupting him, likewise, hastily, in his Turn, you will not deny your own Hand-writing, will you? Look here,

Here, continued he, giving a Bill to him, did not I buy this Quarter of Pease; I paid Fifty Livres, for them; we reckoned my Lady Four-score, in our Bills, which we made out together; and by this Bill here, which she luckily forgot, you have rated them at Fifty Crowns. What Answer can you make to this?

Hereupon, the Steward was confounded, and had not a Word to say. Well, cried the Cook, you own yourself fairly caught; Come, come, *Monf. la Rappiniere*, I will pass by this, on account of our old Acquaintance, and Friendship; and, to prove it to you, I will increase our Bills, as much as you please; but, another Time, let us go Shares; that is but fair; all Things ought to be done with Honour.

The Steward, then, acknowledged himself in the wrong; and confessed, that, having a Daughter to marry off, and, being afraid his Lady would retrench her Household Expences, now that she lived upon her own Income, he was apprehensive of losing a great deal by her for the future, which obliged him to be expeditious in making up his Bundle.

I am as much in Haste, upon that Head, as you can be, answered the Cook; let us go to Breakfast, and I will acquaint you with a Scheme that will succeed, provided we have but a right Understanding together. The Case is of a Debt, which my Lady has already paid, but for which she never took any Receipt; heark in your Ear, I will tell you how.—But I durst not stay any longer; they were got up; wherefore, I retired as fast as I could.



C H A P. VIII.

Bigand resolves to rob D'Ofilly. A remarkable Story of a Marriage, occasioned by a Canary-Bird.

SOME Days after, *Monf. de T——* returned an Answer to *Mad. de B——*, concerning *D'Ofilly*, in Behalf of whom she had written to him: In this Letter, that Nobleman informed her, that he would present him with a Thousand Crowns, to make him some Amends for the Hardships he had caused him to suffer; of which a moving Description had been sent him; and this, he added, was only till he could procure him an Employment. This News put Life into me; I had overheard it, by hiding myself in a little Hole, covered with Hangings, which joined to *Madam de B——*'s Chamber, and to which I got, by a Pair of Back-Stairs.

I was very well convinced that *D'Ofilly* was upon a good Footing with *Madam de B——*; this might suffice to assure him, there was no Fear of his coming to want; and he might very well spare this Money. The Case was far different with me, who was only looked upon, as a poor Dog of a Scullion; and had no Room to hope for any favourable Hand, that would lend me a Lift. One must help one's self, said I, a little in this Life; at least, this was my Way of Thinking, at that Time.

Accordingly, I looked upon the promised Sum, as a Wind-fall, which ought in all Reason to belong to me; and which might revenge me on him, for the Haughtiness, Ingratitude, and Cruelty, wherewith

wherewith this false Friend continued to treat me. I watched, then, so narrowly, the Remittance of this Money, that, one Morning, I saw it brought, and locked up in a Drawer, in his Dressing-Room; wherefore, I resolved, to take Advantage of the first Occasion, to render myself Master of it.

The Night, after this handsome Present had been delivered to *D'Ossilly*, he came to Bed very late; I had overheard from my Stand, where I used to listen, that he was to change his Lodging next Day; the Lady's Brother having sent Word, he should be in Town, by that Time. It was customary for me to be with him, every Night, at his going to Bed; for he loved Stories, and pitched upon me to divert him therewith; I was determined, therefore, not to wait any longer, Time being very precious; and, if I let that Moment slip, I could have no Hopes, of ever meeting such another Opportunity.

I repaired, then, to his Chamber, to wait his coming; and as soon as he was in Bed, he ordered me, as usual, to tell him some Story, that might lull him to Sleep: It was too much my Interest at that Juncture, not to contribute thereto; wherefore, I did not want bidding twice, but related to him what follows:

A Gentleman of *Burgundy*, named *Du Lac*, who lived in a ready-furnished Lodging, happened to fall in Love with *Madam Du Coudrai*, a young Widow, of a plentiful Estate, whose Windows faced those of his Apartment: So much was he smitten with her, that he would pass whole Days in his Chamber, that he might not miss any Opportunity of seeing her.

He had not been long at *Paris*, neither was he acquainted with the Ways of the Town; accordingly, he was at a great Loss, by what Means he should

should get Admittance to her. As ingenious as Love is said to be, it did not inspire him with any Stratagem to obtain his Desire : He had inquired about this fair Widow, of his Landlady, who had given him a most advantageous Character of her Behaviour ; adding, that her House was inaccessible to all Mankind, excepting three Gentlemen, of a middle Age, who were Friends to her Family.

The amorous *Du Lac*, had ventured divers Times to salute her ; but she had always pretended not to take Notice of it : In the mean while, the Business, about which he came to *Paris*, was upon the Point of being concluded, wherefore, he was obliged to be preparing for his Departure ; at the Thoughts alone of which, he could not forbear sighing ; and at last resolved, whatever might come of it, not to set out for the Country, without declaring to her, the Sentiments of his Heart.

Whilst Things were in this Situation, and *Du Lac* was walking, one Day, very pensive, and at a great Rate, up and down his Room, a Canary-Bird, which had got loose from its Cage, flew in at his Window and settled upon his Perruque. He clapt his Hand immediately thereon ; and the little Warbler, having intangled its Feet in the Hair, was easily taken.

Finding it very pretty, he resolved to keep it ; and that he might not be obliged to part therewith, never mentioned one Word of the fortunate Chance which had brought it into his Power ; his Good-Luck having inspired him, that Moment, with the Thought, to send it as a Present, in his Name, to Madam *Du Coudrai*, provided it could but sing tolerably.

With this Design he observed it carefully several Days ; and was highly delighted, to find it had not

not only been taught to whistle finely, but could also speak several Words: Hereupon, he caused a beautiful Cage to be made for it, the Woodwork of which was Ebony, and the Wire Silver, in order to render the Present more agreeable; and he would have sent it to Madam *Du Coudrai* directly, had he not been informed, she was gone into the Country.

He waited impatiently for her Return, and even put off his Departure, for some Time longer, on that Account; but some Weeks passed over in this Expectation, and he began to despair of seeing her again, when, just at the Moment, that he least thought thereof, he beheld her appear again at her Window.

Infinitely was he overjoyed thereat; but his Satisfaction received some Allay, on observing her shed some Tears: In effect he sympathized with her, without knowing the Occasion thereof; and, accordingly, enquired underhand whence it might proceed. To his no small Surprize and Transport, he was informed, that her Sorrow was occasioned by the Loss of a Bird, whom she loved to Distract, and which was her sole Delight: He was in perfect Raptures at this Discovery; flattering himself, that the little feathered Songster which had fallen so fortunately into his Hands, might be either the same, or, at least, might comfort her for the Loss of that which was flown away.

Full of this Imagination, he determined to send it to her next Morning; the Night seeming then too far advanced, to make his Present directly; besides which, he was afraid she might be gone to Bed. Next Morning, he was obliged to go out early, about Business; as he came back, he went into a Coffee House, and whilst he waited for his Footman, whom he had sent on an Errand, and into

drank a Dish of Chocolate, the Name of *Madam Du Coudrai*, struck his Ears. He listened, therefore, attentively what might be the Occasion thereof, and heard an *Abbe*, who was drinking Coffee with an Officer, pursue his Discourse, as follows.

For that matter, said he, we must own, that most Women are very whimsical; but the Lady, of whom we have been talking, is indisputably, the most extraordinary of any we ever heard of; to stake the whole Happiness or Misery of her Life, upon a Canary-Bird. What, cried another Gentleman at a neighbouring Table, does she still suffer the Loss of that Bird to discompose her?

How, said a third, interrupting him, are you alone a Stranger to the unaccountable Stratagem, to which she has had Recourse for the Recovery of it? She has three Lovers, who have long made their Addresses to her; and are all Men of Honour, and of a middle Age: Each of them has used the utmost Endeavours to engage her in a second Marriage; but none of them has yet been able to obtain her Consent; at last, within these few Days, she has given them to understand, she will never marry any one, but the Person who again brings her this favourite Bird.

A very merry Contrivance, indeed, cried the fourth! This Way of Marriage resembles pretty much those Weddings mentioned in the idle Stories told by the common People and old Women: In plain English, it is giving her Admirers a civil Denial; for I do not believe any of them will succeed in their Search after it; unless they can obtain an Order to examine all the Cages in the Kingdom. Nay, perhaps some Cat may have laid her Talons upon this, so highly prized, Canary-Bird.

Should that happen to be the Case, said the *Abbe*, the beauteous Widow will not be married very soon ; for, if she is of such a positive Humour, as she is represented, she will not recede from her Resolution. It is a Pity, added he ; and the Person, who might otherwise have been the happy Man, will be a considerable Sufferer thereby ; for she is very amiable, and, were it not for this obstinate Whim, very fit to crown the Happiness of any Gentleman.

Du Lac did not lose one Word of this Conversation ; but hastened Home, with the utmost Eagerness and Impatience ; and having maturely weighed all he heard, changed the Resolution he had taken, at first, of sending the little Warbler by his Footman, into that of carrying it himself. Having concealed it, therefore, under a Cover of green Taffeta, which he had caused to be made, on purpose for it, he put it under his Coat ; went to the Lady's, and sent up Word, he should be glad to speak with her.

As he was utterly unknown, and it was early in the Morning, the Answer returned was, that she was in Bed ; and desired, he would come again after Dinner : Tell her, said *Du Lac*, to her Waiting-Woman, It is a Gentleman, who brings her good News, and she will be angry at herself, for delaying so long, the Satisfaction, it will give her.

The Servant going again to her Mistress, and informing her, what the Unknown had told her ; Alas ! of what good News can any one inform me, cried she ! There is but one Thing in the World, which would delight me, and for that I would give all I am worth. Yes, to find my dear little Bird, I do not know what I would not do ;

do; and were any one to bring it me, I should not be able to—

Here it is, said *Du Lac*, entering the Room, and producing the Cage: Happy, a Thousand Times happy, am I, Madam, in finding so favourable an Opportunity, to prove, and convince you of, my burning with the most respectful, and the most violent Passion Had I hearkened, pursued he, only to my own Satisfaction, I should not have restored it to you, without obliging you to perform, that transporting Promise, made by you, to resign yourself up to the Person, who should bring it; but I love you with too disinterested a Passion, to take Advantage—

Ah! let us see, let us see, Sir, cried Madam *Du Coudrai*, after having slipped on a Bed-gown; I shudder for Fear, it should not be my *Dicky*; I have already had so many brought me. Ah! *Dicky, Dicky, Dicky, Dicky*, is it thee my Life said she, the Cage by this Time being entirely uncovered? Dear little Heart, how pretty it is! come *Dicky*, come *Dicky*; bless me! the poor Creature knows me again! Do but look, Sir, how it kisses my Fingers; *Fanny*, I can hardly contain myself for Joy! My God, Sir, how much am I obliged to you. You have restored me to Life again! How my Heart beats with Transport!

Don't give way too much to your Raptures, Madam, said *Du Lac*; I tremble for fear it should impair your Health; let the Bird be carried away, and take a little somewhat to compose you. No, no, cried the Lady, seizing upon the Cage with both her Hands, let me alone, to make much of my little dear Sweetheart.

This said, she opened the Cage, and the pretty Creature, bred up by its young Mistress,

knowing her again, by the Sound of her Voice, immediately flew out, and settled upon her ; and no sooner had it done so, but it began to whistle, flutter'd with its Wings, and cry'd, *Kiss me, kiss me*. You must own, it is a lovely Bird, said she ; yes, my little Charmer, I am transported out of my Senses, at having recovered thee.

Two whole Hours did she spend in this Employment, sometimes fondling the pretty Warbler, and sometimes expressing her Satisfaction to *Du Lac* : All this while, she was so much taken up, with the Enjoyment of her Favourite, that she scarce had Time, to cast her Eyes upon the Gentleman who brought it.

In the mean while, *Du Lac* took Advantage of her Absence of Mind, and let his Eyes run over those Beauties, of which her loose Dress, sometimes, gave him a Glimpse. She perceived it, at last, and blushing, put herself a little to Rights ; which done, she viewed him with somewhat more Attention. He was very agreeable ; he had just done her a particular Service ; and a Canary-Bird cannot take up all the Time of a pretty Woman. *Du Lac* was complaisant ; she was not insensible ; he informed her, how long he had been her Adorer ; and even ventured, to put her in Remembrance, of the Reward she had promised, for the Recovery of her Bird. He also gave her an Account of his Estate, and Family ; mentioned several Persons who could confirm what he had advanced ; and concluded, with assuring her, that if she would not consent to make him happy, it would cost him his Life ; but, then he was afraid it might prove detrimental to her beloved Bird.

The young Widow had Abundance of Wit ; accordingly she returned *Du Lac* such an Answer,

as gave him no Cause to be dissatisfied; assuring him, he had begun too well, to be repaid with Ingratitude; adding, she would think on what he had said; and begging him, in the mean while, to honour her with his Visits.

They parted then, mutually contented with each other; and spent eight Days thus, without the Lady's explaining herself any farther, or *Du Lac*'s daring to speak to her again of his Views: He was afraid, (as it happens but too frequently) that Time might have taken off from the Value of his Service.

In the mean while, the three Lovers before-mentioned, who had made their Pretensions to Madam *Du Coudrai*, began to be very uneasy, at the agreeable Reception, *Du Lac* had met with at her House. They were perfectly well acquainted with the Difficulty she made, of giving Admittance to any one; and could not forbear being apprehensive, that she had some secret Designs therein: This afforded them Room, to press the beauteous Widow, to come to some Explanation with them.

At last, she gave them an Invitation one Morning, to do her the Honour of visiting her next Day; and being present at a Contract, wherein she was nearly concerned. Hereupon, each of them, believing it was to make Choice of a Husband, and flattering himself he should be the Man, made her his Compliments thereon; which she received with great Wit, and Gayety, acknowledging their Conjectures were well grounded.

The Unity wherein these three Suitors lived together was very remarkable and uncommon; the Follies of Youth no longer had any Influence over them: They each of them knew the Views which

brought them all to Madam *Du Coudrai's*; and were agreed among themselves, not to prejudice each other in their Addresses; as also, to desist from their respective Pretensions, as soon as the Lady had pitched upon any one of them.

In the mean while, as much in Love as they were, they had not been able to forbear rallying the beauteous Widow upon the Weakness she had shewn, for the Loss of her Bird. This was contradicting and thwarting her Humour a little too soon; and reminding her that Matrimony was a Yoke and a State of Subjection; the Complaisance of *Du Lac* for the favourite Bird, had produced a quite different Effect.

Canary Birds, at that Time, were extremely scarce; *Du Lac* had carried his Condescension to that Length, that he had even studied the Inclination and Distempers of that Kind of Bird: He was the first who had found the Way to couple them together; and had written a Discourse, which treated of their Nature, and the Manner how they were to be tended: It was no Wonder then that he could spend whole Hours in teaching and making much of little *Dicky*: Accordingly, his Complaisance and Sweetness of Temper gained the good Will and Affection of Madam *Du Coudrai*.

Next Day, being the Time appointed, and the Time so much desired, the several Suitors met at the fair Widow's, at the Hour pitched upon; and a Lawyer entered with a Contract ready drawn: Here, Madam, said he, is the Writing you ordered; and a Blank is left for the Name of your future Spouse, whom I congratulate, with all my Heart, upon his approaching Happiness, though I don't know him.

Du Lac

Du Lac shuddered, and turned pale, at these Words : When one is in Love, one is always under Dreads and Apprehensions ; whereupon the beauteous Widow conducted the Lawyer into her Closet, and returning soon after, with a sprightly and chearful Air ; Nothing now remains, saith she, but to know whether he, to whom my Heart has given the Preference, continues still in the same Mind, and to sign it.

Ah ! Madam, cried the Lover who was of the longest Standing, without considering that Seniority in Love is not always the most assured Title ; can you doubt that your Choice will occasion the greatest Transports in him ? How much will he be flattered with this Pre-eminence ? And what ought he not to do to deserve it ? The other two Suitors expressed themselves pretty much in the same Manner ; because each of them depended greatly upon his own Merit. Vain and chimerical Hopes, the Product of meer self Love ! *Du Lac* alone turned pale, and did not speak a Word.

Nothing can be more agreeable, and grateful to me, said Madam *Du Caudrai*, than the advantageous Opinion, you annex to the Possession of my Person ; but you, Sir, continued she, addressing herself to the amorous *Du Lac*, you say nothing ; what am I to think thereof ? Alas ! cried he, to what a Ceremeny am I invited ? What had I done to you, Madam, that you should——

When you have once signed, pursued she maliciously, you will have Time enough to vent all your Grief. What ! Madam, resumed he mournfully, would you oblige me to sign my own Sentence ? It must be so, rejoined she, in the same Tone, and if you refuse me, it shall be for ever.

Lovers

Lovers often become Fools, through the Violence of their Passion ; and frequently lose the Use of their Reason : *Du Lac* was in this very Situation ; he signed the Contract therefore, without being able to dive at all into this Mystery, which however, would have been none, in the least, to any other, but himself. Madam *du Coudrai*, then signed last of all, and offering him her Cheek to kiss ; you was in the right, cryed she, to say you was signing your own Sentence, when you subscribed your Name, at the Bottom of this Contract ; since it is you I have chosen to be my Husband ; I am surprized, you was so long, without guessing it. Nevertheless——

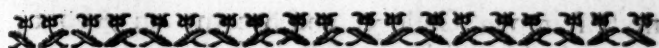
Ah ! Madam, said the amorous *Du Lac*, falling at her Knees, forgive my Distraction of Mind ; this unexpected Happiness fills me with such a perfect Joy : He could not utter any more ; the Excess of his Transports made him falter in his Speech ; which, in Love Affairs, is not the worst Way of expressing one's Passion.

In the mean while, the other Suitors, quite confounded at this Scene, withdrew, the one after the other ; and left *du Lac* sufficient Time, both to recover his Surprize ; and to testify his Acknowledgement, to his Bride : Of both which he acquitted himself like a Man of Wit : He was the more sensible of her Preference, as he had not in the least expected it.

Besides the Charms of the young Widow, who had been married but a Year, to a rich Banker, she had also a Hundred Thousand Livres *per Annum* ; whereas *du Lac*, was not in such affluent Circumstances by far ; in so much that one might say, he was equally favoured, both by Love and Fortune.

Their

Their Nuptials were celebrated a few Days after ; *du Lac* continued always to be as complaisant as before ; and they passed their Days in perfect Happiness and Tranquility. All those, who are Lovers of *Canary-Birds*, ought to hold his Name in Veneration ; it is to him they are indebted, for their being so common, as they are at present.



C H A P. IX.

Bigand robs D'Ossilly. *He gets acquainted with a Spanish Abbot.*

I Made a Pause at this Place ; and, observing that *D'Ossilly* slept very soundly, stole my Hand under his Bolster ; and, having laid hold on his Breeches, took out the Keys ; went into the Dressing-Room ; opened the Drawer, wherein I knew the Money was ; seized upon it ; made the best of my Way out of his Room ; and hastened therewith to my Garret ; where I waited, with the utmost Anxiety, 'till the Doors of the House should be open.

Guilt is perpetually attended with Terror ; and Fear is the inseparable Companion of Villainy ; accordingly I was under continual Apprehensions, and longed impatiently for the Servants to rise, who had the Care of the Horses ; that I might secure myself, by Flight, from the Pursuit, which I was well assured, would not fail to be made after me.

At last, I got away fortunately ; but, without knowing which Way to turn myself : My first Design had been to take Post and fly for Refuge to some foreign Country ; but I had changed my Mind,

Mind, upon considering, I should not only, by so doing, run the Risque of being seized upon the Road, but should spend good Part of my Money; I reflected next, that, if I staid at *Paris*, I should be in Danger of being met; and, as for going into Service, or the Army, I loved my Liberty too well for that.

I came at length to the Resolution, to enter myself into a College, and become an Abbot; there, said I, within myself, I shall be secure against all Events. My Money will not last always; I will betake myself, therefore, again to my Studies; whereby I may be enabled, one Day, to enjoy a Benefice, which may give me Bread for the Remainder of my Life.

I had undergone the Tonsure, when I was very young; and I believe, when my Father placed me in the Monastery beforementioned, he had some Design therein, though he had never let me know it; but, however that be, this Thought pleased me. In Effect, what State is more happy than that of an Abbot? Being ingrafted, if we may use that Expression, into a venerable Body, he laughs at all Accidents; and must have very little Understanding, if he does not find some Means, to extricate himself from all Troubles. Let Fortune be but so favourable to him, to help him to a Benefice, and behold him at his Ease at once. One may see him, with a composed Air, frequenting the best Company; and his Title, of *Monsieur L'Abbe*, is fashionable at all Times, and in all Places.

The Habit of an Abbot, undoubtedly, is frequently worn by Persons of Virtue and Merit; but, it is more frequently made a Cover for Wickedness and Vice; and serves to screen the Dissolute from those disagreeable Accidents with which irregular

regular Courses never fail to be attended. Being neither incumbered with Wife or Child, he is looked upon every where as a Person of no Consequence; and enjoys all the Privileges thereto belonging, in every Place: Add to this, that the Pasture of the Flock must be very poor indeed, if *Monsieur L'Abbe* has not all Things convenient and in Plenty. All these Reflections made a considerable Impression upon me, and induced me to think I could not take a better Course.

Accordingly, I went directly to a Broker, who, in Half an Hour, transformed me into a compleat Abbot from Head to Foot. In this Habit I was one of the smartest little Fellows that could be seen; and my Hair, which fell down over my Shoulders, in long waving Curls, gave me a pretty dapper Air, which became me wonderfully. When I looked in the Glass, I hardly knew myself again, which dispelled my Fears in a great Measure; and I resolved to put it to the Tryal, how far my new Dress had disguised me.

I had nothing to fear, in making my Appearance before my Father; it was almost impossible he should recollect me; and I had Occasion for the Testimonials of my having undergone the Tonsure, which were in his Custody; wherefore, I resolved to get them from him, under some plausible Pretence. I took a Hackney-Coach, then, and directing him to the Street where my Father lived, called out to him to stop within two Doors of the House; and enquired, as if I had been a Stranger thereto, which was the *Sieur Bigand's*?

At this Question, a great Girl, whom I knew to be my Sister, ran out; and desiring the Coachman to drive forward a little, said her Father was above Stairs; but she would go and tell him he was wanted, and he would be with me in a Minute.

nute. She then intreated me to alight, and walk into a Parlour; but I begged to be excused, as having but a very short Time to stay; and added, that I had but one Word to say to him.

In the mean while my Father arrived, and I made him get up into the Coach; he did so, without having the least Notion he had ever seen me before; however, as much inclined as I was to disorderly and loose Courses, I felt Nature work within me at that Juncture; had a secret Pleasure in enjoying again the Sight of that dear Parent; and that Pleasure was without Allay.

Have you heard any News lately, Sir, said I, of your Son? Do you know what is become of him? I hear he has made his Escape, Sir, answered he, from the Monastery, wherein I had placed him, for Fear of having him killed; of which he was every Day, in Danger, whilst at Home, on account of a cursed Curiosity, wherewith he is possessed, of diving into every Thing that passes. Word was sent me, two Months ago, that a sad Scoundrel, who had been confined in the same House, on Account of some of his wicked Pranks, had debauched him; and that they had both betaken themselves to Flight together: Since that Time, I have not heard a Syllable of him.

But, pray, might I presume to ask, Sir, continued he, how my Son comes to have the Honour to be known to you? It is very easy, said I, to satisfy you upon that Head; I belong to a Bishop, to whom young *Bigand* has fled for Refuge. He is a Lad of Wit; my Lord has taken a Fancy to him, and has a mind to advance him; probably it may not be long, before he gives him a Benefice: Your Son having informed his Lordship, that he underwent the Tonsure betimes, and his
 Lordship

Lordship being desirous of seeing his Testimonials relating thereto.

Bigand durst not venture himself to fetch them, for fear you should use him ill ; I had Orders, therefore, from the good Prelate, to come in his Stead ; and to tell you, he intends to take Care of your Son, for the future ; and, perhaps you may see him, one Day, in a prosperous Condition.

Heaven grant it, resumed my Father, with a Sigh ; and give him the Grace, to become more prudent, than he has been hitherto. In the mean while, notwithstanding all his Faults, which I am one of the first to confess, I can't forbear owning he has some good Qualities. He is in good Hands, at present ; and what you have just informed me, Sir, affords me Abundance of Comfort : I am going directly to look for the Testimonials you desire, and, if you would alight, in the mean while, and drink a Glass of Wine, you would oblige me infinitely.

I return you many Thanks, Sir, answered I ; but, as I am in haste, you would do me a great Pleasure, in being as expeditious as possible : Hereupon, away went my good Father, and within a few Minutes, returned with the Testimonials in Question : He was accompanied by my Mother, whom, undoubtedly, he had acquainted with what had he heard from me.

The Coach-Door was shut, and I put out my Head, both to receive the Papers, and to have the Pleasure of observing her, who had brought me into the World ; my Sister was, likewise, with her ; and had in her Arms, a little Brother, who had been born since my Absence. I viewed them all attentively ; whilst my Mother, like a Woman, that is to say, very inquisitive, asked me a hundred Questions about myself ; and amongst the

rest, desired to know, whether she might not hope, to have a Sight of me, in a little Time.

All this while, she kept her Eyes immoveably fixed upon me ; and Nature, no Doubt, co-operating, within her, with those Features which she began to recollect, she clapt her Hands on a sudden ; and turning to her Husband, Ah, *Bigand*, what do I see, said she ? 'Tis our Son himself ! No sooner did I hear these Words, than I put my Head out at the other Door, and ordered the Coachman to drive on.

He had received his Instructions beforehand ; for I had foreseen, and provided against all that might possibly happen ; accordingly, the Horses beginning to gallop ; yes, my dear Father, yes, my dear Mother, cried I, as the Coach drove away, I am your Son, and shall always tenderly love you.

As soon as I was got at some Distance, I put my Head again out of the Coach, to observe whether I was followed ; and perceived them both at the Door, standing still in the same Posture, wherein I had left them. They seemed perfectly motionless ; my Mother standing with her Arms stretched out, and my Father, with his Hand upon his Forehead, as if buried in a profound Study.

At last, my Mother started, on a sudden, from her Place, and began to pursue after me ; but I called out to the Coachman to put on, and turn down the first cross Street he came to, wherein I was punctually obeyed. Soon after, I arrived at the *Place*—— ; paid my Coachman very liberally ; and getting into another, ordered it to drive to the *College de P*—— ; where, having desired to speak with the President, by the Help of my Testimonials, and my Money, I was admitted that Instant.

Pretend-

Pretending, afterwards, to go and fetch my Things, I went to a Trunkmaker's, and bought me a Portmanteau ; which having filled with another black Suit, and what other Necessaries I wanted, all my Implements were got ready by Noon ; and I returned with great Joy to the College, equipped like a young Nobleman.

Scarce had I been a Week in this new Abode, before I was acquainted with all the Ways of the Place : Amongst the rest of the Students who were there, I had taken particular Notice of one, whose swarthy Complexion, and profound Melancholy, excited in me a prodigious Curiosity, to dive into his Affairs.

He did not make one Motion, which was not accompanied with the most pensive Air, and the most gloomy Sadness : He seemed to be about thirty Years of Age ; and through all his Sorrow, one might perceive his Aspect to have been one of the most sweet, and agreeable, when his Mind was at Ease. I had a Fellow-feeling with him in his Afflictions ; without being able to divine the Cause : We often take a Liking to Persons, without being able to assign any other Reason for it than Sympathy or Caprice.

One Day, as he was walking alone, which he usually did, I followed him at a little Distance, with a Book in my Hand ; he sat him down in a green Arbour, upon which I turned down another Walk, and stealing unobserved, just behind it, saw him pull a Letter out of his Pocket ; read it ; sigh, as if his Heart would have broken ; and then fall into a very deep Study. Some body approaching, soon after, he got up to avoid him ; in the Distraction of his Mind, he forgot his Letter, which I picked up ; and as soon as I was alone, read therein, as follows.

L E T T E R.

IT has not been without the greatest Difficulty, my dear Carlos, that I have at last found out the Place of your Retirement: Judge my Amazement, when I heard the surprizing News. These six whole Months have I caused Search to be made after you every where: how many Tears have you cost me! and how dear have you made me pay for the innocent Victory I gained over you! Without a Miracle, I should never have found you again. Come, dear Carlos, and restore me to that Tranquillity of which your Absence has deprived me. I wait for you at Madam de Pallies, and have a hundred Things to say to you, as well as the most agreeable News to tell you.

This Letter seemed to me very moving, and I could have heartily wished to have known the Story that gave Occasion thereto. The Name of *Carlos* pleased me very much; I had read divers Romances and Novels; and like many others, had taken a Liking to the Intrigues of the *Spanish* Nation; but knew not which Way to manage, to procure myself that Satisfaction.

I was going to rack my Brains, by studying to what Means I should have Recourse, when I saw from my Window the pensive *Spaniard* feeling in all his Pockets, and looking up and down in every Place where he had been. He seemed in the utmost Uneasiness; and I did not at all doubt, but the Loss of his Letter, was the Occasion thereof; wherefore, I resolved to lay hold on this Opportunity, to gain his Confidence; and waited for him, in the Way by which he must necessarily pass.

As

As the Disorder of his Mind was visibly painted in his Face, and he was all over in a Sweat; I took the Liberty to ask him, what was the Cause of his Trouble: Nothing at all, Sir, said he, in a low Voice; I am obliged to you, however, for the Share you are pleased to take, in what relates to me. I do indeed concern myself therein, more than you imagine, cried I; and it is not to Day alone, that I have devoted myself to your Service; had you put any Confidence in me, I might, perhaps, extricate you from your present Uneasiness. I return you many Thanks, answered he; but I have no Manner of Occasion.—

I shall not pretend to contradict you, since you will have it so, replied I, interrupting him, and making as if I would have gone away, but, I thought that you might have lost somewhat, and I might have been able to give you some Account of it. Ah! Sir, what is it you say, cried he, interrupting me hastily? Is it possible you should have found a Letter, which I had forgetfully left behind me? If that be the Case, I am easy; for I must confess to you, it is of the utmost Importance to me. Let us go into my Chamber, resumed I; we shall there be more at Liberty, to discourse without being observed, and without Interruption.

As soon as the Door was shut, I delivered him back his Letter; I am over-joyed, said I, that it fell into my Hands; I am not given to tattling; and shall take Care, not to mention a Word of what it contains; for, in this Country they seem not to make a jesting Matter even of the most innocent Inclination.

It is very true, Sir, answered he; I cannot sufficiently extol my good Fortune, in finding that Part of my dearest Secrets have happened into the

Power of a Man of so much Honour as yourself; and I believe I may rely very justly upon your Discretion. Of that I will assure you, replied I; and should think myself very happy, were you but fully persuaded of it: The Bell, which rung for Lectures, interrupted us, in the midst of these Compliments; and obliged us to part, after having promised to meet again, in the same Place, when they were finished.



C H A P. X.

The Story of the Spaniard. He loses his whole Estate, and his Mistress, at one Game of Chess.

LECTURES being over, *Carlos* and I returned again to my chamber; where we no sooner arrived, and were seated, than he addressed me in the following Terms.

You are the only one, Sir, said he, whom I have judged to be Master of sufficient Prudence, and Discretion; and for whom I have had sufficient Regard, to make the Depository of my Secrets, by relating to you my Adventures. They are so very remarkable, and I have behaved myself so extremely rash, and inconsiderate, in some Respects, that I am much afraid, the Recital of them, will deprive me of that little Esteem, wherewith you seem prepossessed in my Behalf: In Effect, the only Favour you can possibly confer on me, will be to look upon me, on some Occasions, as a Mad-Man; and, I inform you before-hand, I shall not take it at all amiss of you.

Do

Do me more Justice, cried I, interrupting him; and do not think me capable, of entertaining any such Imagination: On the contrary, you will find me very compassionate, and ready to sympathize with you, in your Misfortunes; for I have learnt, by my own Experience, not to be severe upon others, for those Weaknesses, into which human Frailty makes us fall so frequently. You give me great Encouragement, resumed he, and I shall be able to begin my Relation, with the less Confusion.

I am the Son of a *Spanish* Nobleman; who was not only of one of the most illustrious Families in the Kingdom, but was also the greatest Chess-Player in all *Spain*; and acknowledged as such by all the Countries adjacent. He lived at *Toledo*; and has Twenty Times travelled a Hundred Leagues, to meet with a Competitor, of equal Reputation with himself.

He taught me the Game, in the very Beginning of my Youth; Fatal Skill! Vain Amusement! I succeeded my Father in his Renown; and several Heroes of the Chess-Board, did me Honour to come and attack me; but I conquered them all: I grew proud thereof; and the Love I had for this Game, was increased by my frequent Triumphs; till, at last, it proceeded so far; that I travelled all *Europe* over, in Search of Antagonists. I went through *Italy*, *Portugal*, *Germany*, and *Holland*; and maintained my Superiority every where: At last, I came to *Paris*; fully resolved, never to play more, in my Days, if I could not find here an Adversary, of equal Skill with myself.

Not one of those, who valued themselves most, upon their Knowledge of this Game, durst try their Strength against mine; indeed, the prodigious

gious Sum, to be staked upon the Issue of the Game, was terrifying; the Hazard was no less, than that of being ruined, to all Intents and Purposes; the Estate of the one, or the other, must have gone to Wreck; and they were to be rendered equal, (if they were not so otherwise) by the Bets of those, who would back the respective Gamesters.

My Income had been excessively increased within Ten Years; I had ruined Twenty-Two considerable Families; and was looked upon in this Kingdom, with Eyes of Admiration; the Figure, I have always made here, contributing, no doubt, not a little thereto.

At an Entertainment I gave, in the Country, I became acquainted with Madam *de C*——; and fell passionately in Love with Mademoiselle, her Daughter. I was some Time before I disclosed it to her; but, at last, I ventured to run the Hazard. I had no Reason to be dissatisfied with her Answer; she did not express any Dislike to me; but, indeed, she told me, she had formed to herself such a Notion of Marriage, that she would never have any Man, till she had made Tryal of him, in that very Point, which, she imagined, would most sensibly touch him.

I assured her, she might put me to all Manner of Tests; and, that my Sentiments, for her, were so pure, and yet so passionate, that I durst defy all the Lovers in the Universe, to adore her with more Ardour. Persons in Love, said she, promise great Matters; we shall see in Time, whether you will be able to make good, what you have advanced: Thus did several Months pass on, without any Thing extraordinary happening, to disturb my Tranquillity.

My

My adorable Mistress was a great Lover of Chels ; and used frequently to play, with a certain Abbot, whom a little Superiority over her in Skill, rendered haughty and vain. They played together every Day ; and he continually reaped Victory on Victory, which nettled her to the very Quick ; nevertheless, I had never been able to prevail on myself, to teach her this Game. She had always, indeed, had so much Regard for me, never to mention one Word of it to me ; and they had so much Deference for me, in all the Houses wherever I came, to lock up the Chels-Boards, as soon as I appeared.

In Effect, it was well known, that I had declared against it ; and had made it a Law to myself, to avoid for the future, all Occasions of playing at it. But, how vain are all Resolutions, when Love pleads to the contrary ! I pitied the Mortification this Abbot continually gave *Mademoiselle de C——*, he did not shew her any Manner of Complaisance ; but, in seven or eight Moves, generally won the Game.

One Day, when she had lost three together, notwithstanding his having added two Rooks to the Odds he before used to give her, she seemed to me so heartily grieved thereat, that going to her Mother, order your Daughter to be called hither, Madam, said I, smiling ; I will teach, her once for all, to beat the haughty Abbot to all Intents and Purposes.

How good you are, cryed the Lady ! You are going to restore her to Life. However, Sir, continued she, don't attempt it, if it will give you any Uneasiness. No, Madam, answered I, one can do Things for you, and *Mademoiselle de C——*,
which

which one would not consent to on any other Consideration.

She was sensibly touched at this Compliment; and soon after her Daughter entered, with a pensive and melancholy Air. Quit that gloomy Look *Mademoiselle*, said I, chearfully, I will enable you for the future to get rid of it; for it will impair your Health too much, and that is too dear to me. Having thus said, I called for a Chefs-Board; and her Countenance appeared quite different, as soon as it was brought in. Her Mother had acquainted her with my Design, and she took so great a Pleasure before-hand in imagining she should soon triumph over the insolent Abbot, that it was impossible for me to please her in a more sensible Manner.

I began then, from that very Day, to teach her those great Moves which are inevitable when one is a Stranger to them; she was eight Days together without playing, upon different Pretences; at last, being armed with my Instructions, she accepted with a timorous Air, the proud Challenge given her by the Abbot, to play with him.

He offered to give her the Queen, but she answered she would play with him even handed; for whenever he gave her any Advantage, it brought her ill Luck. With all my Heart, answered he, with a bantering Air; the Game will be ended the sooner.

Accordingly the Game began, and the Eyes of my dear *Linette*, (that was the Name I had given my lovely Mistress) sparkled with Joy: I had promised her, that the Abbot should never beat her in his Days. She saw the Proof thereof with Transport; he was mated in Half a Dozen Moves; he

he imagined, however, that this was owing to Chance. They proceeded then to a second, and she served him the same Sauce; The third quite confounded him, and struck him motionless; in short he grew nettled thereat, and lost six, one after another. At last, quite exasperated, at seeing himself always treated in the same Manner, he overturned the Chess-Board, grumbling horribly, and said it was easy to perceive that Persons of Quality no longer regarded their Words.

It was no hard Matter, to know at whom he aim'd that Reproach; however, I valued it not of a Straw, being sufficiently comforted for it, by the Joy it had given the charming *Linette*, which exceeded all Imagination. Well, my dear Mother, said she, is not Mons. *L'Abbe* very silly! He is indeed in a terrible Passion, cried Madam *de C*——. I can hardly contain myself for Joy, resumed Mademoiselle, her Daughter; how transported am I, at having thus mortified him! He had always some taunting Word, or other, ready to mortify me with.

These Raptures of my lovely Charmer gave me so much Pleasure, that I resolved to make her a perfect Mistress of the Game; she improved therein to a Miracle; and I am persuaded, had I continued my Lessons to her, she might even have been able in Time, to have been too hard for me myself: But the Misfortune that befell me within a few Days after, deprived me of this Satisfaction. Had this been the Case, I might have flattered myself with the Thought, that none, but the absolute Mistress of my Heart, had been able to triumph over my Skill; and that I myself had been the only Master who could have taught any one to conquer me.

Mean

Mean while, the Complaisance I had always shewn for the dear Object of my Affections, had entirely gained her Heart ; she had confessed as much sincerely to me ; and this was what I waited for, in order to make a Demand of her in Marriage. I did so ; and met not with any Repulse ; on the contrary, Madam *de C*—— received the Proposal very graciously.

The Writings were drawn ; and the Nuptial Ceremony was to have been performed, within three Days, with the utmost Splendor, when a most cruel and unheard-of Turn of Fortune quite destroyed all my Happiness, and plunged me into an Abyss of Misery.

Here a Flood of Tears streamed down the Cheeks of the disconsolate Abbot ; and he was forced to pause a while, to recover himself ; after which he went on as follows : The Morning before the Day which was to have rendered me the most fortunate of Mankind, a Letter was brought to me, just as I was getting up ; the Contents of which are so strongly imprinted on my Memory, that I shall be able all my Life to repeat it Word for Word, in the Terms in which it was couched.

L E T T E R.

I Have been credibly informed, Sir, that you have never been conquered at Chess, and I have been aspiring these six Months, at the Honour of beating you, at the Hazard of losing all that is most dear to me in this World, my Estate, and my Mistress. My Fortune is equal to yours, no Difficulty can be started therefore upon that Account ; and my Mistress is the same as yours. It is reported that you are upon the Point of being married to her, if
that

that be the Case, I forwarn you, that you shall not be the peaceable Possessor of her; for, before the Nuptial Torch is lighted, it shall be dyed, either in your Blood, or in my own, Only the winning of one Game can secure you in the quiet Enjoyment of that Treasure. Consider whether you will accept the Challenge on these Conditions. I wait your Answer; one shall call for it in two Hours; I was willing to allow you that Time to reflect upon it. In Case you have the Resolution to accept this Challenge, you have nothing to do but to appoint the Place; I will not be so far mortified, to be known by you for the Person vanquished.

This Letter occasioned a cruel Conflict in my Breast; at any other Time, I should have desired no better than to have made such a Match; but now I was at a Loss what Course I ought to take. How cutting and difficult it is to defend one's self against an Inclination, that is deeply rooted in one's Heart! Whilst I was under this uneasy Agitation, and in Suspense what to do, the Messenger of this new Hero of the Chess-Board, returned; I was obliged, therefore, to come to a Resolution, which I did accordingly, and wrote him the following Answer.

L E T T E R.

I AM very ready to play with you, for all I am worth, but can by no means stake what does not belong to me.

CARLOS.

Hereupon I received a second Letter in about an Hour after, wherein the Unknown acquainted me, that, since I had refused accepting his Chal-

Jenge, he was going to set out from *Paris* ; but, that I must not take it ill, when he published it in the different Countries, through which he was about to travel, in Search of fresh Conquests, that I had not dared to play with him, and had thereby acknowledged myself not to be a Match for him; adding that he had only proposed staking the beautiful *Linette*, in order to oblige me to desist from my Pretensions to her, in case I should be overcome : Having thus premised, he allowed me Half an Hour to determine, whether I would engage with him, or not.

It is to no purpose to write, said I to the Bearer of the Letter, heartily nettled at the Vanity of the Person who had sent it ; you need only tell my presumptuous and haughty Adversary, that I accept his Challenge, and he has nothing to do, but to be at the — Coffee-House ; he will find me there up one Pair of Stairs, at Three o'Clock precisely.

Accordingly, I went thither, at the Time appointed, with the greatest Discomposure of Mind ; to which, no Doubt, was, in a great Measure, owing, the terrible Catastrophe that ensued. A Chess-Board was prepared ; and my proud Adversary appeared, soon after, in a Mask ; and attended only by the Person, who had brought me the Letters. He spoke not a Word, but having barely saluted me, at his Entrance into the Room, placed himself, without farther Ceremony, at the Table, whereon the Chess-Board was set.

I could see nothing of him, but his Eyes, which seemed to me very fine ; Chance favoured him with the Advantage of the Move ; but my passed Triumphs made me despise that trifling good Fortune. The Game was pretty long, and seemed

to declare for me, at the Beginning ; but, two Pawns having been forced from me, put me into a little Confusion. My Antagonist took Advantage of my Concern, and pressed hard upon me ; I had Recourse to all the Master-Strokes of the Game ; and, already thinking myself sure of the Victory, had my Hand up, to make the decisive Move ; when a cursed Pawn, which lay concealed behind a Rook, made me Check-mate, without Mercy.

Guess my Confusion, Rage, and Anguish ! It was the first Time I had ever been conquered ; accordingly, I was some Time speechless, being Thunder-struck, at the Greatness of my Loss ; and, especially, at that of my Mistress, who was much dearer to me, than every Thing besides ; though the Ruin, of the prodigious Reputation, I had acquired, touched me very sensibly. However, rising up at last, and recovering myself, as well as I could, all I have is yours, said I ; my Steward shall be here, in an Hour, at farthest, to receive your Instructions ; farewell, I no longer dispute you any Thing. Having thus spoken, I hastened away ; in vain did he call me back ; I had already got at a good Distance ; and hurried Home, over-whelmed with Rage, and Sorrow.

Being arrived there, I made an absolute Conveyance, of all my Effects, over to my Adversary ; leaving a Blank for his Name, as had been previously agreed, by Proxy, between us ; an Estimate having been before taken of our Fortunes, for that Purpose ; and sufficient Security given on both Sides (as I ought before to have observed) for the Performance of Articles.

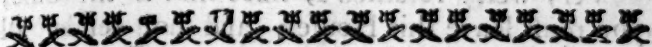
This done, I sent my Steward, therewith, to the Coffee-House before-mentioned ; and quitting

my own *Hotel*, took an indifferent Lodging, in an remote Part of the Town; then, having provided myself, with the Habit you see me now wear, and all Things suitable thereto, with what Money I had about me, amounting to about Ten Thousand Livres in Gold, which, fortunately, was not included in the Estimate, I forsook the World; and changing my Name, came to take Refuge here; having given at my Entrance, all the Remainder of the Money, I had reserved to myself.

Here, ever since, I have led a melancholy, and languishing Life; not having been able, as yet, to forget my Misfortunes; and being continually haunted, with the Idea of the beauteous *Linette*.

I had however, within my self, in Point of Honour determined, to persist, in my Resolution; hoping, continually, that Time would dispel, the melancholy, and cutting Reflections, that disturb the Tranquillity of my Soul; but this Letter, which I have but just received, has quite rendered fruitless, all my Efforts, to compose my Mind; and, having made me sensible, I still love, more than ever, has plunged me into such a Perplexity, that I no longer know, what Course to take.

C H A P.



C H A P. XL.

Don Carlos revisits his Mistress; who proves to be the Antagonist, with whom he had engaged. The Means used by the fair Linette, to find out the Place of her Lover's Retirement; and the surprising Manner, by which she came at the Knowledge thereof.

THE Conclusion of this Story, not only seemed to me very extraordinary, but infinitely moving and affecting; and I sympathized sincerely, with *Don Carlos*, in his Misfortunes: Upon mature Consideration, however, and weighing all the Circumstances, before related, methought, I perceived a Ray of Hope, which gave me Room to flatter myself, that Things, in the End, would take a favourable Turn; and I began, more than half, to suspect, what would be the Issue, of so singular an Adventure.

Hereupon, will you give me Leave, Sir, said I, to the disconsolate *Spaniard*, to tell you my Sentiments freely? But, first, let me ask you, do you like the retired State, upon which, you have now entered?

I must confess to you, sincerely, answered *Carlos*, that it is far from being agreeable to me; neither can I bring myself, by any Means, to put a good Face, upon a Course of Life, so widely different, from that I used to lead formerly; in-somuch, that nothing, but the Principles of that holy Religion, wherein I have been carefully educated, could have prevented, my laying violent Hands upon myself.

Very well ! resumed I, since that is the Case, you must leave this House ; and not render all your Days miserable, for any human Considerations. It cannot be, my dear Abbot, rejoined Don *Carlos* ; how would you have a Man, who has always, till now, lived in the greatest Splendour and Magnificence, appear again in the World, when his whole Fortune is gone ?

Is this the only Thing that detains you, answered I ? And, supposing you could again be Master of a plentiful Estate, and could find your Mistress still disengaged, and faithful, would you not return into the World with Pleasure ? You sigh, continued I, that is a tacit Confession ; let us be gone ; my Heart foretels me a thousand favourable Things, that will result, from your making the Visit desired of you : Suffer me to go along with you.

What is it you propose to me, cried *Carlos*, interrupting me ? Are not you building Castles in the Air ? For supposing, even, that the beautiful *Linette*, should be ready to give me her Hand, destitute, and stript of all, as I am ; do you imagine, her Mother would consent thereto, when she finds me irretrievably undone, and past all Hopes ? Very well, let the worst come to the worst, resumed I, let us go ; happen what will of it, we can but return hither.

And do you, then, think it nothing, answered *Carlos*, interrupting me briskly, to behold Mademoiselle *De C*—once more, and to leave her again afterwards, for ever ? O Heavens ! One may perceive plainly, you have never known, what it is to be in Love : Six Months have I endeavoured, to banish the Idea, of that charming Lady from my Remembrance, and still is she absolute Sovereign of my Heart ; judge, then the
Hazard

Hazard I should run, in beholding again her beautiful Eyes.

However, continued he, do me the Favour, to go thither, in my Stead ; go, my dear Abbot ; tell her, I shall never forget her ; and, that, had I loved her less, I should not have sacrificed myself, in the Manner I have done : Assure her, also, I shall always share greatly, in whatever relates to her Welfare. Having thus said, he gave me Directions where to find her ; embraced me cordially ; and withdrew, with Tears in his Eyes.

Having called a Coach, and got therein, I began, again, to recollect, all the Circumstances, of this extraordinary Adventure ; and rightly judging, that I could see through the whole Mystery, arrived, with Confidence, at the House, to which I had been directed. On my alighting out of the Coach, I saw a young Lady, at a Window, whom, by a sudden Transport of Joy, she expressed at the Sight of me, I imagined to be the lovely *Linette*. As soon as I was at the Stair-Head, she ran towards me, with open Arms ; when, being come near me, and perceiving her Mistake, she stepped back, and cried out, O Heavens ! it is not *Don Carlos*.

Hereupon, compose yourself, a little, Madam, said I ; though I am not *Don Carlos*, I am come from him, and am his second-self ; in short, you may repose an entire Confidence in me ; having thus said, I delivered her the Letter she had written, as a Proof of what I had advanced.

But, why does he not come himself, resumed she ? Has he forgotten me ? What am I to think, of the little Impatience he shews, to see me again ? He has abandoned, and renounced me ; will he add, to that Offence, this second, of refusing to return,

return, though invited thereto, by the tender Over-flowings, of my transported Heart? His Absence was very near being fatal to me; my Sorrow, for having been the innocent Cause thereof, had almost cost me my Life: How can the ungrateful Wretch, ever repay me, for all the numberless Tears, he has made me shed?

She uttered all this, with so much Earnestness, that I had never, yet, had an Opportunity of answering her; and I was just preparing to do it, when Don *Carlos* (growing impatient to know his Destiny) appeared himself in Person. Behold me here, cried he (throwing himself prostrate at her Feet) I am not ungrateful; I love you but too much, for the future Repose of my Life; and my Absence has not been owing, to any Decay in my Passion.

If you are still a Stranger, to the Cause thereof, hear it now, in few Words, adorable *Linette*. The unhappy Inclination, I have always had, to that fatal Game.——I know it already, answered the beauteous Charmer, interrupting him, and raising him up; you have not only ventured all your Estate, but have also renounced our Marriage. O Heavens! cried *Carlos*, in a Transport of Indignation? Why cannot I chastise thee for thy Indiscretion, thou ungenerous, and vain-glorious Conqueror! Was not the Advantage thou gainedst over me, a sufficient Addition to thy Reputation, as well as to thy Fortune, without publishing it to the whole World! Base, treacherous Wretch!

Hold, hold, said *Mademoiselle de C*——, interrupting him, and laughing, you may, perhaps, repent, the opprobrious Names, you give to this Conqueror. What do you say, Madam, resumed *Carlos* briskly? I don't know any Words sufficient,

sufficient, to express his Baseness; and if I could find him again, all his Blood——

Well! well, satisfy yourself, answered the beauteous *Linette*; this base Adversary, this perfidious Wretch, this Object of all your Indignation, behold, is here; I am the very Person. Ah! What do you tell me, Madam, cried *Carlos*? Is it possible, I should have been made the Author of my own Misfortune.

This Confession ought to humble you, continued Mademoiselle *de C*——, and yet more to surprize you. How much have I repented that fatal Victory? And, how greatly have I regretted the Nights I have spent in studying and improving still upon your Instructions, to that Degree, that I was enabled to beat you: I will tell you all the Circumstances thereof.

The Advantage which the Insight you had given me, had rendered me capable of obtaining over the Abbot, seemed so surprizing to me, that I immediately took the Resolution to make use thereof against my own Master. The Design was bold; I knew you had never been overcome; and I pleased myself so greatly with the Expectation of being your Conqueror, that, by the Means of an entire Application thereto, I found myself able to put it to the Venture.

Mean while, my Mother chid me every Day, for the Time she saw me spend about this ridiculous Design; but I pressed her so much not to dissuade me from it, and expressed so ardent a Desire of succeeding therein, that she condescended so far, as to connive at the Trick, I played you.

Before I challenged you, however, I was willing to try my Strength; wherefore I sent to desire Monsieur *D*——, the best Player in *Paris*, to come to our House, and make an Essay of his Skill

Skill against mine; he did so, and I beat him. Well pleased with my Proficiency, I challenged you, and you know what followed. I met you at the Coffee-House; I trembled at the Beginning of the Game, and was filled with Satisfaction at the End: Your Despair rejoiced me infinitely; I pitied you, however, a few Minutes after, and ordered one to call you back; but you was not to be found.

To my great Grief and Astonishment, *Carlos*, you disappeared; whereupon, I caused Search to be made after you in all Places, where I thought there was any Probability of finding you; but it was in vain. Some Days being elapsed, without my hearing any News of you, I began to grow very uneasy, and trembled for Fear any Accident should have befallen you; but my Anxiety increased considerably, when some Weeks were passed without seeing you: In short, five tedious Months were spent thus in perpetual Alarms and Apprehensions, till, at last, I fell desperately sick, and my Youth alone saved me from Death.

Time did not dispel my Anguish, neither did I give over all Hopes of finding you again; meanwhile, my Story became publick; for I had caused Advertisements to be inserted in the Papers, promising a considerable Reward to any one who should discover where you were; and I scarce dared shew my Head; so much by the Singularity of my Adventure, the Eyes of all People were drawn upon me, wherever I came.

Not to keep you in Suspense any longer, full six Months being elapsed, I began to despair of ever seeing you, when one Day a Person unknown, in a mean Habit, accosted me, as I was coming out of my Coach. I have been informed, Madam, said he, of your Uneasiness and Concern,

cern, to know what is become of *Don Carlos* ; it shall be your Fault alone, if I don't give you Satisfaction, upon that Head ; for, though he should be concealed, in the very Centre of the Earth, I will shew you him.

O Heavens ! cried I, transported with Joy, don't keep me any longer in Uncertainty ; but come with me directly.—That cannot be, at present, answered he, interrupting me, I have some Measures to observe ; but, To-morrow, at Ten, in the Evening I will wait upon you : Having, thus said, he took his Leave.

The Hopes wherewith he had flattered me, made me wait the appointed Hour, with Impatience ; I acquainted my Mother therewith, and she congratulated me upon it, with all her Heart. I spent that Night, then, without being able to close my Eyes ; every Moment seemed to me an Age ? and I arose in the Morning, with an Oppression upon my Spirits, that was very easy to be perceived.

How sensibly touched am I, said *Carlos*, interrupting her here, and kissing her Hand, at these invaluable Marks of your Affection ! By what Means is it possible for me to deserve it ? By loving me as tenderly as I do you, continued she ; but let us hasten to a Conclusion ; these are so many precious Moments of which I rob my Mother ; she has as great a Value for you as for me ; and longs impatiently for the Pleasure of beholding you again.

The Person before-mentioned, for whom I waited with so much Uneasiness, arrived at last, at the appointed Hour : but I scarce knew him again, so different was he from what he was before, being very richly dressed. You see, said he, on entering my Apartment, that I am one of my Word ;

Word; and, though you may be a little surprized at finding me appear somewhat better in Habit than I did Yesterday, your Astonishment will cease when you know that the Art whereof I am Master obliges me to conceal myself.

They give no Quarter in this Country, * continued he, to Persons of my Profession: But let us proceed to the Business in Hand. Be pleased to order a Looking-Glass to be brought hither; and I hope in less than a Quarter of an Hour, you will be amply informed of what you so much desire to know.

As soon as what he demanded was brought, he pulled a little Globe out of his Pocket, and placed it upon the Table whereon the Glass was set; which done, having asked some previous Questions, as how long you had been missing, and about what Age you might be, he made a Sort of Calculation, which took up some Minutes; then pulling a small Phial out of a Shagreen Case, and placing it over against the Glass, he had scarce plucked out the Cork, before a thick Smoke issued from thence.

Mean while, he covered the Looking-Glass, and the Phial with a black Crape, which he had brought with him for that Purpose, and removed the Candles into another Room: Don't be afraid Madam, said he, perceiving that the sudden Darkness and all these Ceremonies began to alarm me, and give me some Uneasiness;) no Hurt shall happen to you; and this Prelude, which creates your Apprehensions, will last but a Moment.

In

* This Passage shews that the City where this was done, was subject to the Inquisition; and that the Names alone are changed, as is observed in the Preface.

In Effect, within a few Minutes he took off the black Crape; and I observed a Kind of Light discernable, in the Glass, which indeed, was some what gloomy, but by which one might easily distinguish any Objects, that appeared therein. The Unknown then drew a Chair to the Table, and having made me sit down therein, desired me to look attentively in the Glass, and take Notice of what I should see therein.

I did so, and could perfectly well discern a large open Place, * in the Midst of which was a very lofty Structure, at the Entrance whereof was a great Pair of Gates; and under the Entablature, an Inscription, (which I afterwards understood was in *Latin*) in Gold Letters. I would have had it explained to me, but the Unknown told me, he was not permitted † so to do; that, however, I might take a Copy of it in my Pocket Book.

This done, the Glass grew dark on a sudden for some Moments, after which, the Light returning, I perceived the Scene was changed. The first Object that struck my Sight, was a Chamber, with ordinary Hangings and Furniture of the same, and a little red Bed made after the Italian Manner. Oh! for that Matter, Madam, cried I, interrupting the Lady, this Man must certainly have dealt with the Devil, for the Chamber of Don *Carlos* is furnished exactly as you have described it.

In one Corner of this Room, continued Mademoiselle *de C*—, I discovered my long and much lamented Lover, pretty much in the same Posture, wherein he is now; whereupon, O Heavens!

VOL. I.

N

cried

* The Translator assures his Readers, he believes this Adventure as true as those of the same Nature related in the Life of Signor *Rozelli*.

† Perhaps the Conjuror did not understand *Latin*.

cry'd I, it is Don *Carlos* himself ! Is it possible he should be turn'd Abbot ! What can be the Meaning of this Transformation ; Having thus spoken, I began to weep bitterly. Comfort yourself, Madam, said this extraordinary Unknown, you are now informed, where your Lover is, and it will be very easy for you, to clear up all your Doubts.

Having then, cork'd the Phial up again, I gave him Fifty *Louis d'Ors*, with which he seem'd very well satisfy'd ; and, on my asking whence he had that miraculous little Bottle, he told me ; it had come from a celebrated Philosopher, and Adept, named *Huzail* ; * as also, that it had been transmitted down, from Father to Son, in his Family, till it had fallen into his Hands, who was his lineal Descendant. Having thus said, he took his Leave of me ; and I went to Bed, with my Head full, of this extraordinary Adventure.

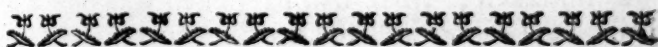
Next Morning, I had the Inscription above-mentioned explained to me ; and sent away directly, to the College, therein specify'd ; this, my dear *Carlos*, was the Way, whereby I found you out ; let us now hasten away, to my dear Mother, who is impatient to see you ; and it is but just to satisfy her.

We got, then, into *Linette's* Coach, and went to her Mother, at a Convent, whither she was gone, to visit one of her Friends : We were presented to her ; on the Sight of *Carlos*, she was in perfect Raptures ; and embraced him as cordially, as if he had been her own Son : It was resolv'd from that Moment, that he should return no more to the College, but should lie, that very Night, at his own *Hotel* ; and he desired me, as having been, in some Measure, the Instrument of his
Happiness

* See the Note, Page 60.

Happinefs, not only to do the fame, but alfo never more to leave him.

The Offer was too advantageous to be refufed; but, unfortunately, I was fent to the College, for the Sake of Decency, and good Manners, to take our Leave of the Prefident; and thank him for all Favours; and I got again into the Lady's Coach, wherein we had come thither, in order to acquit myfelf of that Commiffion; when the good Intentions, of the grateful, and generous *Spaniard*, were fruflrated by the following difagreeable Adventure; which quite put an End, to thofe pleafing Fancies, wherewith I had begun to flatter myfelf.



C H A P. XII.

Bigand meets D'Ofilly. His Perplexity, and Confufion upon that Account. He efcape, then, from him, and lights upon him, unfortunately, a fecond Time.

A NEW Play happened to be acted, that Evening, at the *Hotel de Bourgogne*; at leaft Two Hundred Coaches, flopt up the Paffage, in the neighbouring Streets; that, wherein I was, being got into one of the Ranks, could neither advance forwards, nor draw back; during the Confufion, and Uproar, occafioned, as is ufual, by this Delay, I chanced to caft my Eyes, unfortunately, upon a Berlin, that was a-breaf of my Coach; and obferved, therein, a Woman, richly drefled, who eyed me very attentively.

Hereupon, I blufhed, though without knowing why; when a Man has any Thing, where-

with to reproach himself, every Trifle terrifies him. I gave a second Look, however, into the Berlin; but, how great was my Surprise, and Terror, when I perceived *D'Ossilly*, who was leaning very forwards, and viewing me with the greatest Earnestness! He was with his kind Patroness, *Mademoiselle de B——*, whom I had not called to Mind, undoubtedly, because of her Dress.

I was seized with a Trembling from Head to Foot, and drew my Head back, within the Coach; flattering myself, however, with the Hopes, that they had not been able to recollect me; especially, as I was in a Habit, so different from that, wherein they had always before seen me: But I was mistaken; what had happened was past recalling; *D'Ossilly* was too much concerned therein, not to know me again.

Accordingly, he put his Head out of the Berlin, and pointing to the Coach wherein I was, he cried out; *Stop that Abbot, Stop him.* Happily for me, I had then the Presence of Mind, to come immediately to a Resolution, what Course to take; wherefore, opening the Coach-Door, on the contrary Side, I got out directly, and betook myself to my Heels.

I could hear them, plainly pursue after me, with the Outcry of *Stop Thief*; but the Confusion, and Concourse of Coaches, proved, then, advantageous to me. I slipt in between them; and having, by that Means, got away from the Hue and Cry, turned down the first Street I came to, where I took a Hackney Coach, and bid the Man drive on, without directing him, to any particular Place. In short, I was so much confounded, at what had happened, that I thus lost, in vain Reflections, the only Time, whereof I might have

have made Use, to get back my Money from the College.

At last, being recovered a little from my Fright, I began to consider, what was best to be done; it was necessary to come to some Resolution, and, yet, upon what could I determine! Should I return to Madame *de C——*'s? There was no thinking upon that; her Coachman had been a Witness to my Disgrace; besides which it was easy to imagine, *D'Ossilly*, would go to Don *Carlos*, and acquaint him with my having robbed him. In the mean while, I had but one *Louis d'Or* about me; the Necessity, therefore, to which I was upon the Point of being reduced, having neither Linen, nor Money, induced, me to run the Venture, of going once more to the College; for this Reason, I ordered the Coachman to drive me thither.

I had got to the Gate, and was just about to enter in, when I was stoppt, by a good-natured Shoe-Cleaner; who had taken a Fancy to me: Make your Escape, Sir, cryed he, and have a Care of appearing here; here has just been a Gentleman, who asked for the President; and, whatever he has told him, I was close by the Porter, when an Order was brought, soon after, to shut the College-Gates, the Moment you should come in; something was said, but I don't know what, about a certain Robbery.—

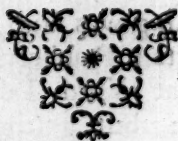
On hearing that Word, I did not wait for farther Intelligence; but getting again into the Coach as fast as possible, bid the Coachman drive away full Speed. He did as I had ordered, and galloped down the Street; unfortunately for me, it grew narrow at the lower End, and we met with some Carts which prevented our going on; resolving, therefore, not to run a second Time the same Hazard, to which I had not long before

been exposed, I opened the Coach-Door, and without taking Leave of the Driver betook myself to Flight.

I had turned just down a little Street, where I was running along, as fast as my Legs could carry me, when I saw the Berlin, with *D'Ossilly* in it, coming towards me. He discovered me again immediately, through the Glafs, and called out, *Stop that Abbot; stop him; stop him; he is a Thief, and has robbed me.*

Hereupon, I flew back again, in Hopes of escaping at the other End; when, to crown all my Misfortunes, I met the cursed Hackney-Coachman, whom I had just bilked. As soon as he set his Eyes on me, he leaped down from his Box, and running towards me, cried out; Ah! Sir, have I caught you? Is this the Way you pay your Coachmen?

The End of the FIRST PART.



THE



THE
BUSY-BODY:
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Monf. *BIGAND*.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

The Perplexity of Bigand. The Design of the Mistress of the Lodging, where he takes Refuge, to have him apprehended. By what Means he escapes. He meets the Watch. He avoids them, by concealing himself in a Coach; and falls asleep therein. What follows thereupon.

 F ever Man was confounded, and perplexed, in this World, I was so, on this Occasion; I could neither move a Step forwards, or backwards, without being taken: *D'Ossilly* was got out of his Berlin, and was advancing towards me; the Hackney-Coachman had done the same; in short,

short, I was just in the Middle between them, without any Probability of escaping them.

In this Extremity, I had again the Presence of Mind, to run into a little Entry, and bolt the Door after me; they pursued me thither, and, by the Noise they made, I perceived were endeavouring to burst it open; whereupon, I hurried up the Stairs, by Four, and Four, at a Time; and was soon at the Top; where, finding a little Room open, I rushed in.

At the Noise I made, in going in, a young Woman, who was washing therein, turned about; and, seeing me look terribly frightened, Mercy upon me! Monsieur *L'Abbe*, cried she, what is the Matter? What ails you? Ah! good charitable Angel, said I, save me, for Heaven's Sake! An Officer, with whom I have had a Quarrel, is in Pursuit of me, with Intent to murder me. Marry, God forbid! resumed she; here, run into that little Closet; the Window opens upon the Roof of the House; crawl to a large Chimney, you will find there, and conceal yourself behind it; you will be very unfortunate, indeed, if he comes thither to look for you.

I took her Advice; and got out of the Window, with so much Precipitation, and Terror, that I was near tumbling headlong into the Street; Instead of one Chimney, I found two there; and, squatting down between them, staid there till Night, in the utmost Agony, and Consternation.

As soon as I imagined the Patience of my Pursuers was tired out, and they had given over their Search, I ventured to return to the Window of the Closet, at which I had got out; the young Woman was there waiting for me: Ah! Sir, cried she, as soon as she set Eyes on me, you have

have had a narrow Escape ! Come in, come in ; the Danger is over, at least, for the present.

Do but guess, continued she, when I was got again into the Room, the Malice of the Officer, you mentioned to me. What an artful Stratagem, do you think, he had Recourse to ! What ! answered I, pretending not to understand her ; and putting on an Air of Amazement ! He says, rejoined she, that you are a 'Thief, and have robbed him of a 'Thousand Crowns ; thinking, by that Means, to make every one deliver you up, to his Resentment.

O ! the abominable Slanderer, answered I ! what a Falshood has he invented, to compass his Design ! Indeed, said the young Woman, it is a very sad Thing ; it is easy to see, by your very Aspect, that it is all a Lie ; but, good Heavens ! what have you done to him ? For he looked very bloody-minded ; I am heartily glad, I had contributed to your Concealment ; he would certainly have murdered you, without Remorse.

Accordingly, I will never forget, the Obligations I have to you, as long as I live, replied I ; the first Moment I set my Eyes on you, I was assured, by your engaging Countenance, that you would preserve me from the Danger, wherewith I was threatened. You are very complaisant, said she ; I could wish I had done yet more for you ; how do I know but I may, one Day, stand in need of your Assistance !

I should think myself very happy, answered I, if ever that should come to pass ; and should joyfully lay hold, on the first Opportunity, to serve you ; nay, were it not for what has so lately happened, which puts it out of my Power, at present, to testify my Acknowledgment, I would
not

not stay so long, before I gave you some Proofs thereof. You do but banter me, resumed the young Landress; but there are sometimes some Services, which are more grateful to us, than all the Presents that could be made us.

For my Part, pursued she, I never envied any Folks their great Riches; they don't always render our Lives happy. Would to Heaven, pursued she, sighing, my Mother would be of the same Mind, in what relates to me; I should much rather choose, to be somewhat less easy in my Circumstances, and have the Satisfaction of pleasing my Fancy; than to wallow in Affluence, with one, whom I could not like.

When one is honest, and willing to work, one may always earn a Sufficiency, for one's Subsistence; and, with good Management, one may also find the Means, to procure such Things as are convenient and agreeable; but, no more of that, you must necessarily be fatigued; perhaps, they are lying in Wait for you; wherefore, I will carry you into one of our Rooms, that we let out, ready-furnished, till you have come to a Resolution, what Course to take.

My Mother even provides Diet, for People, if they desire it of her; as soon as she comes Home, I will acquaint her with what has happened; and, I am sure, she will not find Fault-with what I have done; as for the Rest, if you should not have any Money about you, don't trouble yourself about that; we know, very well, we don't run any Hazard, with honest Folks.

I was so much surprized, with the open and generous Temper of this amiable Maiden, that I was grieved, at the Bottom of my Heart, I could not make a suitable Return, to her Frankness and Sincerity; but, I was so much at a Loss, what

to do with myself, and under such terrible Apprehensions of being seized, in going out of this House, that I accepted of her obliging Offers, with Abundance of Thanks.

Hereupon, she did not spend the Time, in unnecessary Compliments; but, taking down a Key from behind the Door, and desiring me to follow her, she conducted me, down a Pair of Stairs, to a little Chamber, wonderfully neat, whereof she shewed me all the Conveniencies: This done, she took Leave of me, for the present; telling me, if I wanted any thing, I need only ask for it, and might make as free, as if I was at Home.

Some few Moments after she was gone, hearing some Body pass by my Door, which opened upon the Stairs, I clapt my Ear to the Key-Hole; but could only hear, very indistinctly, the Voice of a Man, and a Woman, who were talking together.

About a Quarter of an Hour after, the amiable young Landress came again into my Chamber; and told me (with a Voice, which I could easily perceive, she raised on purpose, for Reasons best known to herself,) that her Mother was returned; that she highly commended her, for having given me Refuge; and, that, had she not been very much tired, she would have done herself the Honour, to have come in Person, and assure me thereof; that, however, she would not fail to do it, next Morning; and, in the meanwhile, was going to send me something for my Supper: Having thus said, my courteous Benefactress went away, without waiting for my Answer.

As soon as she had left me, and I had reflected a little on what had passed, I began to think this
Behaviour,

Behaviour, in Persons of such mean Condition, too obliging, and this second Visit, especially, too remarkable, not to have some Mystery concealed under it : I have ever been, naturally, of a suspicious, and mistrustful Temper ; and was resolved, if possible, to dive to the Bottom thereof ; not being able to believe, that all this Respect, could proceed from Compassion alone.

Accordingly, I was just about to go out of my Chamber, to visit these so uncommonly complaisant Landladies, when my fair Protectress enter'd; bringing a Basket, wherein was a fine Fowl, with the Rest of the Things necessary, for laying the Cloth, and for Supper.

I took Notice, then, that she looked melancholy and dejected ; which was very different, from what she had appeared, at first : She set the Table, and placed all ready, without saying one Word ; and, whenever I spoke to her, she answered me very loud, and like one, who was afraid of being watched ; I did not reflect upon this, however, that Minute ; but, on the contrary, asked her several Questions, about her Mother : which she always interrupted, by saying ; *Pray, Sir, eat your Supper, whilst the Fowl is hot; it will be cold, presently ; and, then, it is good for nothing.*

If you would bear me Company, answered I, believe me, I should sup very heartily ; but, in the Trouble, and Agitation, I am now under, it is not likely I should take any great Pleasure, in eating alone. I will assure you, replied she, lowering her Voice, were it not for my Mother, who is now waiting for me, I would not make such Haste away from you : Farewel, if I can give her the Slip, I will come again ; I have Abundance of Things to tell you. I was just going to
return

return her an Answer; Hush! cried she, in the same Tone; I have some Reasons for saying no more at present.

Let any one judge my Uneasiness, on hearing this Discourse; it created a thousand Suspicions in me; wherefore the Moment after she went out of the Room, I followed her up Stairs; got to the Chamber-Door just as she was shutting it; peeped through the Key-Hole, and saw the Mother of the young Laundress at Table with a lusty Man of a good Mien, whose Hat was laced with Gold, and pulled down over his Eyes.

They were talking together; I listened to their Discourse; and saw the Woman frequently make Signs to him to lower his Voice; but it was so strong, and so sonorous, that in vain did she give him this Advice; it was still to be heard very plainly.

It is not worth the while, said he to the old Woman, who undoubtedly was inviting him to go to Bed, I shall sleep very well upon a Chair: The Weather is warm; Day breaks very early, the Bed is inticing, and I may forget myself when I am once got there. Besides, I have been forewarned, that our Sharper of an Abbot is very brisk and watchful; I am resolved not to miss him; I have had too strict a Charge given me, upon that Head: And were it not for the Order I have received from the Gentleman, who causes him to be apprehended, to wait 'till To-morrow, because he will be present at his Seizure, it should have been done already.

What signifies your tormenting yourself so, replied the cursed old Hag; get you gone to Bed, I tell you; are you afraid of getting into it, because it is *Marianne's*? She shall lie with me to Night: Fear nothing; the Bird shall not escape

you; ask my Daughter. He is quiet at present and has no Mistrust of any Thing; I durst lay a Wager, he is now fast asleep; and has not the least Suspicion of the Misfortune that hangs over his Head.

Why don't you answer, *Marianne*, continued the Mother, in an angry Tone? You have been a Witness to every Thing, answered the young Woman, with a fearful Air; I think I have played pretty well the Part you have made me act. What! replied the wicked old Bedlame, with an imperious Air, it was not pleasing to you, I warrant, you saucy young Slut you, was it?

Don't chide the fair *Marianne*, I beg you, cried the Officer, (for such he was) interrupting her; she is tender-hearted and compassionate: A Fig for her Compassion! it won't go to Market, resumed the Mother; and Ten Louis d'Ors are a great deal better. Besides, this Abbot is a Rogue; I had a Glimpse of him, whilst she carried him his Supper; and, unless I am much mistaken, he will play Abundance more such Pranks, if he is let alone.

He is very fortunate, in falling into the Hands of so good-natured a Gentleman, as he is, who causes him to be apprehended; any other would send him to the Gallows, and not to the *West-Indies*. I thought it then unnecessary to listen any longer; being sufficiently informed what Favour I was likely to meet with; wherefore I hastened back to my Chamber, fully determined to avoid, if possible, this new Misfortune.

My first Thought was to steal down Stairs, and betake myself to Flight, if I should find the Street-Door open; accordingly I did so; but it was double-locked. My Case was very perplexing; which Way could I make my Escape? And yet

yet this was absolutely necessary ; for at Break of Day I was to be taken into safe Custody. I racked my Brains, therefore, for some Expedient, but could not bethink me of any one that was practicable ; mean while the Moments were very precious, and I was under the most dreadful Apprehensions.

At last, growing desperate, and not being able to pitch upon any better Shift, I had opened my Casement, tied the Sheets of my Bed together, made them fast at one End to the Wood-work of the Window ; and without considering whether they were long enough for me to slide down by them into the Street, was going to put it to the Venture, when I heard my Chamber-Door open.

I believed myself gone, then, to all Intents and Purposes, and had it not been for a cold Sweat, which seized me from Head to Foot that Minute, and chilled all the Blood in my Veins, should have leaped directly out of the Window. But I began to breathe a little, when instead of the Officer, I saw, by the Help of a Lamp she had in her Hand, my good Angel, the young Laundress. Can the Sight of that amiable Sex inspire us with Terror ? Accordingly, my Mind grew composed on a sudden, it seemed as if some good News had been brought me ; and I advanced to meet my Benefactress, with a sweet Serenity.

How ! cried she, starting back two or three Steps, are not you in Bed yet ? Alas ! one would think you foresaw the Misfortune with which you are threatened. I am apprized of every Thing, answered I ; let us lose no Time in vain Discourse ; I know that I am to be apprehended, that your Mother is bribed ; and that you have no Hand in it.

O Heavens! cried *Marianne*, who can have given you such good Intelligence! That is not the Matter in Hand, replied I; you shall know that another Time; but is it possible to avoid the Snare they are preparing for me? Yes, said she, and I am come hither only for that Purpose. Don't be afraid of being surprized; all is fast above; and not a Soul shall stir out without my Permission.

I have also the Key of the Street Door; and consequently you are at Liberty; but, before you go, I have one Favour to beg of you. Name it, lovely *Marianne*, cried I, touched with the most lively Gratitude, am I so happy as to have it in my Power to oblige you! Do but command me.

Since I find you so ready to make me a suitable Return, I shall not be sorry, said she, for what I am going to do; neither shall I repine at the Vexation your Escape will cause me: Mind me, continued she, casting down her Eyes, and blushing; I am beloved by the Son of a topping Vintner; but my Mother, who has a richer Match in View, and has perceived that I like this young Man, compelled me to write him Word a few Days ago, that I did not love him, neither must he think of me any more. How do I tremble for fear the poor Lad should die with Sorrow at the Reception of such a Letter! In the mean while I am to be married within two Days, to an old Man; and, which is yet worse, to one who is hump-back'd; judge you then of my Despair!

What adds still more to my Misfortune, is, that my Mother, since she forced me to send this Notice, has not suffered me to stir one Step without her: She is so very distrustful, and apprehensive of my giving the Vintner's Son Intelligence of this
Conspiracy

Conspiracy against our Love; that she does not allow me so much as to speak to any one; and when I came last into your Chamber, she was at the Door; but, when one's Heart is sincerely affected, one finds the Means to surmount all Difficulties.

In short, I took my Resolution at once; and Compassion, seconded by Love, inspired me with the Thought, that, if I helped you to escape, you might deliver a Letter to my Lover, which I have taken Care to have ready written, in order to undeceive him. For Heaven's Sake, then, convey it to him, if possible, directly; for, if he does not think of some Way to prevent this cursed Wedding, but I am obliged to lose him for ever, I shall be miserable all the Rest of my Days.

As much Complaisance as I was in Gratitude bound to have for a Person to whom I was so greatly indebted, I could have wished her Discourse had not been quite so prolix; a Minute on such Occasions is of the utmost Consequence. At last, when she had finished her Instructions, I assured her that, as soon as I was out of the House, I would perform all she had enjoined with the greatest Exactness; this did not hinder her, however, from giving me the same Charge twenty Times over, as we were going down the Stairs; nay, not satisfied therewith, she obliged me to take a solemn Oath not to forget it.

Not to stand upon Trifles (as I then thought them) I rapped out thirty or forty Swingers! and, as soon as the Door was opened, betook myself to my Heels; having first advised her not to own herself accessory to my Escape, but say I had slid down out of the Window; which would be the more easily credited, by the Sheets being left fastened together on the Outside.

Having got, then, safe into the Street, I made the best of my Way from that fatal Quarter; which done, my first Care was to carry the Letter where it was directed. The Tavern had been so well described to me, that I found it out easily; but had no little Difficulty to get them to open it; because it was Night. At last, however, by long knocking, I fetched down one of the Drawers, who asked me through the Door what I wanted. I answered I must absolutely speak to the Vintner's Son about an Affair of Consequence wherein he was very nearly concerned; and the young Man, being informed thereof, came to me immediately.

I did not give him Time to ask me any Questions, but told him my Business in a Moment; at which, being greatly overjoyed: Come again to me, To-morrow, said he; for I have some Measures to keep at present, on Account of my Father; I must defer, therefore, 'till another Time, my Thanks to you for the agreeable News you have brought me.

We had no Leisure given us for a more ample Conversation; being disturbed by the Voice of the young Man's Father, who was swearing like an Emperor, because his Door was opened at such an unseasonable Hour. We were obliged, therefore, to part suddenly; though I was in Hopes of being sheltered there for the Remainder of the Night; but they did not give me Time to acquaint them with my Desire; the Door was clapped too hastily, and poor I forced to proceed on my Way at a Venture.

Not long after, as I was turning out of a Street, not far distant from the Vintner's, I heard the Watch coming towards me full Speed; this put me again in a terrible Alarm; and, as I was going
to

to stand up against the Wall, in order to avoid them, I ran against a Coach that was waiting at the Corner. Hereupon, a sudden Thought came into my Head to take Refuge therein, 'till those Sons of Darknes should be passed by; and, the Coachman being taking a Nap upon his Box, I stole into it, without waking him. No sooner had I got there, but my Troubles the Day before, together with the uneasy Night I had spent without closing my Eyes, having quite exhausted my Spirits, I fell into a profound Sleep.

How long I might continue so, I cannot tell; but, I was still enjoying the Sweets of a calm Repose, and my Senses were buried in the most profound Oblivion, when I felt Somebody pluck me roughly by the Sleeve, and started up suddenly out of my Sleep. It was then broad Day-Light, scarce could my Eyes bear the dazzling Lustre of the Sun, when the same Person (whom I then perceived to be a Man in a genteel Habit) continuing still to pull me, cried out; *Will you be pleased to move, Monsr. L'Abbe? You are devilish hard to be wak'd! Sure you have been taking Opium! I have been shaking you above this half Hour, without being able to rouse you.*

A pretty Sort of a Whim, indeed, said another Man, who was dressed in Scarlet, to take up his Lodging in his Excellency's Coach! What the Pox could be mean by it? We shall know that presently; answered he who had waked me, *as soon as this worthy Abbot has made his Appearance before the Ambassador.* Having thus spoken, they desired me to quit my new-fashioned Bed-Chamber; and one of them conducted me into a large Hall, whilst the other went into his Excellency, to acquaint him no doubt with my being there, ready to undergo his Examination.

The

The Name of *Monf. De* ———, which then struck my Ears, set me all in a Trembling; I was at the ——— Embassador's, which made me apprehensive of two Things; the one was, that he might imagine me to be a Spy, who had taken up my Post there, in order to observe what passed at his House; but had been prevented, by falling asleep; and might accordingly have me severely chastised by his Servants; and the other, that he might send me to *Monf. De* ———, a very upright and rigorous Magistrate, to whose uncommon Discernment, and Penetration, I was no Stranger, by Hear-say.

In this Case, I had all the Reason in the World (after the Theft whereof I had been guilty) to expect at least to be sent to the Gallies or Plantations, for some Years; if I escaped so easily in Consideration of my Youth. I had not much Time, however, for making Reflections; for a Door opened soon after, and I was ordered to go in.

The Embassador was alone; and his Countenance, which was full of Sweetness, and Affability, dispelling my Fears, in a great Measure, I resolved within myself to be sincere, in hopes, he would not be necessary to my Ruin. I could not help approaching him, however, with some Awe, and Concern, notwithstanding the Confidence I had in his Goodness.

Aha! Is it you, *Monf. L' Abbe*, cryed he, without being able to forbear smiling; by what Chance, I beseech you, did you happen to be in my Coach? This Adventure, certainly, must be somewhat merry and extraordinary; you don't seem likely, to offer to impose upon me; reach a Chair hither, continued he, speaking to one of his Attendants, and leave us together.

I had

I had taken my Resolution, as has been already observed; accordingly, I told him my whole Story ingenuously, and without any Evasions. Truth makes its own Way every where; the Embassador was pretty well satisfied it was so; being determined, however, to be fully convinced thereof, he rung a Bell; and, a tall Gentleman, of an agreeable Countenance, entering the Room, write down, said he, the Directions, where to find the Father of this young Spark; as also a Lady, whose Name he will tell you; together with the principal Passages, he has just related; and, after having enquired well, into the Truth of every Thing, bring me an Account, of what you have been informed. I shall be glad to know, whether the Whole is not a plausible Cloak, to conceal some Mystery.

Addressing himself afterwards to me, he told me; if I had not attempted to deceive him, he would not do me any Injury; but, I should be at Liberty, to go whether I pleased: He added, however, that, had I had to deal with any other, I should have been delivered up, into the Hands of Justice; that the Confession, I had made to him, was very ticklish; that it would be in vain, to offer at excusing myself, by the Ingratitude and villainous Character of the Scoundrel whom I had robbed; and that it availed but little, to say he was a Thief himself; that Pretence would not have skreened me from Punishment.

In order, then, to render me more cautious, and circumspect, for the future, he forewarned me, that one might escape for once; but, that sooner or later, vicious Courses never failed, of meeting with their due Reward. He said farther, that I seemed to him, not to be destitute of Wit; and that, after having enquired, into the
Truth

Truth of what I had related, he would add, to his other Favours, that, of retaining me in his Service, provided I had made myself worthy of it, by my Sincerity ; but, that, in the mean while, his People must be accountable to him, for my Forth-coming, and I must be confined to my Chamber.

Charmed with this favourable Conclusion, I threw myself at the Embassador's Feet, and desired him myself to have me kept under Lock and Key ; so much was I afraid of falling again into the Hands of *D'Ossilly*, who would have been overjoyed, at this Opportunity, of getting rid of me.

His Excellency, then, delivered me over, into the Hands of a trusty Attendant ; whom I followed with Tranquillity enough, though he conducted me into a Room, whose Windows were strongly grated. Don't be uneasy *Mons. L'Abbe*, said this Man, whose Looks were very engaging ; I am going to see for somewhat for Breakfast ; it will refresh our Spirits ; having thus premised, he went out of the Chamber, and locked the Door after him.

I had no Time, however, to make any long Reflections ; my Keeper, whom I found, afterwards, to be the Embassador's Secretary, returned attended with a Servant, who having laid the Cloth, and placed thereon a fine Neat's Tongue, a Couple of Manchets, and a Bottle of Wine and Glasses, withdrew, and left us alone together.

Being then free from Restraint, come *Mons. L'Abbe*, cried the Secretary, let us breakfast, and become better acquainted, Glass in Hand : I liked the Proposal very well ; both because I was heartily hungry, and because my new Companion, had such a winning Way with him, and such an insinuating

sinuating Air, that one could not help reposing a Confidence in him.

We engaged then in Conversation; but, at first, talked only of Things indifferent; 'till afterwards, the Discourse turned, insensibly, upon my Adventures. Do you know, my Lad, cried the Secretary, that your Story is very diverting, and has made his Excellency laugh heartily? You will not fare the worse for that, if you have not been concerned in any other ill Courses, but those, wherewith you have already acquainted him; and especially if you have told him the Truth; for there is no using Evasions with him.

If that be all, said I, my Heart may be at Rest; for, whether it was right or wrong so to do, I'll assure you I have confessed all; Alas! how can one do otherwise, he is so very good and so gracious? He is indeed better than you would imagine, answered the Secretary; and I do not say this, meerly because I belong to him, but because every one gives him the same Character. Can you do me the Favour, Sir, added I, to tell me, how I came to find myself to Day in his Palace; I have already informed you what induced me to take Refuge in the Coach, not knowing it to be his Excellency's. You might pretty easily have guessed at it, replied the Secretary; however, I can give you that Satisfaction; at least, I have no Orders to the contrary.

Monf. *Dufret*, my Fellow-Secretary, in whom the Ambassador reposes Abundance of Confidence, happened to be sent last Night about Business into the Street where you found the Coach; it is somewhat surprizing he did not perceive your being therein; but, he was so much fatigued, he fell asleep in it, as well as you; and as he both got
into

into the Coach, and out of it, without a Light, he never saw you.

This Morning, it being wanted again, and the Coachman opening one of the Doors, to see whether all Things were in Order, was not a little surprized at finding you therein ; thereupon, he gave Notice of it, to the Gentleman of the Horse, who immediately acquainted his Excellency therewith ; he commanded you to be brought before him ; and you know what followed.

Notwithstanding my Circumstances were, then, but in a precarious Condition, and I was yet in Suspense about my Fate, I could not forbear laughing at this singular Adventure ; mean while we drank off our Bottle ; which being soon followed by another, put us in a good Humour ; and I was not a little delighted with the Secretary, who was not only very entertaining Company, but, as I soon found, no Enemy to a chearful Glass and a plentiful Table.

I quickly perceived, also, that he loved dearly to be praised ; accordingly, I was not sparing of my Commendations, which made such a great Impression on him, that, in order to convince me, I was not deceived in having a favourable Opinion of him, he gave me the ensuing Account of his Adventures.



C H A P. II.

The remarkable Story of the Embassador's Secretary, and Signora Meralini.

I Have not always been in the same Condition, wherein you now behold me, *Monf. L'Abbe*; but, as indifferent an Appearance as I may at present make in your Eyes, I should have been Master of no inconsiderable Fortune, had I been less profuse; and had not Death deprived me of a most august Patron. My Name is *Saint Onge*; I am descended of no mean Family; and was in the Army in my youthful Days.

When I was about Twenty-two, my Father sent me to *Rome*, in Hopes an Uncle of mine, who lived there, would get me into some Post under his Holiness, a State of Life infinitely more gainful, and much less dangerous; in the mean while, I was like many others; that is, I did nothing, excepting that I was a great Lover of Reading, with which I frequently diverted myself at the fine *Villa di Farneze*, which was my favourite Walk.

I will not take up your Time in describing that delicious Seat; it is of little Importance to you, nor me neither; besides, every one has his particular Talent, and it happens not to be mine either to make lively Descriptions, or amusing Conversations; we must leave that to *Monf. De—*; he succeeds therein to Admiration; and paints with so much Vivacity and Energy, that he cannot write two Pages, without surprising you with three Originals: Then, for Conversations, they

are his Masterpiece; whether it freezes, or the Sun shines, he keeps you, without any Pity, two Hours in the Porch; which he does, nevertheless, with so much Delight to yourself, that every thing else is indifferent to you: But, to return from whence we have digressed.

One Day, as I was reading, in a Grotto, in the Gardens of this terrestrial Paradise, a young Lady came thither, and sat down by me, with a Book in her Hand; I made Room for her, and paid her my Respects; which having returned very gracefully, she applied herself to the Perusal of her Book; though visibly with Abundance of Distraction, and Absence of Thought.

I could not help giving a Look from Time to Time, upon this my new Companion; and perceived some pearly Drops falling, now and then, down her beauteous Cheeks. This moved me to Compassion, and I could not forbear sighing; our Eyes met that Instant; she blushed, and taking them off again, immediately, fixed them upon the Ground.

Would one think it possible, the Glances of that bewitching Sex, should have so much Influence upon one's Heart? That Moment, that single Look decided the Fate of my Liberty, and rendered me absolutely her Captive; I saw divers Charms in that amiable afflicted One, which I had not observed before: A second Sigh escaped me, and again she eyed me; a powerful Sympathy exerted itself, and made a mutual Exchange of our Hearts.

At the first Look, Decency was predominant; at the second, Love was triumphant; her Eyes continued fixed upon mine; we gazed on each other a good while; and we mutually said a thousand tender Things, without speaking one Word.

So

So intent was she on this dumb Language, that, in her Absence of Thought, she let her Book drop out of her Hands.

Love always takes Advantage of every Thing; accordingly, I snatched it up, and presented it to her very respectfully: Keep it, said she, and make an End of the Story you will find written there; I will be here again, in four Days, to receive it from you: Having thus spoken, she went away, after having given me a Look which absolutely enslaved me, and rendered me the most amorous of Mankind. I followed her with my Eyes, till she was quite out of Sight; which done, I entered again into the Grotto, and opened the Book with Precipitation.

But, how great was my Surprize, when I had looked it over? It was a Manuscript, in a Woman's Hand; and was intituled, *The UNHAPPY ASCENDANT, PART I.* The Table of the Contents was at the Beginning, and I have the Tenor thereof too deeply engraven in my Memory, not to be able to give you a short Account of it: In short, it was Word for Word, as follows.

T H E

U N H A P P Y A S C E N D A N T.

P A R T I.

CHAP. I. *Signora Meralini, Daughter to a Roman Knight, is betrothed, at twelve Years of Age to a Venetian Gentleman: He is assassinated by a Rival, the Evening before the Day appointed for his Wedding*

P 2

CHAP. II.

CHAP. II. *She is married, at Thirteen, to a Nobleman of Germany. He dies suddenly, as he is coming out of the Church.*

CHAP. III. *Don Francisco de Figueroa, a noble Spaniard, and Knight of the Order of St James, is sent for, to be Husband to Signora Meralini. The Vessel on board of which he embarks is attacked by an Algerine Rover, and he dies bravely in the Defence of his Liberty.*

CHAP. IV. *Signor Meralini, her Father, being terrified at the Misfortune that attends his Daughter, carries her over with him into England; where she is married to a Man of Quality. A splendid Entertainment is prepared on the Wedding Day, for the Celebration of that Solemnity; at the End of which the Bridegroom goes into his Chamber, and shoots himself through the Head, for meer Despair at having engaged in the nuptial State.*

CHAP. V. *She is put into a Convent, where the Brother of one of the Nuns falls desperately in Love with her, and resolves to have her; but the young Lady's Father refuses to give his Consent. The Lover obtains her Leave, to carry her off by Force. He scales the Walls of the Convent, with this Design; but, unfortunately his Foot slipping, he falls down, and dashes out his Brains.*

CHAP. VI. *Signora Meralini comes out of the Nunnery; and, being quite disheartened at the very Thoughts of Marriage, refuses all the Matches that are offered, and returns to Rome. Signor Cascarini, Embassador of Venice, notwithstanding all his Friends advised him to the contrary, and his Mistress herself seemed infinitely to dread, and be averse to, entering into any new Engagement, makes a Jest of the Fatality of her Ascendant, and marries her. A Picture*

of

of Matrimony falls upon his Head, as he is going into the Bridal Chamber ; he gets over this Accident, believes he has surmounted the baleful Influence of the Stars, and, for Joy thereat, gives a splendid Entertainment, as soon as he is recovered. In the Height of his Transports, he goes into a Balcony to throw out Money to the Populace ; the Balcony, which happens to be old, gives Way with him ; he falls into the Street ; and is killed stone dead, without having ever consummated his Nuptials.

Here ended the first Part of this fatal Manuscript ; judge then, Mon^r. *L'Abbe*, my Surprise at the Perusal thereof : I turned over the Leaf, and saw the Title changed to the ——— *Ascendant*, with a Blank substituted instead of the Epithet *Unhappy*.

The ——— ASCENDANT.

PART II.

CHAP. I. Signora Meralini takes a second Time, the Resolution to refuse all the Matches that shall be offered. *Reflections upon this Head.*

CHAP. II. A Person famous for calculating Nativities arrives at Rome ; she goes to him : He assures her, she will certainly be married ; but forewarns her, that, if she would avoid the unhappy Fate of dying by the Hands of her Husband, she must herself make the Advances to the first Gentleman to whom she takes a Liking, and declare her Passion to him : Assuring her, however,

that if she takes this Precaution, and the Gentleman consents to her Desires, she will enjoy a Happiness as durable as her Life.

CHAP. III. *Signora Meralini meets a young Gentleman upon the Bridge of St. Angelo. The Description of this Unknown. She has him watched, and is informed that he often takes a Walk to the fine Villa di Farneze; she falls in Love with him; but has not the Courage to declare her Passion. The uncommon Stratagem to which she has Recourse for the revealing it: Her Uneasiness on that Account.* —————

Here ended this extraordinary Manuscript, and left me in an Astonishment and Perplexity that cannot be expressed; after having considered, however, a little, I came at once to a Resolution; and hastening Home with all Speed, subjoined the following Conclusion thereto.

CHAP. IV. *Signora Meralini comes to the said Villa di Farneze; she meets there a Gentleman named St. Onge, whose Circumstances are but indifferent; and who, by Reason of her fatal Horoscope, dares not tell her that he thinks her amiable. The young Lady is prepossessed in Favour of this Gentleman, and declares her Love to him. St. Onge suffers her to propose Matrimony to him; he takes her at her Word; is married to her, and carries her into his own Country, where they live perfectly happy.*

I filled up, then, the Blank left before the Word *Ascendant*, at the Head of the second Part, with the Epithet *Happy*.

This done, I waited, with the utmost Impatience, for the Time, appointed by the fair *Meralini*,

lini, to meet me again ; and, accordingly went to the aforesaid *Villa di Farnese*, two Hours, sooner than ordinary : Her Uneasiness, no Doubt, had been equal to mine ; and I may even say greater, since she was there before me. She appeared, then, to me, more dazzling than the Day ; and, had I not been restrained, by the so-often-experienced Rigour of her Nativity, should have given myself up to all the Ardour of that Passion, which her bright Eyes had inspired ; but I had so much Power over myself, as to refrain from it, on that Account.

Accordingly, on my Entrance into the Grotto, I only paid her my Respects, as I would have done to any other : at which she seemed greatly troubled ; I, then, presented her the Manuscript, with the same indifferent Air ; at which, she was so disordered, that she scarce durst open it. She trembled, at first, at the Sight of my Writing ; by Degrees, her Looks grew somewhat more serene ; and, when she had read it through, her Joy was visible, by the Transport, with which she approached me.

A modest Blush, which then overspread her Countenance, through a Sense of Decency, and Shamefacedness, at the Part she was obliged to act, rendered her, in my Eyes, a Thousand Times more charming, than ever ; and I was, at least, as much disordered as she, when, accosting me, with a timorous Air ; Sir, said she, I have not been able, to look on you, without loving you ; I have no small Fortune ; will you permit me to share it with you, by giving me your Hand ?

Scarce had she uttered these Words, when, being no longer restrained, by my Regard to the fatal Prediction, I rose up eagerly, and, throwing myself

myself at her Feet, asked Her a Thousand Pardons, for the Part, I had suffered her to act. What shall I say farther, Monsieur *L'Abbe*? I conducted her Home; we found several Obstacles to the Publication of our Bans; * the Uncle, of whom I have told you before, had Recourse, to the Authority of his Holiness, to prevent our Marriage.

Enraged thereat, I threatened, to be myself the Author, of the Misfortune, which he was apprehensive would befall me, through that Marriage, by ending my own Days. He knew me to be both passionate and resolute; being afraid, therefore, of my giving Way to Despair, and being as good as my Word, he caused the Obstacles to be removed, and abandoned me to my Fate.

The Ceremony, of our Wedding, was solemnized, with the utmost Splendor; the beforementioned Misfortunes, which had attended all those, who had run the Venture, had made the Public, concern themselves in the Issue of ours. All *Rome* were present thereat; the Bride appeared with such a Magnificence in her Dress, and such a Satisfaction in her Countenance, as had never been observed, in her Marriages; this seemed an auspicious Prefage, of the Prosperity, with which ours would be accompanied. That very Night, all the Streets, in the Neighbourhood, were full of People, who were expecting, every Moment to hear of my coming to some untimely End; but my Ascendant proved the strongest.

Next Day I appeared, with infinite Joy in my Looks; and was obliged to shew myself publicly, to satisfy, the earnest Desire of the Populace, to see me. A general Acclamation arose, the Moment

* In most Foreign Countries, Persons of the greatest Quality, are obliged to have the Bans published. It were to be wished, it were so here.

ment they set Eyes on me; and the whole City seemed, to sympathize with my Transports; neither could I ever stir out, afterwards, without being attended with a Crowd of People.

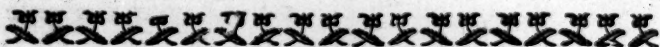
His Holiness, likewise, in Consideration of this Marriage, attach'd me to his Service; by giving me a considerable Employment in his Household; but, unfortunately for me, he died, within a little while after; and his Successor not having the same Regard for me, my Fortune declined insensibly.

In Effect, I had given too much Way to Pageantry; and, without troubling my Head about Futurity, had lavished, in vain Ostentation, the great Riches brought me by my Wife: Not being able to submit, therefore, to the Thoughts of retrenching my Expences, and appearing, but in a middling Figure, in a City, where I was known both by Great and Small, I resolved to leave *Rome*.

Accordingly, taking Advantage, of the Departure of a Nobleman, who was setting out for *France*, my Spouse and I accompanied him to *Paris*; and the Estate I had here, whereon I depended for my Subsistence, being lost, by Misfortunes, it is needless to repeat, I was obliged to do something, in order to our Support. I applied myself, therefore, to the Embassador of —, to whom I had some Recommendations; he was pleased to sympathize with my Misfortunes, and, till he can provide better for me, has bestowed on me the Employment I have now under him.

In the mean while, his Excellency accompanies all his Commands, with so much Goodness and Distinction, and finds so many Opportunities to do me Service, that I don't at all blush at this Change in my Fortune, or my Dependence. We live contented, and at our Ease; my Business diverts me at the same Time that it employs me;
my

my Spouse is always obliging and amiable; and nothing is capable of altering her Sentiments: I have had several Children, the Fruits of her Tenderness; we have a considerable Fortune, in Expectation, from divers Quarters; and, in the mean while, we spend our Days, in a sweet Harmony, and Tranquillity.



C H A P. III.

Bigand is released from Confinement. The Task that is set him, as a Trial of his Abilities. The remarkable Adventure, and Combat, of an old bandy-legg'd Fellow with a vigorous young Gentleman.

AS soon as *Saint Onge* had concluded his remarkable Story, he rose up, and went to discharge the Duties of his Employment: Three Days did I continue in Suspense as to my Fate; during which the Secretary, and his obliging Spouse, spent the Evening, and supped with me, every Night.

There was no Need of being prepossessed in her Favour, in order to induce me to think that Lady beautiful; for she was indeed extremely amiable: In short, I could never have been tired, nor never melancholy in the Company of this good-humoured Pair: neither was my Mind disquieted by any disagreeable Fore-bodings.

On the fourth Day, *Saint Onge* entered my Room, about Eight in the Morning, with a smiling Countenance, which seemed to promise me some welcome News: Accordingly, well, Monsieur *L'Abbe*, cried he, at last you are free; his
Excellency

Excellency orders you to hasten to him in his Closet; and I am much mistaken, if he does not think of something for your Advantage; I shall not say any more to you. This Speech delighted me infinitely; wherefore, without losing any Time, I flew to the Ambassador's Appartment.

As soon as he was at Leisure, I was introduced into his Closet, and threw myself at his Feet; but he made me get up immediately, and thus accosted me: Your Sincerity has pleased me, Monsieur *L'Abbe*; if you will promise me therefore to be discreet for the future, I will secure you from wanting, by giving you Bread.

You are cunning, ingenious, and inquisitive; which Qualities will suit me very well, provided they are attended with a prudent Behaviour. I want one who may be able to procure me Intelligence of divers Things which nearly concern me; a Man never discharges any Office so well, as when it agrees with his Inclination; I bethought me immediately, on hearing your Story, of what Service you was most capable: Consider, whether you are willing to devote yourself to my Service.

Ah! my Lord, cried I, being in Raptures, at a Favour so conformable to my Fancy, how greatly am I indebted to you? and how fortunate for me was the Day when I had the Honour and Happiness to be brought to your Excellency's? On saying this, I threw myself again at his Feet; but he raised me up very graciously, charging me to behave prudently, and with Discretion: I have made an End of your Affair, pursued he, and you may appear again boldly; but, in order to try whether you are able to serve me effectually, I desire you would bring me an Account to what Means I have had recourse to deliver you from
the

the Enemy who was in Pursuit of you ; and I allow you three Days for the Performance of this.

You may now go back, continued he, to *Saint Onge*, I have already given him my Orders about you, and have settled your Wages, which he is to pay you every Month. Having thus spoken, he made a Sign for me to withdraw, which I did accordingly, rejoicing at my Heart, to find that this Affair was so happily terminated.

Never had any News, in my whole Life, been so agreeable to me, as this whereof I had just been informed ; I was so much transported thereat, that I could hardly contain myself. I hastened to *Saint Onge*, and acquainted him therewith ; he congratulated me upon my good Fortune ; and told me, he had Orders to pay me Fifty Livres a Month.

I thought the Wages very handsome ; and apprized him of the Task enjoined me ; whereupon he advised me to leave no Means unessayed to succeed therein. Undoubtedly, continued he, his Excellency thinks it pretty difficult to come at this Discovery, since he has pitched upon it as the Touch-Stone, whereby to try your Abilities.

No Matter for that, cried I, to *Saint Onge*, I will warrant I will perform it to his Satisfaction, let it be never so hard to be accomplished : Having thus said, I hastened directly to the Street *de* —, and took up my Standing in an Alley over against the House of *Madam de B* —, that fair kind-hearted Lady, of whom ample Mention has been made in the former Part of my Adventures.

Having placed myself there, I watched narrowly all that went in or came out of her Door ; and particularly, whether *D'Ossilly* or *Bericard* entered therein ;

therein; for my Suspicion fell immediately upon them; and it will be seen hereafter that I had not judged amiss.

My Expectation, however, was vain; for I waited there 'till Six in the Evening, without being able to meet with any Thing which could give me an Insight into what I wanted. Hereupon, growing out of Patience, I addressed myself to a Vintner who used to serve *Madame de B——* with Wine, and asked him (not fearing to be known by him) as if I was just come out of the Country, whether that Lady was in Town.

He told me, she had not been seen, ever since the Misfortune that had happened to one *Mons. D'Ossilly*, who passed for one of her Relations, and who had been taken into Custody Four Days before, at Six o'Clock in the Morning: It would be impossible to tell you the Impression this News made upon me; nevertheless, I did not rejoice thereat, as much Reason as I thought I had to complain of his Cruelty and Ingratitude.

This Account not satisfying me entirely, I begged the Vintner to inform me, whether he did not know what was become of one *Bericard* who waited upon that *D'Ossilly*. No Body better, answered he; and, calling one of his Drawers, he ordered him to shew me the Place where he usually frequented, and to which they carried him Wine very often. The Servant went thither with me directly; telling me, at parting, it was up three Pair of Stairs; and adding with a malicious Sneer, that a good pretty brown Lass lodged there, whom he believed not to be indifferent to honest *Bericard*.

I took good Notice of the House; which done, I went directly to a Broker's, where, with the

poor *Louis d'Or* I had left, I bought an old dirty Frock, together with all the Implements belonging to a Shoe-Cleaner. Being thus equipped, I hastened to the Chamber which had been assigned me at the Embassador's, to put on my Disguise; and, having greased my Hair, and smeared my Face all over, was transformed in a Moment into a compleat Member of the worthy Fraternity of Japanners of Shoes.

Thus metamorphosed, I repaired to the House where I was to find *Bericard*; and, stealing up to the third Story, peeped through the Key-Hole, and saw my Gentleman at Table, with a young Woman who seemed to me tolerably handsome. I listened therefore attentively to their Discourse, and soon overheard *Bericard*, as he thus bespoke the Lady of his Affections.

We must absolutely ward off this Blow where-with he is threatened; (it was of *D'Ossilly*, I found, he was talking) if he is sent a Transport to the Plantations, we are utterly ruined: Never was Master so much a Benefactor to a Servant, as this of mine; in one Day, one gets more with him, than in a Year with another; he has the most surprizing Shifts and Stratagems that can be imagined. I cannot conceive by whose Means he was taken into Custody; nor who could be able to inform his Father of the Place of his Abode, unless it be the Scoundrel who has robbed him: However that be, continued he, it is absolutely necessary to save him.

You will find it very difficult, said the young Woman; had not his Father intermeddled therewith, the Thing would be more practicable; why don't you endeavour to gain him over to your Side? I have already used my utmost Efforts to that Purpose, answered *Bericard*; but he is inexorable;

orable: He told me the Loss of the last Sum of Money, stolen from him by his Son, was the Occasion of his lying three Months in Prison, for Debt; and concluded with assuring me, he had made an Oath never to forgive him.

To my Comfort, I have another Stratagem ready, pursued *Bericard*; I have gained over the Brother of Madame de B——, who is a Captain of Foot; we have drawn up Articles for his enlisting; and if we can but manage Matters so, as to get them signed by my Master, neither Father, nor any one else, will have it in his Power to prevent his Enlargement.

If that be all, replied the young Woman, the Business will be soon done; one of my Uncles, is Turnkey of the Prison, where he is confined; and, in Case, he has him not, immediately, under his Custody, by giving some Money, to his Brother-Turnkey, to drink, we may easily get Admittance to him.

Taking this for granted, resumed *Bericard*, here are the Articles, together with a *Louis d'Or*; use your utmost Endeavours, to get this Affair accomplished, as soon as possible; it will not be the worse for ourselves—Some Noise I, then, heard upon the Stair-Case, made me withdraw; which I did, extreamly well pleased, with this Discovery.

Having thus, happily executed my Commission, I returned to *Saint Onge*; and asked him, whether his Excellency was at Leisure to be spoken with; he advised me to wait till next Morning; the Business not being of sufficient Consequence, to interrupt him on that Account: I took down, therefore, all the Particulars, whereof I had been informed, in Writing; which done, I went out again, in the same Drels, with Intent, to go in

Quest of some other Adventure, which might convince the Embassador of my Activity, and Vigilance.

As I was passing through the Street *Larmina*, I observed a little bandy-legged old Fellow, who walked along with great Precaution; stopping a little, from Time to Time, and then mending his Pace: Hereupon, I suspected, he was upon some extraordinary, and important Design; for which Reason I resolved to follow him. He looked behind him, every now and then; but, as it began to grow dark, I secured myself, from his mistrustful Eyes, by keeping somewhat, continually, between him and me, which concealed me, from his watchful Looks, and his Distrust: At last, he stopt, in a Street that was no Thorough-fare, where I saw him hide himself, behind a Door.

In the mean while, the Night had entirely overspread our Hemisphere; it was Moonshine, indeed, but the thick Clouds over-shadowing it, and intercepting its Light, it was so gloomy, that it was impossible to distinguish Objects. This gave me the Courage, to approach, as near as possible, to the Door, where I could hear some Persons talking but so low, that it was not, without Difficulty, I could distinguish what was said: This not suiting my inquisitive Temper, I quitted my Station; and placed myself in such a Manner, I lost not one Word of the Discourse.

The Design is very bold and dangerous, said a Voice; I am very much afraid, you will not come off with Honour; so many others have miscarried in the Attempt, that you may, very probably, meet with the same Fate. I have taken such good Measures, answered a second Voice, that this Kill-Cow shall be very artful, very strong, and very brave indeed, if he escapes me. As poorly

as

as I stand, upon my Pedestals, the Danger does not terrify me; perhaps, had this Man-Slayer had me to deal with, at the Beginning, and I had been as well provided for him, as I am at present, he would not have killed so many Persons.

Certainly, continued he, who had begun the Discourse, you don't know the Man; I am perfectly satisfied of your Bravery, and don't at all doubt, your having laid your Scheme very well; but, do you consider, that the Adversary, you are to cope with, is not only endued with extraordinary Courage, but is one of infinite Address, and Dexterity; he has already been the Death of thirty-two Persons in single Combat; and, in that Number, they reckon up several of the best Swordsmen in *France*.

I know his Story, rejoined the other Voice, and have already been a Sufferer by him myself; but was not then so much upon my Guard, nor so well prepared for him; in short, I have made all the Reflections necessary, upon my Undertaking: But, hush! Somebody is coming; get away; and remember what I have told you: Keep you close by the Coach; as soon as you hear me engaged with him, make it come forward; and don't you trouble yourself, about the Rest.

Finding the Man was upon the move, I withdrew; and placed myself in a neighbouring Alley, from whence, I could be Witness to the Scene that was to follow, without Danger of being seen myself. I had not waited long, before I heard a Noise, as of struggling, and an Outcry, of *Here, here*; whereupon, I advanced a little; and, creeping under a Hackney-Coach, saw, by the Help of a Dark-Lanthorn, the most extraordinary Combat, that can be imagined.

The old bandy-legged Fellow, had leaped about the Neck, of a lusty young Gentleman; who, though he used his utmost Efforts, to disengage himself from him, could not prevent his clapping a Gag in his Mouth. The former had drawn his Sword; but Crook-Legs, giving him a Stab in the Shoulder, with a Poniard, obliged him to let it drop; however, notwithstanding his continuing to threaten him with the Poniard, he could never get the Advantage of him so far, as to fasten on him a Pair of Handcuffs, with which, he wanted to have manacled him.

His Vanity, in not suffering any one to second him, hindered him from compassing this his Intent; and made him sensible, though too late, that the Thing was not so easy, as he had fancied; as also, that even those Enterprizes, which are best contrived, prove, frequently, very different, when they come to be put in Execution, from what they were before imagined.

In the mean while, the young Gentleman mawled Bandy-Legs terribly, with his Fist; and struggled so effectually, that, at last, he loosened his Hold, and flung him to the Ground; but the cursed Crook-Legs fell like a Tennis-Ball; and, bounding up again, fastened, a second Time, about the Gentleman's Neck.

The Respite he had gained, however, by the Fall of his crooked Adversary, as short as it was, had given him Time, to draw out a long pointed Knife; with which he stabbed the old Fellow twice, in the Back, so that he fell to the Ground, crying out horribly: The Gentleman then, snatching up his Sword, as nimbly as possible, with the other Hand, was about to make the best of his Way; but the Watch, whom the
Companion

Companion of Bandy-Legs had brought, by this Time, to the Field of Battle, seeing him in a little Confusion, opposed his Passage, and changed the Face of Affairs.

The Gentleman, however, was not, in the least, daunted; the Fear of being taken seemed to give him new Vigour; he made Use of his Left-Hand, as readily as of his Right; and, falling upon the foremost, of those who prevented his Flight, immediately laid two at his Feet. In the mean while, the Tumult, and Uproar, increased every Moment; and, sooner or later, he must have fallen, under the Number of his Adversaries; but, some young Sparks, who were drinking, in a neighbouring Tavern, happening to look out at the Window, and blushing, to see one Man, oppressed by a Multitude, ran out, Sword in Hand, to his Assistance: This unforeseen Relief saved the Gentleman; who then got away from his Opposers, by the Help of the Darknels.

Being hereby prevented, from diving to the Bottom of this singular Adventure, * I withdrew from under the Coach, for fear of being crushed in Pieces; and, intermingling with the Crowd, saw Bandy-Legs taken up, weltring in his Blood, and, to all Appearance, lifeless. They put him into the Coach, in this Condition, without his being lamented by any one; several of the People, who were present, happening to know him, and giving out, that he was not only a Spy, but one of the most dangerous of that Sort: Hereupon, the Populace, who, when they take an Aversion to any one, are always in Extreame, would have torn him in Pieces, had it not been for

* The Conclusion of this Story is in the Second Volume.

for the Watch, who guarded the Coach, and made it drive on.

I followed the poor wounded old Wretch, as did the Mob also, to the Prison, whither the Watch conducted him; and, finding I could not get any farther Intelligence there, returned homewards, alone, reflecting upon what I had just seen; when another uncommon Adventure, soon obliterated, these melancholy Impressions.



C H A P. IV.

Bigand meets an unaccountable Man, who is talking to himself. His Soliloquy; and Description. The Stratagem, to which Bigand is forced to have Recourse, in Order to prevail on him, to enter into Conversation.

I HAD not got far, on my Way to the Embassador's, when crossing a Street, which led to his House, I happened to overtake a Man, whom I observed to be alone; and was not a little surprized, to perceive he was talking with great Vehemence and Emotion. Looking about, on every Side, and not seeing a Soul near him, undoubtedly, said I to myself, the poor Wretch is crack-brained! What the Devil does he mean, by thus chattering to himself? Beyond Dispute he must be mad!

I could not help listening, however, to his Discourse; in order to be convinced whether my Suspicion was right; and soon found it so very particular, that I resolved, not to lose one Word of it: Accordingly, I followed him Step by

by Step; and had not gone far, before I plainly overheard him, continuing his Soliloquy, in the following most extraordinary Manner.

‘ The Devil must certainly be in me, to trot thus up and down the Streets every Night! Is not it a horrible Thing, that, with a tolerable Share of good Sense, and so perfect a Hatred as I bear to all Mankind, I should yet stay in this cursed City, where a Man cannot go two Steps without meeting with something to provoke him! Very fine! Look there now! What wants that Chitty-Face with his Nose all a-wry? What does the Coxcomb stare at? Will he never have eyed me enough, with his Peruke like a Furze-Bush? Good-lack! Have a Care of thy Neck, do not stretch it out so much, thou wilt break it else, with thy shrugged-up Shoulders!

‘ Ha! Whence bolted that Fellow? He stamps and fumes; is not he just come from losing his Money? he knits his Brows!—— Why does he stop near that Shop?——A Plague take the Coaches; What! can not a Man stir one Step, without being splashed with Dirt?——Again! Have a Care there! These Hackney Rascals are very insolent with their half-starved Jades.——

‘ Good again! Behold that Powder-Puff, with his Flambeau, and his whining amorous Look! I durst lay a Wager, he is just come, from vowing an eternal Passion which he is far from feeling, to some prudish Coquet; whilst she, with a counterfeited Air of Modesty, makes him repeat a double Entendre which she probably understood when but Twelve Years old.—

‘ O dear! O dear! Very fine, indeed! By my Holy Dame, that affected Dowdy is much in the

‘ the right on’t, to have two Flambeaux to light
 ‘ her old-fashioned Carcase that is ready to drop
 ‘ into the Grave: What! without a Coach? I
 ‘ beg her Pardon, she goes but just cross the
 ‘ Street. Merciful Heavens! What languish-
 ‘ ing Eyes! What a precise Look! Take Care,
 ‘ I beg you, that no-body touches her. March on
 ‘ then, *Abigail*, tuck up your Clouts, — and
 ‘ let Mr. *Courtal* pass: Oh! pray don’t eat me,
 ‘ with your pert, shrivelled Look; your great
 ‘ Patch, stuck upon the Top of your Forehead,
 ‘ does not fright me, nor yet your long *Toledo*—
 ‘ What! I think the Puppy chatters! Go,
 ‘ go, march along with your antiquated Garb.

‘ But hold! What comes here? A Burying!
 ‘ Ay, and a very stately one too! The Deceased
 ‘ was rich undoubtedly; he is much richer now,
 ‘ however, for he wants for Nothing; would I
 ‘ were in his Place. Let us observe the Mourn-
 ‘ ers a little; aha! I see one of them laughing
 ‘ under his Handkerchief! Hark you, Friend, you
 ‘ know the Neighbourhood, without Dispute;
 ‘ whose Funeral is this? Is it a Woman or a
 ‘ Man, married or single, Widow or Widower,
 ‘ Old or Young?

‘ Oh! ’Tis a married Woman; a Merchant’s
 ‘ Wife; Mrs. Such-a-one! Faith, if that is the
 ‘ Case, no Wonder the Husband does not weep
 ‘ much; it is very natural; she spent all the Day
 ‘ in ostentatious Works of Charity, and all the
 ‘ Night in drinking *Champagne*: Above Forty
 ‘ Thousand Livres a Year, do you say! She will
 ‘ be a better Housewife for the future.

‘ Good lack-a-Day! What little Hump-back
 ‘ is this, who is so full of Affectation! My Stars!
 ‘ How polite, how ceremonious, and how fine the
 ‘ Spark is! What a mishapen Lump it is! Ah!

‘ I beg

‘ I beg thy Pardon, my Lord ; didst thou but hide
 ‘ thy Hump, as much as thou displayest thy Hand,
 ‘ because it is white, and adorned with a fine Di-
 ‘ amond, I should not have seen one Defect in
 ‘ thee: Go, march along, thou art bandy-legged
 ‘ to boot ; Ah ! that is too much ; by thy ful-
 ‘ len, thoughtful Look, I believe thee to be both
 ‘ a Knave and an Impostor.——But, are there
 ‘ any others now-a-days ?’

Here I could not forbear laughing at the Vehe-
 mence with which this modern Reviver of the
 Sect of Cynicks raved to himself ; upon which,
 observing that I had been listening to his extraor-
 dinary Soliloquy, he turned his Back upon me, in
 a Passion, and went into a Tavern, whither I fol-
 lowed him : His humorous Discourse having di-
 verted me too much, for me to lose Sight of him,
 so soon.

I entered, therefore, into the same Room with
 him ; and placed myself at a little Table, not far
 from that where he sat, leaning upon both El-
 bows, and supporting his Head, with his Hands.
 He stampd frequently, with his Feet ; which pro-
 ceeded, no Doubt, from his Impatience at not be-
 ing waited on soon enough ; by Chance he cast his
 Eyes upon me ; but took them off again in a Mo-
 ment, with an angry Look, being displeased, un-
 doubtedly, at finding himself so near a Man who
 had the Air of a Beggar ; and, I dare swear, he
 did not spare me, at that Time, a Jot more than
 the rest.

Whilst he was muttering to himself, I viewed
 him narrowly, from Head to Foot ; and his Per-
 son seemed to me as extraordinary as his Behavi-
 our. He appeared to be about fifty Years of
 Age, by the Wrinkles on one Side of his Face ;
 but, which surprized me vastly, upon observing
 the

the other, one should not have judged him to be above Half so much; undoubtedly, thinks I, he has used the wrinkled Side more than the other. His Eyes, which were large, and shewed a great deal of the White, gave him an angry and chole-
rick Look. His Brows, which were thick, and shaped like an S, lorted it upon a Forehead of an amazing Height, which one might have compared to a Heath; so greatly was it disfigured with Warts, Hair, and Scars.

His Peruque, which was as black as Jet, and had formerly been in buckle, though there were then no Curls remaining, did not cover above half his Noddle; and the Dirtiness of the Cawl, had rendered it so smooth, and apt to slip about, that he could not move his Head in the least, but this Scare-Crow of a Wig, would be all on one Side, and turned about like a Whirligig; which contributed, not a little, towards giving an Air of Distraction, to every Thing he said or did.

As for his Nose, one could scarce see any one he had, it was so very flat; and, had it not been for two Nostrils, of a prodigious Size, wherein numberless Hairs, besmear'd with Snuff, appeared as thick, as Trees in a Grove, one might have taken it for the Shawdow of his Eye-Brows.

His Mouth was set off with two enormous Lips, so very dry, and parched up, by his Earnestness in Discourse, that the Skin was become livid, and peeled off: Then, for his Chin, that was more extraordinary than all the rest; for, it was speckled all over with white, and red; and as shining, as if it had been just taken out, of a Barrel of Oil: To sum up all, his Neck was very rough, and as long as a Crane's; and, besides this, it was made in such a manner, that
his

his Head turned upon it, with as much ease, as if it had been placed upon a Spindle.

As for his Cloaths, they were of a Buff-Colour, and pretty handsome, but with Buttons as big as Turnips ; as for his Sword, it was but short ; to make Amends, however, the Hilt might have vyed, for Largeness, with the most enormous, in the *Swiss* Cantons.

What pleased me yet more, in my Survey of this extraordinary Mortal, was his Snuff-Box : It was a perfect Kettle-Drum, and of a very shining Metal ; insomuch, that it might have passed for Gold, had it been in more decent Hands. In short, it was of a monstrous Size ; but, no Wonder ; for he took Snuff with such a Gust, that he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, as if to give Thanks, for so great a Blessing ; and, before he took each Pinch, he would hawk, and spit, for several Minutes : Nay, he had brought his Organs so much under Subjection, that he had found the Way to spit, and blow his Nose, both at once.

At last, the Wine came ; but not without his storming for having waited so long : The Drawer made Abundance of Apologies ; but he had to deal with a Man, who would not easily be put off with Excuses ; accordingly he raved, for Half an Hour together about the Glass, which he complained, was not well enough rinched : Let us see your Hands, Sirrah, cryed he, I durst lay a Wager, they have not been washed this Week ; a Plague take the dirty Rascal.

Pardon me, Sir, answered the Drawer, though I were not disposed to wash them, of my own Inclination, I am obliged to be dabling, so often, in Water, to rince the Glasses, that——Call you this rincing, cryed this eternal Fault-finder,

interrupting him, in a Passion ; and these Spots too, continued he, holding up the Glafs ! But, Sir, answered the Drawer, don't you see, plainly, that they are Flaws in the Glafs ? You are a saucy Jackanapes, replied old *Surly*, hastily ; and, which is yet worse, you are a scurvy Jester ; be gone, and leave me to myself.

Had I not had the Design, to enter into Conversation, with this Original of a Man, this Successor of *Timon's*, I should have burst into a Laughter ; but, on that Account, I refrained, though not without great Difficulty : For that Matter, Sir, cryed I, you are much in the Right on't, one cannot be worse served, than one is, at present, in all these Taverns.

I imagined, this my Assent, to what he had been saying, would procure me an Answer ; but I had to do with a Man, who would not, so easily, become acquainted with any one ; Accordingly, he only gave me a scornful Look, took up his Bottle and Glafs, and removed with them to one of the Corners of the Room : I was nettled at this Procedure ; and, the more averse he seemed to engage in Discourse with me, the more was I resolved to accomplish my Design.

After considering, therefore, a few Moments, how to bring it about, I rightly judged there could be no better Way, than to pretend myself infected with the same Kind of Extravagance as he was. Accordingly, I began to mutter between my Teeth ; whereupon, he immediately leaned his Head forwards, and seemed to nibble at the Bait ; I then spoke out distinctly, and, in an impatient Tone, surprized him with the following odd Soliloquy.

How miserable is the Wretch that is poor ! he is sure to be despised, by the whole World.

Were

Were I in affluent Circumstances, or could I find a Purse with a Hundred *Louis d'Ors* therein, when I got out of this Tavern, the Case would be strangely altered with me. I run directly to a Broker's, and buy a Suit of laced Cloaths; from thence, I proceed to a Gaming-House; Make way there, says I, advancing boldly to the Table, and throwing down Twenty Pistoles thereon.

All Eyes are fixed upon me, at this Sight, Zooks, cries one, this is something like a Player! Let us observe! Every one is on Tip-toe, to see my Chance; I win; a thousand Compliments are made me, by those not concerned in the Cast; I refuse to take up my Money, and stake the whole again; this Imprudence is extolled; Fortune concurs luckily with my Want of Conduct; I break all the Gamesters; and carry off Five hundred Pistoles.

Hereupon, the Supporters of the Hazard Table tender me their Service; one desires my Company to Supper, another offers me his Coach, to carry me Home: I continue playing, for several Days following, with the same Good-Luck; here comes the Prince of Gamesters, cry they, as soon as I appear: all run to meet me, with a Smile, and officiously strive, to anticipate all my Wishes. Is it hot, they offer me Refreshments! Is it cold, they give me the best Place next the Fire! Till Company comes in, they divert me with all the Intrigues, and Scandal of the Town; one invites me, with a Whisper, to throw at his Money; another beats about the Bush; boasts of his great Riches in Expectation; and talks of his former Affluence; but concludes, with telling me, that his Ill-Luck had quite stript him of all; and intreating me, to lend him

Four Pistoles——With all my Heart, Sir, there they are at your Service——You need but speak.——

My Generosity is now cried up; and Twenty Suppers are offered me, as I am going away from the Table, where I have doubled my Money: The Streets are dangerous, let us see you Home. I pitch upon one whose Look please me best; I will sup with you to Night, Sir, says I——; Ah! Sir, you do me too much Honour.

Scarce am I got within Doors, but my Name is sounded, with Transport; here is Mr. such a one, cries my Introducer, with an Emphasis. At this Word, several Ladies rise up, one of them in particular, is very handsome, the rest tolerable; I make my Addresses to the former; every Syllable carries Persuasion with it; every Thing I say, is received with a Smile; I am treated with the greatest Complaisance; and my Merit, which consists only in my laced Cloaths, and well-lined Pockets, is displayed to the greatest Advantage.

The Master of the House, observes my having singled out, the prettiest of the Ladies, and talks loud, that he may put no Constraint upon my Conversation; by Degrees the Talk becomes general; it is a Thousand Pities, that with all my fine Qualities I don't marry; I should make any Woman happy.

I answer very complaisantly, that I will think upon it; I begin to be tired of a single Life: Every Body approves of this Discourse, and applauds my Sentiments; all Eyes are turned upon the young Lady, to whom I first addressed myself; she is a Relation; they interest themselves in

in her Behalf. I add, that, in Spite of my having always been averse to Matrimony, if such a charming Creature as this Lady were proposed, I do not know, whether my Mind would not soon be changed.

The young Beauty bridles up at this Declaration ; if it is not sincere, it is at least obliging ; all this is said at the Desert ; the Mistress of the House, who is her Aunt, or pretends so to be, jogs her Niece, with her Knee, under the Table, and gives her a significant Look ; which is as much as to say expressly ; Sit upright, Cousin, and endeavour to gain the Heart of this rich Gentleman, he will be a good Match for you.

Supper being over, every one feigns an Errand out of the Room, as if about some Business, and I am left alone with the young Lady : I fall on my Knees before her, and squeeze her by the Hand ; she does not offer to resist, but just as much as absolute Decency requires ; besides, she must make sure of me ; I utter a hundred Impertinencies ; but whether I talk to the Purpose or not, it matters not a Farthing, my agreeable Conversation, and ready Wit, is cried up.

The Company returns ; it grows late ; the young Lady and her Mother, who are but Visitors, must be going Home ; I take Advantage of that Opportunity ; I will set you down, Ladies ; my Coach is but at the Door ; though it is hired but by the Week, they are so much prepossessed in my Favour, they suppose it mine ; I carry them to their House, on Pretence of Good-Manners, and hand them into their own Apartment ; I have my own Views therein, I have a Mind to see whether they live in any Figure.

Good Night, my Lord Marquis, say they, (for I have long been honoured with that Title ; the

Affluence of my Purse being allowed as a sufficient Proof of my Nobility) shall we see you soon again? Don't stand for Compliments; but come and foul a Plate, without Ceremony: I promise it, and return Home, perfectly satisfied.

As soon as I am in Bed, I begin to consider: I have no Estate but what comes by Play; Fortune is a great Jilt; it is dangerous trusting her too far; one ill Run may undo me; it has been insinuated to me artfully, that the young Lady is a good Match; she has Four thousand Livres a Year, that will secure me a handsome Maintenance; I have a considerable Sum in ready Money; why should not I make an End of this Affair as soon as possible?

Having thus concluded within myself, I send next Morning to the officious Friend, at whose House I had met her, and desire his Company at Breakfast? he flies at my Invitation; I take Care, however, not to speak at first of my Design. The Conversation turns upon indifferent Things; whatever I say, is received with Approbation, and my Judgment is applauded; at last the Discourse turns upon the Hardness of the Times; Money is very scarce, says I; a hundred deserving Persons are in Want; how sorry am I for it, Heaven knows! Why am not I acquainted with them? I would spare them the Shame of asking: My obliging Friend is silent; seems in a deep Study; and sighs.

But are you unfortunately in this Case, Sir, continue I? What! you don't say a Word! you turn away your Eyes! Ah! it is a Sign you don't know me! I run to my Closet, and return with a *Roulean* of a Hundred Pieces; here they are at your Service, I lend them you——Abundance of

Thanks

Thanks are at the Tongue's End——Not a Syllable I beseech you——You do but banter me——let me hear no more of it——.

The Hundred Pieces have quite turned the Man's Brain; the Gold, however, finds the Way into his Pocket, where the Hand that has placed it there, tells it over secretly, with Pleasure; his Satisfaction is visible in his Countenance; again he offers to return me Thanks—.

Ah! not a Word of that——let us talk of your beauteous Cousin; do you know that she is extremely handsome? I should be overjoyed to see her again——Ah! Sir, you do her infinite Honour! It is true, she is a Person of strict Virtue; and, which is more, she is a considerable Fortune——A Fortune! what do I care for that! if the Fancy should take me in the Head, that would be one of the last Things I should regard.

But supposing, for once, I should have a Mind to marry her (this I add with a bantering Air) I warrant she would not have me?——Oh! dear Sir! how can you say so! Alas! she will never be so happy, to have such a Thought enter your Imagination; but, were that to come to pass, I can answer for it, the Business should be soon done.

Well, well, we will consider about it; I don't reject the Offer; you may see whether she is disposed to take Advantage of an Inclination, which may, perhaps, wear off——How transported am I, at being honoured with this Commission! Before Twenty-four Hours are expired, you may expect me again, with a favourable Answer.

Go your Ways, says I laughing, but remember, continues I, I tell you beforehand, I am worth Nothing; I am not rich——Well, well, that

that is a good Jest, cries my excellent Friend, taking his Leave; my Confin will be contented with your good Mien; and having thus spoken, away he goes.

Next Morning, he is sure not to fail coming, and inviting me to Dinner: What a Deluge of Compliments! what Professions of Friendship! The Mother is just ready to run into my Mouth, and the Daughter can hardly contain herself for Joy; the Marriage Articles are drawn; Dinner is over; I settle a Hundred Thousand Livres upon my future Spouse; more Compliments upon that Head; I clap Fifty Pieces into the Hands of the Lawyer, who is ready to leap out of his Skin—I congratulate you, Madam, upon your approaching Happiness, says he, to my intended Consort; this is what one may call a Husband indeed; Come sign the Writings; we do so; and, this done, we part.

In the mean while, I have left off going to the Hazard Table for several Days: There must be Jewels, fine Cloaths, and a handsome Equipage; my Purse will never hold out for all these Expenses; let us away again to the Gaming-Houle, Fortune will stand my Friend as usual. Away go I to the Table; what Acclamations! Here he comes, cry they, with an unanimous Voice! Every one officiously offers me his Service with a thousand Caresses and Compliments. Have you been indisposed, Sir? No. Oh! we shall have something like Play, now, cries a giddy-brained Wretch; here has been but miserable Piddling, during the Absence of the Marquis.

I advance; Room is made for me; a Hundred Pistoles a Throw, or I am gone: I toss them down upon the Table; all Eyes are fixed upon me,

me, at this pleasing Sight, and an agreeable Murmur is heard throughout the Room. I set you your Hundred Pistoles, cries a Commissioner of the Revenues, with a gay, chearful Air: Mean while what a Searching of Pockets! What secret Reckonings! And what clandestine Designs are there formed under the Pretence of Friendship to undo me!

Do I lose? What a Pleasure! Every one does his own Business, and ruins mine. A Hundred Pieces more; they are soon lost, and soon paid at which the Joy of the Company redoubles. I set you two Hundred Pistoles; they are gone in an Instant: Three Hundred, the same — Three Hundred, good Heavens! Well it is charming, cries a little piddling Wretch, who, for his miserable Crown, stuns every Soul with his Noise. What lost! all lost! merciful Stars!

The whole Evening is spent with the same Ill-Luck: At last, being quite stript, I begin to reflect upon my Folly, and am seized with the Palpitation of the Heart: Every one is delighted with the Play; and one may hear the Chinking of Money, with Expressions of the greatest Satisfaction, in every Corner of the Room. For that Matter, says an impertinent Coxcomb who had enriched himself with my Spoils, with an Air of Friendship, you have played with the most unparalleled Ill-Luck; Pho! you do not know the Marquis, cries another, you shall see him lose as much more, without the least Concern.

Mean while, I am ready to burst with Madness, at the Impertinence of these Puppies. All this Time, with all these fine Speeches, though they find I do not say a Word of having my Revenge, and see all my Money is gone, not one of them comes, and tells me, here are a Hundred
 Pieces

Pieces to set you up again: Me, who have lent many of them as much, above Twenty Times, on the like Occasion!

Well, away I go; they know I am quite stript; there is no Fear, of their offering to conduct me Home; they see plainly, I have nothing to apprehend from Thieves. I leave the Gaming-Table in Despair; to add to my Misfortune, my Coach cannot be found, a cursed Hackney appears, I get therein; another Mortification! not a *Sous* in my Pocket to pay the Coachman, when I come Home; forced to borrow Half-a-Crown of one of my Servants!

As soon as I get within Doors, I lay hold on all my Plate, Jewels and Cloaths, and away I go to sell them; Mortification upon Mortification; They are stopt; the unseasonable Hour causes Suspicion of their being stolen: I must find Somebody to appear for my Character; otherwise, I shall neither have Money, nor my Things again; I have Recourse, like a Fool, to my very good Friend above-mentioned, the Cousin's Relation: He rises up, before I speak, and makes a thousand Offers of Service; I inform him, yet more like a Fool, what has befallen me; and add, that, as he is well known, I want him to answer for my Reputation; with all my Heart, cries he, with a thoughtful Air, let us go to the Broker's; we do so, and I sell my Things for Half their Value.

Thus recruited, I return to the Hazard-Table; they shout as soon as they set Eyes on me; they judge I am going to play again; and reckon, that the same Ill-Luck will attend me; wherein they are not mistaken.

Being stript a second Time of all, I turn about to my pretended Friend, to whom I had lent the
Hundred

Hundred Pistoles, and desire only Fifty; he draws out Twenty, without making me any Answer; though I could see plainly at the first Run of my Ill-Luck, he had taken Advantage thereof, as well as the Rest, and had enriched himself by my Ruin: I lose these as well as the rest; and I look about again for my Gentleman, to desire some more; but he is gone: I lose the Title of a fine Gamester, which I had so dearly bought, and fall a storming, thundering, and raving, to myself.

The Day succeeds to this unfortunate Night, I run to my intended Spouse; she is already acquainted with my being undone, and will hardly deign to look upon me; I come too early, it is being wanting in Respect to the Ladies: Next Morning I am given to understand that my Marriage is broken off; I hasten to her again; I fly thither to make up Matters; the Door is shut against me; she is gone into the Country. *O Tempora! O Mores!* Having thus said, I gave the Table a Kick, and overthrew it with an Air of the deepest Despair.

Hereupon, my Original of a Companion, who had listened, with the most singular Attention, to my astonishing Discourse, turning about to me, on a sudden; Is it possible, cryed he, viewing me narrowly from Head to Foot, that a Man, who, but a few Days ago kept a Coach, should now be reduced to blacking Shoes? O adverse Fortune, these are some of thy Caprices! Come, Sir, have a good Heart, pursued he, come, and partake of a Glass, with me; as much an Enemy, as I am to all Mankind, your Looks, and your Misfortunes, have prepossessed me in your Favour: Draw near, I tell you, continued he, finding I seemed to make a Difficulty of so doing;
I can

I can prove to you, that I am yet more unhappy than yourself ; though I am in a quite different Condition, in other Respects ; come hither, I will tell you my Story.

I thanked my new Acquaintance for his kind Offer ; heartily overjoyed, that I had brought him to that very Point, where I wanted him : He was so prodigiously altered in his Behaviour, that, instead of being so rough, and morose, as I had thought him before, I found him perfectly civil and obliging ; we drank two or three Glasses ; he seemed to study for a few Moments ; after which he broke Silence, as will be seen in the ensuing Chapter.



C H A P. II.

The Surprising Story, of the Italian Adept, and Philosopher, Rametzi.

I Was born at the famous City of *Venice* ; and my Father was the celebrated *Raymund Lully**, whose profound Writings, yet extant among us, sufficiently demonstrate the Extent of his Capacity as well as his consummate Experience, in the most exalted, and most abstruse Sciences. Scarcely
was

* *Raymund Lully*, the Pupil of *Husail*, was the Son of *James Lully*, Apothecary, to the third Doge of *Venice* ; and acquired a prodigious Reputation, by curing one of the Senators of a Leprosy, which Dittemper was then very common at *Venice*, and had before been reckoned incurable.

was I able to read, before he made me apply myself to my Studies ; taking the Pains, to teach me himself and discovering to me the choicest Secrets of Nature. He found, in me, a Disposition, very ready to receive any great Impressions ; and a Mind, as ardently desirous, of improving by his Instructions, as he could be, to instil them into me, or see me a Proficient therein.

Ten Years were thus spent, in the Study of the most sublime Branches, of Experimental Philosophy ; and my Mind, inured to Difficulties, no longer sunk under the Weight of the most intricate Studies. But, the Case was not the same with my Father ; his Knowledge * for which he had been indebted only to his own Labour, and profound Speculations had been very prejudicial to his Health ; and his bodily Strength was quite worn out, by the intense Application, and fatiguing Toils, of his Mind : Accordingly, he died in my Arms, just as he had made himself Master of the Philosopher's Stone ; his excessive Joy, at having found out that invaluable Treasure, contributing not a little to his ending his Days so suddenly.

I complied punctually with his last Will, and after having committed to the Flames, the precious Remains of so venerable a Father, went on in bringing his last Discovery to Perfection. Not content with having gained a Point, to which such Numbers of the greatest Men had in vain aspired for so many Ages, I resolved to carry my Enquiries still farther ; and to render the rich

VOL. I.

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Matter

* He began to study at *Rome*, at the Age of Thirty-five, and, in Three Years, made himself Master of Two Languages.

Matter not only * liquid, but permanently fluid.

Three Years was I thus employed without being able to accomplish my Desire ; my close Application, to this Study, impaired my Health insensibly ; and I was obliged by my Weakness to discontinue my Enquiry. The Sorrow, wherewith I was seized, at being thus debarred from the Pursuit of my Labours, induced me to reflect, upon the Infirmities, of the human Body ; my restless and inquisitive Mind incited me to make an Analysis thereof ; and, after a profound Examination, into the Creation, Quality, Form, and Affinity, of all the Parts, the one with the other, I drew this Inference from thence ; that if we could find a Remedy, capable of fixing the Nature of the Blood, we should never grow old ; but, on the contrary, might arrive at Immortality ; or, at least, might live as many Ages upon the Earth, as the Antidiluvian Patriarchs.

The Accomplishment of this Undertaking made so deep an Impression on me, that as soon as I found myself on the mending Hand, I raised a considerable Sum ; by converting divers Ingots of Gold, with all imaginable Secrecy, into ready Money ; for which I afterwards procured Bills of Exchange ; the Easiness of our Circumstances contributing not a little to our Progress in the Study of Sciences. Being thus provided with every Thing necessary for my Purpose, I travelled over all the habitable Parts of the Universe ; sought out all the most learned Men ; crossed the most remote

* It is pretended, that *Philip Raymond Lull*, called, in the *Italian*, *Rametzi*, found some liquid Gold, in a Vein of the Earth ; and that this gave him the Hint of reducing it to a State of Fluidity.

remote Mountains and Deserts ; compared the Virtues of all Simples ; and, after having procured a sufficient Quantity, of every Sort, had them all brought, at a prodigious Expence, to my Laboratory.

Ten Years did I spend in this Search ; and, as soon as I was returned, began to apply myself to Work, with more Ardour than ever : In the meanwhile, though I kept myself as retired as possible, the uncommon Reputation, * acquired by my Father, had such an Influence even upon mine, that the learned Virtuosi, flocked from all Parts to visit me ; and I readily communicated to them all the other Secrets, to which I had attained, excepting that of the Philosopher's Stone, which I kept inviolably concealed.

As much an Adept as I was, the Leaven of Self-Love still remained in me ; and I should not, perhaps, have applied myself so indefatigably to Work, had there been No-body in the World, whose Admiration, might have rewarded me for my Labour. Accordingly, I received with great Civility, all who came to visit me ; and, when my Knowledge could be of any Service to them, they were sure of meeting with effectual Relief.

The new Insight I had already got in the Science of Physick, had far exceeded the ordinary Bounds, and considerably increased my Fame ; it

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is

* *R. metzi* speaks thus only through Modesty ; *Heinsius* extols him highly : and *Grotius*, together with all those, who have treated about the Great Men of former Times, have enlarged greatly upon this Head. *Madame Dacier*, also, has made very careful Enquiries, after the Productions of this profound Adept.

is true, indeed, I am the first, who, by the Sight of a Patient's Urine, has been able to discover the most secret Diseases: But I have carried my Knowledge much farther, and in vain have any endeavoured to imitate me; having made frequent Cures of Distempers without stirring out of my Study; by the profound Knowledge I had acquired in rarefying the Urine, * or in resolving the Blood, if the Person was wounded, into other Liquors.

However, the Physicians, who generally envy and bear an Ill-will to any Persons who perform Cures to their Prejudice, did not behave in the same Manner to me; because I never offered my Assistance to any Patient, until they had given him over. They were so highly pleased, with this my Regard to them, that they were the first to cry me up; and, in one Word, so much was I respected, that neither Sovereign Prince, Doge, or Senator, whatever Privilege his Station or Quality might give him, ever approached my Doors, but on those Days which I had set a-part for receiving Company; when their Visits were rather a Refreshment to me, than any Hindrance to my Labours.

Ten Years were thus elapsed, without any Thing discomposing the Tranquillity of my Mind; when one Night, about Eleven, a Servant entered my Laboratory, where I was intent upon the Dissolution of a Load Stone, which

* There is still to be seen at *Venice*, in the Treasury of the Republick, a Phial, wherein one may discern some Liquor; but, whatever Efforts I could make to distinguish its Quality or Colour, I could never obtain my Desire.

which I was reducing into a Vapour in a Phial. * Incensed at this unusual Disturbance, I turned about impatiently, and asked, whether he had forgot, my having forbid any one's interrupting me, by Night, in my *Sarzebi*? † But the Servant excused himself, by telling me, that a Senator, accompanied by divers Troopers, was at my Gate.

I was not a little surprized, and uneasy, at this unseasonable Visit; however, I ordered the Senator, to be shown into the Saloon of *Diana*; that being the Apartment where I received Company; and, as soon as the Servant was gone, pulling up a Trap-Door, where I concealed all the Treasures of my Studies, I took a Poison of my own preparing, and lodged it behind my Ear; being resolved to make Use thereof, in Case I was suspected of having the Philosopher's Stone; and they should put me to the Torture, in order to the obtaining my Secret. This done, I went to the Senator, with great Composure of Mind; who thus accosted me, as soon as we were both seated.

† The State, jealous of the Treasure they possess, in thee, thou Son of the most skilful of
S 3 Mankind,

* The Loadstone, reduced into a Vapour, has Virtue to re-animate and restore all Parts that are decaying; and it is averred, that the long Life of *Prester John*, is entirely owing to his being possessed of this invaluable Secret.

† *Rametzi's* Laboratory in a Cave, which is still to be seen at Venice.

† The Republick, being afraid of losing a Subject of such Value as *Rametzi*, had made a Decree, whereby it was forbid to disturb him in his Operations; and particular Days were set apart by him, for the Relief of those who stood in Need of his invaluable Secrets,

Mankind, will always take the most exact Care, that thou mayest enjoy, in Peace, the Fruit of thy Labours: Accordingly, it is an established Law with all, from the greatest to the least Member of the Republick, whatever Need he may have of thine unparalleled Knowledge, not to have Recourse thereto, but on the Days, set apart for that Purpose by thyself. But, Oh! *Great Rametzi!* give some Allowances for Love; it is that which is the Cause of this Interruption, and has made me pretend an Order from the Senate, to break through thy Customs. *Likinda* is dying; I adore her with a boundless Ardour; thou knowest all Things; and, without having experienced the Ravage made on other weak Mortals, by the Passions of the Mind, thou art a Master of too much Discernment, not to be a Judge, what inexpressible Torments the Heart of Man suffers, when on the Point of losing, what it loves to Distraction: For the Sake then of this Love, and of thine own Reputation and Glory, restore *Likinda* to Life, or give me my Death.

This passionate Speech of the Senator's, moved me to the greatest Degree, without my being able to dive into the Reason thereof: Let me see that Phial, said I, observing one in his Hand; I suppose it is some of the Patient's Water. He did so, after which I desired this tender Lover to go into the Closet, where I made my Observations; and ordering one of my Servants, to bring me the * Blood of a Black Goat, poured it
into

* The Blood of a Black Goat, has the Virtue to purify all other Liquors. It is said that *Priam*, King of *Troy*, took it under the Disguise of Coffee, every Morning for Breakfast; which was the Cause of his living so long, and having so many Children: The *Grand Signor* himself takes it but once in Two Days.

into a Vessel, wherein I had put *Likinda's* Urine.

Having so done, I covered the whole with Spirits of Wine, and set Fire thereto; the volatile Flame went out, in a Moment after; but the Spirit was quite evaporated, and would not take Fire again. This Circumstance made me change Colour; my Lord, said I, the Patient is no longer animated by——At this Declaration, the Senator interrupted me, by falling backwards upon his Seat, absolutely deprived of all his Senses; but two Drops of *Tbissois*, * restored him both to Life, and to his Senses; which my too sudden Declaration had endangered. O Heavens! cried he, opening his Eyes, why did you not suffer me to die? *Likinda* is no longer living! Why did you not either prevent this Misfortune, or suffer me to return, with her, to the silent Tomb?

Whilst the Senator was thus breathing out his mournful Complaints, a Sort of Vapour, which issued out from the Vessel, wherein the Urine was, drew all my Attention; I had never been used to any such Phænomenon; it created, therefore, some Doubts in me; and whether it was, that I had a Mind to remove them, or, whether it was, that some fatal Planet, was then predominant over me, I resolved myself to see, and judge, with my own Eyes, the Condition of the Person, for whom he was come to consult me.

With this Intent, let us begone my Lord, cried I to the Senator; I am not infallible; let us view *Likinda*: According to the Rules of Art, she seems

* A certain Elixir, now known by the Name of General *De La Motte's* Drops.

seems to be past Remedy; but, if she be not actually dead already, I am in Hopes of saving her. On hearing me say thus, the Senator recovered his Spirits, in some Measure, and rose up hastily, his Countenance clearing up, and shewing the Confidence he reposed in my Skill; it seemed as if he looked upon me as something divine: Accordingly he set out with me chearfully for his House, and we were soon at the Gate.

Scarce was it opened to us, when a Slave, throwing himself prostrate at the Feet of the Senator, Ah! my Lord, cried he with a mournful Voice! He said no more, nor, indeed, was it needful; for, hold, Wretch, what art thou about to tell me, cried the passionate *Venetian*, interrupting him with Fury? Alas! you prophesied but too true, continued he to me; this dejected Slave here prostrate at my Feet, this forsaken House, that looks like a Desert, all these Circumstances declare that *Likinda* is no more: in Effect, as we went through the stately Apartments, every Soul avoided us, and Grief was visibly painted in every Face.

At last, we came to a sumptuous Chamber, illuminated by divers Chrystal Branches, full of Wax-Tapers; whose Light, nevertheless, did not dazzle the Eye so much, as the beauteous *Likinda*, fast locked as she lay in the Arms of Death: that pale Tyrant having quite over-spread her Face, without depriving her of any of her Charms, insomuch that she seemed only as if sleeping.

On casting my Eyes upon the departed Fair One, I found myself affected with a secret Trouble, to which I had been till then a Stranger: Mean while, the disconsolate Senator, upon his Knees, was bathing with his Tears the lovely

lovely Hands of his beauteous Mistress: For my Part, I could hardly support myself on my Legs, an universal Trembling having seized upon my whole Body. Having been buried till then in deep Speculations, and abstruse Studies, my Imagination had never yet been taken up with any Thoughts about those Emotions that arise from the Difference of our Sexes: But, O human Frailty! thou makest us all sensible, sooner or later, that Nature has formed us of the same sordid Clay with the rest of Mankind; and that, in Spite of all the Care we can take to purify it by Philosophy, it will one Time or other discover itself, through the Veil thrown over it by Virtue.

To return from whence I have digressed, the deep Sighs, Groans, and profound Despair of the Senator brought me at last out of my *Reverie*; I recovered my Resolution, and recalled my scattered Senses; after which, taking a Taper in my Hand, I approached the Bed, and looked attentively upon the lovely Corpse. All the Symptoms are evidently of Death; accordingly, twice I retire from her, lifting up my Eyes mournfully to Heaven; as often a secret Power obliges me again to draw near her: I pull out of my Pocket a Gold Bottle, filled with an invaluable Vapour; extracted by the Reverberation of a burning *Speculum*, from † *Mercurius Borealis*; I apply it to the
Nose

† This *Mercury* is not the same, as that known to us; it is found in the inmost Recesses of the Earth. See *Lamakis*, Part I. pag. 111. Monsieur *Descartes* had some Notion thereof, and speaks much of it in his *Dioptricks*. It is said that the Author of the Treatise of *Vegetable Statics* is actually at Work upon an excellent Discourse on this Head.

Nose of the beauteous *Likinda* ; the spirituous Liquor flies out, the Moment it is unstopt, and penetrates, in an Instant, to her Heart. O ! astonishing Power of the most sublime Philosophy ; *Likinda* sneezes ; her deadly Lethargy ceases ! she opens her Eyes ; in short, the wonder-working Remedy restores her to Life.

I withdraw the Bottle from her Nose with the utmost Speed ; in a Moment more, the Strength of the Spirit would have overcome her, and suffocated the Heart ; I have Recourse to the Elixir of *Thissois*, to fortify her against its Violence ; and had all the Reason imaginable to be satisfied with this second Remedy ; it made the Vapour issue out of her Nostrils and her Ears, and the Blood again appeared in her Face : Mean while the Senator, amazed at so many Prodigies, was kneeling by her Side, with his Hands a-cross his Stomach, his Head inclining towards *Likinda*, and his Eyes stedfastly fixed upon me.

During this Interval, a Slave who had been Witness to the Resurrection of *Likinda* (for that was the Name they gave to this surprizing Cure) ran to acquaint the whole Family with this joyful News ; and immediately the Chamber wherein we were was filled with People : However, I was so intent upon my Patient, and was labouring for her Recovery with so great a Concern, that I hardly heard the general Murmur occasioned thereby. I put upon her Arms some Bracelets of Purple ; and, after having rubbed her Wrists with the Elixir of *Clissois*, I anointed her Sutures therewith, as also behind her Ears, and divers other Places.

As I was constrained to stay so long by her, it gave me an Opportunity of considering the Perfection

fection of her Charms; alas! the fatal Moment was come; whilst I was endeavouring to cure her, I caught myself the most contagious of Diseases!

In the mean Time, the Noise that was in the Apartment, which increased more and more, obliged me to turn about to the Senator, and tell him that if this Buzzing continued, and the Patient was not left by herself, I could not be certain she would not again fall into the same State from which I had just delivered her. Scarce had I uttered these Words, when *Vinoncelli* (for that was the Senator's Name) having made a Sign with his Hand, every Creature vanished. I am indebted to you for my Life, said he, throwing himself at my Feet, what can I offer you in Return, when you are already possessed of such inestimable Treasures? The Happiness of having in some Measure accomplished my Design, as well as the Pleasure of having obliged you, is so great, answered I, raising him up, that both the one and the other are to me a sufficient Reward.

A violent Vomiting, which then seized upon *Likinda*, made me turn about hastily to her; and I soon found that *Opium* had been the Cause of the Lethargy from which I had roused her. This Discovery induced me to alter my Conduct, and redoubled my Care; however, I shall neither entertain you with the Manner of my treating my fair Patient, nor with the Remedies to which I had Recourse † absolutely to expel the Poison; let it suffice to tell you that in twenty-four Hours, she was entirely out of Danger.

In

† The Author treats of this Point like a Physician; we thought proper to omit it; what we shall subjoin for the Curious, is, that he says, he put upon her Arms some

In the mean while, *Vinoncelli*, astonished to the last Degree, that any One, should have the audacious Boldness to make an Attempt upon a Life so valuable, and so dear to him, and being afraid of new Machinations of the same Nature, bestirred himself so much, in order to come at the Bottom of this Mystery, that at last he found out, from what Hand this Scene of Villainy had proceeded.

Likinda, Daughter to the former Doge, had lost her Father in her Infancy; wherefore, one of her Aunts, who was Wife to the General of the Republick, had taken Care of her Education; and had brought her up, with as much Tendernefs, as her own Daughter; who was almost of the same Age. The Beauty of *Likinda*, increased so greatly, in Proportion as she advanced in Years, and made so much Noise in the World, that she was courted, by all the prime Nobility of *Venice*.

Her Cousin was likewise handsome; but, her Charms were visibly so inferior to those of the Doge's Daughter, whenever they appeared together; that Jealousy and Envy, insensibly, took Place of that Friendship, which the Daughter of the General had before had for her. She had made many Conquests, but they all shook off her Chains, as soon as they set Eyes upon her enchanting Cousin; this increased her Hatred more and

some Bracelets of Purple, upon which he threw calcined Powder. We have seen at *Paris*, in the Cabinet of a very pretty Shopkeeper, in the *Fauxbourg-Saint-Antoine*, a Stone, which seems of the same Sort as that of the Print which is in the original Manuscript; if we knew the Secret, how to calcine it, it would be fit for many Uses.

and more daily ; 'till, at last, it proceeded so far, that *Likinda*, being ill-used by her Aunt, on her Cousin's Account, was advised, to endeavour to free herself from her Authority.

Accordingly, she presented a Petition for that Purpose to the Senate, who, in Consideration of her high Birth, and the eminent Station of her Father, granted her Request ; and appointed her one of the Chief Members of the Republick for her Guardian : It was *Vinoncelli's* Father.

The Son was absent upon a Journey, when *Likinda* entered the Palace of her new Guardian ; and his Heart was prepossessed, at his Return, in Favour of the General's Daughter ; but scarce had he seen her beauteous Cousin, before he quite forgot his old Mistress. The Father observed, with Pleasure, the Inclination of his Son for his charming Ward ; nothing could suit him better than this Match ; in order, therefore, to gain her Affection, there was no Sort of little Services, in which they did not endeavour to oblige her, and even to be beforehand with her Desires.

Likinda's lively Temper, and her Love of Pleasure, made her eagerly indulge herself in all Manner of Diversions which she could possibly take ; and *Vinoncelli* was the first to procure her Variety of Amulements : This Complaisance, by Degrees, gained him so far her Good-Will, that he had some Reason to hope he should soon become her Husband.

In the mean while, the General's Daughter, mortified beyond Expression, at being forsaken by her Lover, left no Means untried to recover his Affection ; finding, at length, that all her Efforts were in vain, and being exasperated thereat more than can be imagined, her Rage and Malice prompted her to revenge herself upon her too
 VOL. I. T charming

charming Rival. To this End, she tampered with an old Bedlame, who promised her, in Return for a large Sum of Money, Part of which was advanced beforehand, to poison *Likinda*.

Accordingly, this hellish Miscreant, who had free Accels at *Vinoncelli*'s, and was often at *Likinda*'s Toilet, infused some *Opium* into her Coffee; by good Fortune, the Senator remembered his having seen that infernal Wretch at his House, the Day before he was near losing *Likinda*; this induced him to suspect her of being privy to this horrid Attempt. He sent for her, therefore, and examined her; she faltered in her Answers, and contradicted herself; upon which he threatened her so terribly, vowing to put her to the Torture, that at last, she confessed the Crime; and it was from her he learned this Account wherewith he acquainted me a little after.

In the mean Time, notwithstanding the Virtue of my Medicines, the *Opium* had so much benumbed the Organs of *Likinda*, that she had not yet spoken one Word. *Vinoncelli* was excessively uneasy thereat; but, I dispelled his Fears, by assuring him, that her Tongue would be set at Liberty, in three Days. What I had foretold, came to pass accordingly; at the Expiration of that Time, her Speech returned perfectly! What Sounds! Good Heavens! They compleated the enslaving of my Heart.

Vinoncelli was not able to contain himself, for Joy; in the midst of his Transports, he informed the restored fair One, to whom she was indebted for her beholding again the Light; all that were present, assured her of the same; and exaggerated the Matter so far, as to aver that I had raised her from the Dead. Whilst they were giving her this Account, she kept Silence, and viewed me
with

with Abundance of Attention; she then fell into a deep *Reverie*, for a considerable Time; after which she desired all the Company to withdraw; telling them she had something of Consequence to say to me, to which she was not willing to have any Witnesses; whereupon they obeyed immediately.

All being withdrawn, she thus accosted me: I know who you are, O most amiable of Men! your Reputation and Pictures have long preposessed my Heart in your Favour; a hundred Times have I studied by what Means I should come at the Sight of you; but the Rule you had prescribed to yourself never to give Admittance to any Woman had restrained me hitherto.

Nevertheless, I should have gained my Ends; for my Design, before this Accident that has befallen me, was to have disguised myself in a Man's Habit, and by that Means to have satisfied my Curiosity. Heaven be eternally praised for this Misfortune, dreadful as it was! I am now overjoyed thereat, since it has been the Means of bringing hither the dear Object of my Desires. § Yes! I owe you every Thing; but I have the Honour of having loved you, before my being at all indebted to you.

I leave you to judge my Surprize and Transport at this Declaration; however I contained myself; but *Vinoncelli*, said I, who adores you, and whom you love—Ah! cried *Likinda*, how different from that is the Love I bear you! Within these few Moments that I have seen you, I have felt more on your Account, than during the Course of a whole Year with him. On saying this, her Pat-

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sion

§ It must be remembered, that the Lady who says this is an *Italian*.

sion made her exalt her Voice so much, that I would have interrupted her divers Times, for Fear of her being overheard.

In Effect, so she was; for *Vinoncelli*, appearing that Moment, Good Heavens! What have I heard, cryed he? Is this *Likinda* who talks thus? Is this the Return, fair Ingrate, for the most tender, and most perfect Passion, that ever was? You never did love me, cruel One! And you are returned, from the Arms of Death, to inform me thereof. Your Heart was smitten with a Shadow; and you was about to give me your Hand, whilst you withheld from me, the noblest Part of yourself.

Why should you be angry with me, cryed *Likinda*, interrupting him; is it a Crime to be sincere? You have come, by indirect Means, at the Knowledge of my Secrets; I confess them freely; being too young, to know the Difference, between the Esteem you deserve, and the Sentiments, wherewith I was pre-possessed, I imagined I loved you, and was deceived: You desired to become my Spouse, before I was sensible of the Nature of these Sentiments which did not appear till this Moment; perhaps, I should have consented thereto; but, alas!

Speak out plainly, resumed the desperate Lover, interrupting her? you will no longer have any Thing to say to me; you hate me; what comforts me, however, is, that the Ingrate will be punished, the same Way, she injures me: The Heart of such a Philosopher, as *Rametzi*, is not susceptible of Weakness; never will he make, a suitable Return to a Passion which he will look upon as trifling, and unworthy of his Character. As for that Matter, cryed *Likinda*, interrupting him, with some Spite, he is his own Master, and
may

may do as he pleases ; there is no such Thing, as laying a Constraint upon a Person's Inclinations ; but, as for my own Part, I swear, not only that I do love him, but that I will never love any other.

Vinoncelli was naturally hasty, and violent ; Despair took Possession of his Soul ; Hope, indeed, suspended the Effects thereof, for a few Moments : He fell on his Knees before *Likinda* ; he wept ; he sighed , but nothing would move her ; the more tender, and the more ardent, his Passion appeared, the more she armed herself with Rigour to give him a Repulse. In short, her Looks, and her Words, raised his Fury to the Height ; not being able to hurt, what he had so much loved, he turned it against himself ; drawing out a Dagger, he stabbed himself therewith, and, falling to the Earth, lay weltring in his Blood.

Terrified to the last Degree, as may well be imagined, at this shocking Scene, *Likinda* closed, a second Time, her beauteous Eyes ; whilst I myself, little accustomed to such Tragical Sights, stood motionless, like a Person without Life.

Mean while, *Vinoncelli's* Attendants running in at the Noise caused by his Fall, and beholding their Master on the Ground, wallowing in his Gore, give a loud Outcry, and look around them, for the Author of this bloody Deed : They see me confounded, and speechless ; this causes them to suspect me ; they seize me, therefore, and the whole House resounds with Clamour, the *Sbirri* * arrive ; and, notwithstanding my Innocence, and all that I could say in my own Justification, they carry me away directly, Prisoner, to the Fort.

* A Sort of Watch so called in Italy.



C H A P. VI.

By whom Rametzi's Story is interrupted. He carries Bigand Home with him. The extraordinary, and surprizing Manner, wherein he is served.

AS Rametzi was at this Part of the Story, I observed that he changed Colour; whereupon, what ails you cried I, do you find yourself ill? Let us be gone, answered he; do you see that Abbot, who is coming in; I know him, and have some Reasons for avoiding him. Having thus said, he rose up; I would have paid, but he would not suffer me; he then called the Drawer a hundred Rascals; complained to the Vintner of his adulterated Wine; his Glasses forrily rinc'd; his dirty Napkins; and bad Bread; concluding, with finding Fault with the Candle, which, he said, was just like those they set up by a dead Corpse.

These passionate Transports, for such perfect Trifles, struck me with the greatest Amazement; after the Story, he had just been telling me, with all possible good Sense: But he did not give over so; for he continued the Scene, by making a Hundred Cavils, about the Money, that was returned him, in Exchange for a Crown. However, if I was highly surprized at all these capitious Exceptions, I was much more at what followed; when, after counting his Change over and over, he called to the Drawer, here, Sirrah, cried he, take all this Trumpery, I give it thee
to

to drink my Health ; be more careful, and wait better on thy Company another Time.

This said, we went out, leaving the Drawer, who little expected any such Generosity, in a perfect Ecstasy : I imagined, *Rametzi* would have gone on with the Recital of his Adventures ; but the *Italian* had somewhat else to do ; for he began again to rail at, and find fault with every one that passed him ; however my longing Desire, to hear the End of his surprizing Story, made me bear with all patiently. We went along twenty different Lanes, and turned down as many blind Alleys and By-Ways ; 'till at last we stopt in a short Street that was no Thorough-Fare ; where *Rametzi* opened a little Door, and bid me walk in.

I did so ; and the *Italian*, having fastened it well after him, led me through a narrow dark Passage, which brought us to a Stair-Case, at the Top of which we entered into a large Parlour, handsomely wainscotted, and illuminated by a Crystal Branch. From thence we went into an Apartment magnificently furnished, where the Pictures, Sconces, and Looking-Glasses, almost dazzled the Sight.

Rametzi stayed here no longer, than just to cast his Eye, upon a noble Clock ; we are right, cried he, it is past Ten, all is ready. He went then along a Gallery, at the End whereof was another Door, which being opened, we came into a Dining Room, whose Furniture was very plain, but mighty neat. There was an excellent Fire ; the Cloth was laid ; and several Silver Dishes, with Covers, and Water-Dishes of the same, were standing ready upon the Table.

Nor was this all ; in an Elbow-Chair, by the Fire-Side, was a very rich Night-Gown ; together with every Thing else, requisite for an easy,
and

and handsome Undrefs: Take a Chair, and sit down, cried he, whilst I was viewing all these Things attentively, you seem in a perfect Amazement: I obeyed him, with a most profound Silence, caused by my Astonishment, at so much Elegance, Splendor, and Magnificence; what added to my Surprize, was, that not a Soul was to be seen or heard, in all the Rooms through which we had passed.

As soon as *Rametzi* had undressed himself, and was at his Ease, let us see, cried he, with an Air of Satisfaction, whether there is any Thing for Supper: The Table was then brought near the Fire; and the Dishes uncovered; this done, some exquisite Soup appeared; with a delicious Ragout; two fine young Partridges; and an excellent Sallad. Oh! here is something to satisfy Nature, said he, helping me to some Soup; come, don't be bashful; you will find me, quite another Man, at Home, to what I am in the Streets. Having thus spoken, he lolled back in his Easy-Chair, and burst into a loud Laughter.

His Figure at that Time, appeared to me, so odd, so grotesque, and every Way so very extraordinary, that I could not forbear imitating him, with all my Heart. This merry Fit being over, he composed his Countenance; eat very heartily; spoke little, but with extreme good Sense; helped me, frequently, to some Wine, and did not forget himself: As for a Desert, he said, he never had any; for it was an egregious Folly, to cram any Thing raw upon the Stomach after its having received a Sufficiency of good wholesome Nourishment.

Instead of a Desert, therefore, he gave me a Bit of toasted Bread, which he made me dip in a Glass of delicious Liquor, the like whereof I had

had never tasted before ; as for this, cried he, it is a Digestive, prepared by myself ; and a Glass thereof, after Meals, prevents the Decays of old Age and Diseases : In effect, it was an exquisite Cordial ; and I had no sooner drank it, than I found myself both strengthened and revived.

Now we have supped, said *Rametzi*, let us begone from hence ; he then rose up, pulled a String, which hung by the Side of the Chimney, and walked out of the Room in a great Hurry : I happened not to follow him fast enough to his liking ; Bless my Soul, cried he, peevishly, make haste ; and, as soon as I was got past the Door, he double-locked it after us.

We returned back then through the same Gallery, by which we had before passed, and entered one of the Apartments before-mentioned, where he shewed me a Chamber. Here is a Bed, said he ; in this Press, you will find a Night-Gown, with every Thing else necessary for undressing you ; there is a Fire also ; Good-Night, we will talk farther To-morrow.



C H A P. VII.

The Sequel of Rametzi's extraordinary Story.

AT Break of Day, *Rametzi* made such a terrible Noise, with Coughing, and Spitting, in the next Room, that it caused me to start out of my Sleep : What ! are not you stirring yet, cried he, opening my Chamber-Door ? Come, get up, we will go and drink some Tea ; not some of that commonly called so ; but extracted from

from an Assemblage of divers Simples, wherein the *Serkis* is predominant ; an exquisite Liquor for the Health.

I huddled on my Rags ; which done, we went, as we had the Evening before, through the Gallery ; after having again consulted the Clock, and the Dining-Room Door being opened, we found, instead of those Things, we had left behind us over Night, a Tea-Table, with Cups, and all that was necessary, for such a Sort of Repast : I suspected, for some Moments, that my new Acquaintance was served by some Familiar ; but he did not leave me long in this Mistake.

What think you now, said he ? Do you reckon my Manner of being waited on, to be amils ? Or, do you count it no Advantage to have every Thing prepared for you, without having the Vexation of seeing the disagreeable Faces of Domesticks, almost always discontented with their Lot ; and continually hatching, in their Breasts, some Design, either to rob, or to betray you ? I want not for Attendants to serve me ; I will explain this Mystery to you presently ; but first, let us drink some Tea : This done, I will conclude my Story ; after that we will finish our Breakfast ; and, then, each of us, will go about our own Business.

Having thus premised, *Rametz* poured me out a Cup of some Liquid, which was, indeed, exquisitely delicious ; and into which, instead of Sugar, he infused some Syrup, whose agreeable Taste and Smell could not fail of prepossessing every one in its Favour ; accordingly, I could never have been tired of this charming Entertainment : When we had drank this, the *Italian* leaned with both Elbows upon the Table ; invited me to do the same ; and continued his Story, as follows.

I was

I was not a little surprized and concerned, said he, at finding myself thrust into a Dungeon ; I desired, therefore, to speak with the Governor of the Fort, who was so good as to come thither to me. No sooner had I told him my Name, but he stretched out his Arms to embrace me : Oh Heavens ! cried he, is it you ! What, that Treasure ! that great Man, so celebrated throughout the World ! I will be answerable for your innocence, and your Liberty ; you were not made, to be guilty of Murders, nor to be buried in Obscurity.

Having thus said, he left me immediately, without giving me Time to make any Reply ; and returning in a few Moments ; I told you so, resumed he ; the Face of Affairs is greatly changed. We went, then, into a *Gondola* ; and I was not a little surprized, when, on being landed soon after, I found myself conducted directly into *Vinoncelli's* Apartment : In effect, it was he himself, who, on coming a little to himself, had done me Justice, and had sent to fetch me.

Had I got thither but a few Moments later, he could not have been recovered, but had been past all Remedy. His Passion having been somewhat cooled by the great Effusion of his Blood, he began to be desirous of prolonging his Days ; and rightly judging, that I was the only one who could restore him to Life, had sent away for me with all Speed : Accordingly, as soon as he had set Eyes on me, he begged my Pardon, with a dying Voice, for the outrageous Insult that had been offered me on his Account ; and implored my Assistance.

I was so greatly overjoyed to see myself once more at Liberty, that I admitted of his Excuse
very

very readily ; and, really pitying his Misfortune, resolved immediately to save him if possible. His Wound was absolutely mortal ; the Chirurgeon, who had put on the first Dressing, had judged it so, as well as myself ; but of what is not profound Philosophy capable ! I made some of the precious Vapour before-mentioned exhale into the Wound ; which stopt, in an Instant, the Blood that was streaming out of an Artery, and would otherwise soon have caused a Suffocation. As soon as I was assured thereof, by certain Symptoms, known to me alone, I delivered *Vinoncelli* again into the Hands of the Chirurgeon ; affirming to him, that his Patient was out of Danger.

The Man put the Dressing on again, but shook his Head, as not believing what I had told him ; next Day, however, he had Reason to blame his own incredulity ; for, on taking off the Dressing, in order to view the Wound, he found it half healed. Astonished to the last Degree at an Event so uncommon, he cried out, that, either I was something more than human, or had entered into a Compact with the Devil.

This last Thought prevailed upon him ; accordingly, he went directly to the inquisitors, and declared to them his Suspicions ; upon which, as I was returning Home, not apprehensive of any Danger, after having had a most passionate Conference with the beauteous *Likinda*, I was taken into Custody, and hurried away to the Inquisition.

Believing myself, then, absolutely undone, I was several Times just upon the Point of taking the Poison I have before mentioned to you ; however, I resolved at last to wait the Issue of this Affair. Next Morning, I was examined by the Inquisitors ; who asked me, what I had done to be brought

brought thither ; and, upon my answering that I was altogether a Stranger to the Cause of my Imprisonment, they remanded me back to my Dog-Hole of a Chamber, without giving me any Hopes of my Liberty.

I was not a little surprized at so singular a Treatment ; not being in the least apprized, that in order to get out of this Hell of a Prison, a Man must own himself guilty, though he be ever so innocent, unless he will resolve to continue there, till the general Examination, which does not come but every ——— Accordingly, I should have remained there till that Time, had I not had a powerful Protector : It was Love ; when once he undertakes our Affairs, and has Interest, they are in good Hands ; in Effect, I was not long, before I experienced this Truth.

I had already been two Months in this infernal Dungeon ; my Patience began to be wearied out ; and nothing but the Expectation of again beholding *Likinda* prevented my taking the most violent Resolutions ; when a Man came to me, and bid me follow him. I did so, with Joy ; we are apt to flatter ourselves with Hope, even in the worst of Misfortunes ; I was conducted into a Parlour, where a young Man very well dressed was waiting for me.

As soon as I had approached near enough to see his Face, O Heavens ! cried I, stepping back a little, what Prodigy is this ? May I believe my Eyes ? Is it you, O incomparable *Likinda* ! Ah ! in Spite of your Disguise. my Love knows you again. Angel of Light ! are you come yourself to disperse my Darkness with the Lustre of your Beauty ? This charming Creature seemed overjoyed, at first, at my Transports : but, recollecting

herself, speak lower, said she, stretching out her Hands to me, we may be overheard.

I have only Time, continued she, to add two Words: Had it not been for the Interest of *Vinoncelli*, I could never have obtained the Liberty of seeing you: He still adores me; and you are indebted to his Gratitude, together with the Power I have over him, for the Trouble he has given himself to procure me this Satisfaction. You are accused here of practising the Black Art; desire an Audience of the Inquisitor; acknowledge yourself guilty; and leave the Rest to me: Before three Months are expired, you shall be at Liberty.

Three Months, beauteous *Likinda*, cried I, interrupting her, without seeing you! I shall be dead before that Time, with being so long deprived of the Sight of you. Ah! if you love me as tenderly and ardently, as you have flattered me, you ought to sympathize with me, in what I suffer; I have Means more expeditious, by far, to procure my Liberty; and should have made Use thereof the very first Night, had I had about me the Things necessary for that Purpose: Obtain, then, either the Liberty of seeing me again, or Leave to send me a Prayer-Book: This can create no Suspicion; put under the Cover, six Leaves of a Simple named *Zirzima*, and three of *Izari*; by the Help of these, I promise you, that the Night following, I will be in your Palace; you know me, and, therefore, ought not to question my keeping my Word.

Likinda had, herself, had too much Experience of my profound Skill, to suspect that it would fail in my present Exigency; accordingly, she sent me next Morning what I desired; I extracted from thence a Water of wonderful Virtue; and

as soon as Night was come, taking Advantage of the general Silence, that reigned throughout that dismal Abode, I touched therewith the Bolts and Locks of all the Doors that stood in my Way; upon which they broke to Shivers, without any Noise; and by that Means I regained my Liberty.

I hastened directly to the Palace of *Vinoncelli*, where *Likinda* was waiting for me privately; but, though it was no more than she expected, she could not help expressing some Surprize, at first, at my Arrival. I have already observed, that she was of a brisk, lively Temper; accordingly, she gave me a thousand tender Marks of her Joy, and assured me, that her Design was to follow me to the End of the World; for, being indebted to me for her Life, the least she could do in Return was to sacrifice all for me. *Vinoncelli* adores me more than ever, continued she; how do I know, whether his Passion may not push him to Extremities? I tremble for your Safety; and it is my Duty to do all in my Power to secure you from Danger.

My earnest Attention to *Rametzi's* Story had fixed my Eyes so stedfastly upon his, that no Doubt, he imagined I was endeavouring to reconcile his Figure, at that Time, with that ardent Love which *Likinda* expressed for him. Accordingly, I see very plainly, said he, that the lively Passion which I describe to you of that enchanting Creature, surprizes you greatly, on observing what an indifferent Mien I have at present; and that it seems absolutely incredible to you, that I should have kindled so fierce a Flame in the Heart of a Person who was made to be adored by all Mankind: But, besides Prepossession, Fancy and Caprice, which were, perhaps, in my Favour, I

was formerly thought, one of the most agreeable of my Sex ; you will presently be informed what has occasioned the Alteration, you now perceive in me. But to return whence I have digressed.

After our Love had breathed out its first tender Protestations (for it will always have the Pre-eminence, even before the most urgent Affairs) it was resolved, between *Likinda* and me, that, to escape the Pursuit, which would be made after me next Morning, we would betake ourselves to Flight, and begone from *Venice* directly ; we plighted our Troths, therefore mutually, to each other ; whilst a trusty Attendant, on whom she could rely, was ordered to find us out a Ship, which should sail before Day.

He returned soon, to acquaint us, that Fortune favoured us ; for there was a Brigantine, which was to weigh Anchor, in two Hours, and he had agreed for our Passage. *Likinda* therefore packed up her Jewels, and what Money she had by her, which was more than sufficient for our present Necessities ; whilst I, perfectly contented in the Possession of her alone, did not trouble my Head about any Thing else ; being assured I had a never failing Treasure, in the Secrets whereof I was Master.

The Captain of the Vessel gave us a most obliging Reception ; and as soon as he had set Eyes on *Likinda*, would not suffer her to lie in any other Cabbin than his own ; which (as may be well imagined) was the handsomest, and most convenient in the Ship. We had given ourselves out to be Brother and Sister ; on which Account, I had a little Lodging assigned me, adjoining to that, the Captain had yielded to *Likinda*.

During

During the first Fortnight of our Voyage, we led the sweetest and most charming Life imaginable ; *Likinda* loved me tenderly, and gave me a Thousand endearing Proofs thereof. The Opportunities, indeed, of conversing together alone, were very scarce ; which I could not bear without some Uneasiness ; but the Expectation of coming to Land, in a short Time, made me put some Bounds to my Impatience ; when, alas ! a violent Storm, which drove us out to Sea again, occasioned a most fatal Alteration.

Likinda, who being a *Venetian* ought to have been no Stranger to the Inconstancy of the watry Element, was infinitely terrified at this Tempest ; and the Captain, on Pretence of her Youth, and the Confidence he reposed in my Ability (for he begged me to give an Eye to the Helm) staid in the Cabbin with her, whilst the Men were working the Ship, and endeavoured to dispel her Fears. His secret Designs discovered themselves during my Absence ; being inured to Storms and Dangers, that, which had then happened, did not seem to him sufficiently considerable, to divert him from the Pursuit of his Purpose.

In the mean while, the Storm abating, and the Wind shifting again, we again tacked about, and pursued our former Course ; I had taken Notice, that the Opportunities, which used to afford me sometimes the Happiness of conversing with my dear *Likinda*, had failed me all on a sudden. This caused in me infinite Uneasiness ; I examined her Looks, and no longer found them so tender, or so punctual, to answer and meet mine. What do I say ? I had surprized her, divers Times, fixing them on the Captain ; He was handsome, well made, and of a good Mein : To be an *Italian* ; to have never been captivated

before; and to love as passionately as I did then; was not all this enough to create a Jealousy? At other Times, we had used to sit at Table till very late at Night; now, every one withdrew to Bed early, on Pretence of being tired: All these Circumstances came into my Head at once; and I resolved to be informed of the Truth, cost what it would.

I have already observed, that my Chamber was adjoining to that of *Likinda*; in Effect they were only separated by a wainscot Partition; but the Boards were so exactly joined, that there was not the least Cranny, or Peep-Hole, to be found, whereby I might satisfy my Curiosity; and, as for overhearing them, it was almost impossible, by Reason of the Rolling of the Vessel; but of what is not Love and Jealousy capable? I made an Excuse to go into the Carpenter's Cabbin, and seized, unperceived, on one of his Gimlets; this done, I watched a favourable Opportunity, and bored a Hole in the Partition.

Every Thing seemed to contribute to my Design; not only I was not interrupted, but the Hole was placed so conveniently, that, from thence, I could see every Thing which passed in *Likinda's* Chamber. Overjoyed with having thus happily dispatched this Point, I waited, with the utmost Impatience, for the Hour when every one was to retire to Repose; I even pretended, at Supper, to be troubled with the Head-Ach, that I might have a Pretence to withdraw the sooner, without creating any Mistrust in them.

As soon as I was got into my Cabbin, I put out my Candle, that they might imagine I was gone to Bed; this done, I hastened to the fatal Hole, with an aking Heart, and stood there
above

above an Hour, with an Impatience which nothing, but my Jealousy, could have enabled me to support.

At last the Moment, so much desired, arrived; and I saw *Likinda* enter with a Taper in her Hand; but she was all alone, and began to undress herself immediately: Heavens! how beautiful did she then seem! O cruel adverse Fortune! why hast thou deprived me of so many Charms?

However, I was greatly surprized that the Captain was not along with her; for a Person, who is once infected with Jealousy, is always desirous of having some Proofs to confirm him in his Suspicions; and I begun, already, to reproach myself with having done her great Injustice. But I did not long continue in the same Sentiments; the Stay she made at her Toilet, and the great Pains she took to put on her Night-Clothes to the best Advantage, revived again my Distrust.

Having at length made an End of this Part also of her Night Dress, and disposed all, with an Art of which her Beauty did not stand the least in Need, she pulled somewhat out of her Pocket, and held it up to the Light, by the Means of which, I perceived it was a Box with a Picture therein. She seemed to gaze thereon with Pleasure, and, unless I was mistaken, clapt it to her Mouth and kissed it. What did I not suffer at this Sight! Why was not I behind her, to see whom this Miniature resembled! 'Tis the Captain's, undoubtedly, concluded I within myself.

A Moment after, having considered a little, I began to take the Part of my Ingrate; I recollected, she had told me at the Beginning of our Acquaintance, that she had my Picture; I blamed

med all my Suspicions therefore; this Thought quite banished them all; I believed myself the only Object of her Affections, and, accordingly, was transported within myself at this Imagination. Soon after *Likinda* got into Bed, and put out the Candle, which last Proof of her Virtue made me also retire to my Repose, with so much the more Joy and Comfort, as I had expected to have been Witness to the blackest of Treasons.



C H A P. VIII.

Rametzi's Suspicions. What he observes the Night following. The dreadful Revenge he takes on Likinda. The terrible Consequences of this Vengeance.

NEXT Morning I arose with such a visible Satisfaction in my Countenance, that every one imagined, my pretended Head-Ach, to which they had imputed that Ill-Humour the Day before which I had not had the Power to dissemble, was quite gone off; and accordingly congratulated me on my Recovery. *Likinda* was one of the first, who strove to give me all imaginable Testimonies of her Joy; which transported me so much, that, my Mind being at Ease with regard to her, I no longer beheld her Actions with the same Eyes; and, notwithstanding she spoke divers Times that Day to the Captain, I was not at all moved thereat; in Effect, we often justify or condemn People, according as we are prepossessed in Favour of them, or prejudiced against them.

I went to Bed, that Night, at my usual Time; and was so exceeding merry, that it
was

was thought, the Wine had got into my Head : As soon as I was in my Cabbin, I lay down to rest directly, to punish myself, as I had resolved, within myself, for my unjust Suspicions the Night before ; but, alas ! this good Resolution did not last long ; on Pretence of enjoying the Pleasure, of seing the beauteous *Likinda* get into Bed, I arose again, and went to the fatal Peep-Hole.

O Heavens ! What do I see ! The Captain is with her at her Toilet ; they are talking together with Earnestness ; the Captain rises up, and seems, to be making amorous Protestations. Ah ! this is too much ; I retire from the Hole quite exasperated ; my Jealousy causes me to imagine the Rest ; there are a Thousand Ways, cried I, transported with Rage, to punish the guilty Wretches ; I return to the Hole, desirous of viewing yet more, to add Fuel to the Fire : Alas ! I can no longer see them ! Where are they ? Love, perhaps, hides them with his Wings ! Is the Captain gone out ? *Likinda* is virtuous ; my Heart takes her Part——It may be she is alone——No, no, she is false, and betrays me ; I must be certain of my Fate.

Quite furious with Rage, I dress myself, run to the Cabbin-Door, and clap my Ear thereto ; what do I hear ! Just Heaven ! I can no longer be in doubt of my Misfortune ; the Captain is still with her ! I cannot ascribe there being together, at such an unseasonable Hour to any other Motive, than a criminal Correspondence ; my Passion runs away with me, let the whole World perish, so I am revenged——Where is now all the Benefit, of my so-much-boasted Philosophy, since it is not able, to get the better of my Distractions !

Nothing

Nothing now has any Power over me but Vengeance. I run to the Powder-Room ; it is fast locked ; every one, but those on Deck, is asleep ; there are none to oppose my Terrible Design ; Strength fails me, I can't break open the Door ; in Fury, therefore, I set it on Fire. I expect the Vessel, then, to blow up in a few Minutes ; and resolve, to make Use of that Respite, to inform the Criminals thereof ; I am willing they should know from what Hand they receive their Punishment ; as also, that I am not a Stranger to their Guilt.

In order thereto, I thunder violently at the Door ; No-body answers ; this Silence entirely convinces me, of their being culpable ; I dissemble Kindness, therefore, with Intent to surprize them ; accordingly, open the Door, *Likinda*, cried I ; the Vessel is on Fire ; let me help you to escape ; the Powder will soon blow it up. At this dreadful News, the Door flies open ; the Captain appears first ; a Stab, with a Poniard, tells him down : Ah ! my dear Brother, cries *Likinda* ! Your Brother ! O Heavens ! What do I hear, cries I, interrupting her ? Ah ! poor *Likinda* ! What have I done ?

Having thus said ; I seized her round the Waste, hoping still to have Time enough to save her ; I place her in the Boat, which happily had been hoisted out, the Vessel not being far from Land ; I call some Hands, to help Man it ; they are just ready to cut the Rope, which fastens it to the Ship ; when the Fire, catching hold of the Powder, blew up both the one and the other, with such a horrible Clap and Noise, as if all Nature had been falling into Confusion, and returning to its primitive *Chaos*.

What

What became of all the Rest, in this most dreadful Crisis, I know not ; but as for my own Part, I was carried up, as high as the middle Region ; which deprived me of all my Senses ; and, when I came again a little to myself, I found myself in the Sea, terribly schorcht and burnt ; undoubtedly, the Coolness of the Water, had recovered me from my Swoon, as well as the inexpressible Pain, proceeding from my Burns.

The natural Desire, implanted in us all, of preserving our Lives, incited me to swim to a Bank of Sand, which was visible above the Waves ; and which was not much above a Mile from Land.

I was so greatly disordered by my Fall from such a Height, and in such intolerable Torment with my Hurts, that I was, in a Manner, senseless of any Thing, unless it was of Pain ; and, in my Agony, wished twenty Times for Death ; breathing out repeated Complaints against Heaven, for having preserved me both from the Flames and the Waves.

This Reflection, recalling to my Memory, the Loss of the charming *Likinda* : she is innocent ; cried I, and I alone am guilty ! the cruel Remorse, occasioned by this Thought, quite overcame me : I fell a weeping bitterly ; and being neither able to support the dreadful Remembrance, nor yet to endure the inexpressible Torture of my Burns, I took the Resolution to throw myself again into the Sea, and suffer myself to sink to the Bottom.

O cruel Death ! Why didst thou refuse thy friendly Assistance, and afford that Satisfaction ! Nature opposed my Design ; and forced me to swim in Spite of myself : If I was but a Moment, without making Use of my Arms, the Water, which ran in at my Mouth, and was ready to strangle

strangle me, constrained me to have Recourse to them again. This Struggle lasted a good while, and as my Strength would have been quite spent at last, I should have accomplished my Desire ; had not some Fishermen come, in their Boat, to my Relief, imagining me to be striving against the Waves, and taken me up, as I was just sinking.

On coming a little to myself, I found myself in the Hands of a generous, and compassionate Nation ; who both shuddered with Horror, and were moved with Pity, at my deplorable Condition. The poor Fishermen carried me charitably to their Hamlet, which was situated about four Leagues from *Marseilles* ; there I lay twenty-four Hours, struggling between Life and Death, not only by Reason of the Torment I felt from my grievous Burns ; but because of my continual Desire, to follow my dearest *Likinda* into the Regions of eternal Night.

This Crisis was too violent to last long ; I began to recover some faint Glimmerings of Reason ; I laid hold thereon ; and had Recourse to that Philosophy, to which I had sacrificed so much of my Time. I then recollected, that I was a Man, and that, as such, I ought to bear up against the Casualties of Life, and the severest Shocks of adverse Fortune. Contrary to my Expectation, I persevered in this Greatness of Soul ; and began, by endeavouring to procure myself some Relief. To this End, I desired the charitable People about me, to gather me some Simples, whose Virtues were known to me alone, and therewith made a Balsam, which soon healed me ; but did not take away the Scars.

As soon as I was entirely recovered, and had, in some Measure, composed my disordered Mind,
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my first Care was, to make a suitable Return to the hospitable and charitable Fishermen, who had so generously relieved me. In order, thereto, having caused them to provide me what was necessary for that Purpose, I locked myself into my Chamber, and made therewith an Ingot of Gold ; which I afterwards reduced into Dust. This done, I pretended to have some Business at *Marseilles* ; and got the Master of the House, where I lodged, who was also the Person, who, together with his Sons, had come so seasonably to my Assistance, to bear me Company.

As we were on our Way thither, I acquainted him with my Business in that City ; telling him in order to prevent all Suspicion, that seeing myself in Danger of suffering Shipwreck, if not worse, I had provided myself, before I got into the Boat wherein I was blown up, with a Bag of Gold-Dust ; which I was then going to sell, with Intent to reward him, for the tender Care he had taken of me. Hereupon, my Landlord was the first who told this Story to the Goldsmith ; of whom I received a considerable Sum, which I thankfully shared with the poor Fisherman ; who having little expected, any such Generosity, accepted it with inexpressible Joy ; assuring me, with a Heart overflowing with Gratitude, that I had spoiled a Fisherman ; having made him and his Family for ever.

Having thus done, I provided myself every Thing necessary for a Journey, and immediately set out from *Marseilles*, in a Post-Chaise, for this great City ; as being a Place where I might most easily conceal myself, and spend the Remainder of my Days, according to that Manner of Life, whereof I had before laid down a Plan in my own Mind.

On my Arrival at *Paris*, I shut myself up in the first Lodging I could find, and made a large Quantity of Gold; this done, I went to an Ecclesiastic, who was a Man of an extensive Charity, and unblemished Character, and gained him entirely over to my Interest; by delivering into his Hands, a considerable Sum, to be by him distributed, at his Discretion, amongst such Poor as were real Objects of Charity; promising him at the same Time, an equivalent Donative every Year.

Having thus made sure of him, and bound him, under the Seal of Confession, never to mention me, nor any Thing relating to me (that he might not be surprized at such an uncommon Liberality) I pretended to him that I was a Merchant who had gained an immense Estate by Commerce; and that, being resolved to spend the Remainder of my Days in Retirement, I was willing to allot great Part of it for the Relief of the Unfortunate.

Having thus premised, I got him to purchase me this House under a borrowed Name; it being in a very Bye-part of the Town: I likewise prevailed on him, to procure me such Domesticks as he could rely on, for their Honesty, Fidelity, and Capacity, in their respective Stations; and insisted on being waited on after my own Manner; which is, never to see them, or be seen by them.

To this End, they prepare and dress every Thing necessary for my Subsistence, and leave it for me, at such Hours as I appoint, in the Places where I order them; into which they never enter, till Notice is given them, by my ringing a Bell, that I am gone from thence. They have Instructions in Writing, under my Hand, about all they are

are to do ; and find, every Month, upon the Table in the Dining-Room, the Money necessary for House-keeping and their own Wages: Neither have I had any Correspondence, even with my Steward, but by Writing.

My Laboratory is in a very private Place, unknown to any One, and next to impossible to be found out ; and therein, at the Beginning, I spent the greatest Part of my Time ; never stirring out above once a Year, when I used to carry a large Sum to the Ecclesiastic before-mentioned, for the Relief of the Poor, which Charity has gained him over so absolutely to my interest, that he has kept my Counsel inviolably.

I should still have led the same Kind of Life ; and, perhaps, Length of Time, together with a close Application to Business, might have banished from my Memory the Idea of *Likinda*, had it not been for an Accident which at once recalled to my Mind, both her Loss, and my severe Misfortune, and which has made so deep an Impression upon me, that, ever since that Time, I have been wandering all over the Town, unsettled and forlorn. I have even taken Notice myself that my Head has been so much affected therewith, that my Understanding is touched ; and were it not for some invaluable Elixirs, known to me alone, which correct the peccant Humours of my disordered Brain, I should, before now, have been stark staring mad.

About three Months ago, I was returning from the Country, where I had been to gather Simples. I saw a prodigious Multitude assembled together on the Banks of the *Seine*. I was desirous of knowing what had occasioned so vast a Concourse, and accordingly went up thither, as well as the Rest of the World. Never before had my Eyes been

entertained with so glorious and charming a Sight. A Thousand Pleasure-Boats and Barges, the one finer than the other, and full of a numerous and dazzling Company of beautiful young Ladies, and Gentlemen of Distinction, who were vying with each other, who should display most Magnificence, had met there together, to behold some Fire-Works, which, according to Appearance, were to be the most admirable that had ever yet been seen.

In the mean while, to pass away the Time till the Hour appointed for this publick Rejoicing, a Hundred Diversions amused them most agreeably. I took a View of these pleasing and care-dispelling Entertainments, till the Sound of the musical Instruments, whereof I had always been very fond, caused an Emotion in me, and recalled to my Mind insensibly the Loss of *Likinda*. My Eyes, likewise, being fixed upon the Palace which faced the Fire-Works, it brought to my Remembrance the dreadful Effects of the Powder, and the fatal Moment when the Vessel and Boat, with all in them, were blown up.

This Heart-breaking Idea made me fetch a deep Sigh; and not being in a Place where I could freely give Vent to my Grief, I endeavoured to break through the Crowd, in order to be gone from thence. I had almost compassed my Desire, and was just ready to get away from this Concourse of Spectators, when a Mourning-Coach and six Horses prevented my advancing farther, and I was going to open myself another Passage, when a Lady who was in the Coach, incited, no Doubt, thereto by the Clamour of the Multitude, putting her Head out at the Door, her Sight struck me to the Soul; I thought I beheld *Likinda*; so much did every Feature resemble her.

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My Surprise made me give a great Cry, which drew her Eyes upon me ; Ah! undoubtedly it is she, cried I out again! Having thus said, so greatly was I affected, that I fainted away. I neither know how long I continued in my Swoon, nor who fetched me out of it, but the Coach being gone, when I recovered, the first Thing I did, as soon as I opened my Eyes, was to enquire which Way it had taken; and, being informed, notwithstanding my Weakness, I followed after it, with the greatest Eagerness.



C H A P. IX.

*The Sequel of the Story of Rametzi and Likinda.
The Service required of Bigand.*

MY Pursuit after it, however, was to no Purpose; for my Illness had continued so long, that it was got so far before I came to myself, that all my Endeavours to overtake it were fruitless. I went Home, therefore, in the utmost Anguish and Dejection of Mind; and not a Day has passed over my Head since, but I have spent great Part thereof in Quest of *Likinda*.

In vain do I represent to myself, that an agreeable Illusion caused, very probably, by an Air of Resemblance, has imposed upon my Fancy; and that, therefore, I ought to give over my fatiguing Search: Scarce has a Night's Repose refreshed me after the Toils of the Day before; but a Glimmering of Hope, which never forsakes me, induces me again to ramble all over the Town, flattering myself with the Imagination, that I shall at last meet again that dear Object of my Affections.

The Loss of all my Labour, and my Weariness provokes and exasperates me against every Thing that comes in my Way: In this my ill Humour I spare No-body; and when a Moment of serious Reflection recalls to my Mind all I have said, and
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all I have done, I grow sensible, and am so enraged at it, that I am on the Point of becoming distracted. *Rametzi* having concluded here his Relation, fixed his Eyes upon the Floor, and fell into a profound Study; seeming quite buried in Thought.

In Effect, this extraordinary Story made me melancholy also in my Turn; and I was sincerely and heartily concerned for this unfortunate Stranger; accordingly, I gave him to understand as much, in such lively Terms, that he seemed entirely convinced thereof, lifting up his Eyes therefore, again, and fixing them upon me; I did not in the least doubt, said he, but the Recital I have just made you of my unfortunate Adventures would infinitely move your Pity; and, indeed, I deserve it so much the more, as my Misfortunes surpass those of other Men, as having I fear, through my own groundless Jealousy and rash Revenge, been myself the Occasion of all this Remorse, which is no small Aggravation to my Sorrows.

In Effect, must not you also agree with me, that, after losing in such a Manner all that I had dear to me in the World, I am still in Danger of seeing myself deprived of the most invaluable of all Blessings. All I had left was a little Reason, and I grow more and more sensible from Day to Day that it begins to be disordered, and to degenerate into Folly and Distraction. Have I not even now given you a convincing Proof thereof; I have hardly the least Knowledge of you, and yet I repose a Confidence in you, and acquaint you with every Thing relating to me; to crown all, I bring you Home with me, and put it in your Power to
make

make your own Court at my Expence. by discovering and ruining me.

Think not, however, that I have done all this, in Spite of my Teeth; my Distraction is, in some Measure, governed by Reason; I am resolved, at any Rate, either to find *Likinda* again, or put an End to my own Days; I am not able, alone, to go through the whole Fatigue of such a Search; I had resolved, therefore, to look out for Somebody as miserable as myself, in whom I might find my second Self; I meet you in a Tavern, you endeavoured to enter into Discourse with me; and I am distrustful of you; nevertheless, your Garb, which seems evidently to declare the utmost Poverty; your Story, whether true or false; and your Distraction of Mind, which I suppose resembles mine, all these Circumstances determine me in your Favour.

You may now, I believe, conceive my View in pitching upon you; I shall say no more; but (whether you agree or not to my Desire) I forewarn you of one thing, which is, that I have an infallible Means to ruin you, should you make an ungenerous Use of this my Confidence in you; whereas, on the contrary, should you be so lucky as to be the Means of my again finding my dearest *Likinda*, a most splendid Fortune shall be the Reward of your Zeal and Integrity.

This Speech made a deep Impression upon me; not so much by Reason of his Threats to ruin me, if I basely abused the Trust he so generously reposed in me, as of the happy Change in my Fortune, with the Hopes of which he had so agreeably flattered me, and which I was fully convinced it was in his Power to make good, by
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the Recital he had just made me of his Life. I endeavoured, therefore, to dispel whatever Doubts he might have of my sincere Disposition to serve him, and keep his Secret; and to give him an unquestionable Proof thereof, acquainted him, in my Turn, with the Adventures, and the new Business I had undertaken.

This Information was received with an Air of Satisfaction and Tranquillity; you have flattered me with such Hopes, said he, as I never durst freely give way to before; your brisk, lively, and enterprising Temper, your Frankness, in not making a Secret to me of what has befallen you, with that busy inquisitive Inclination, that seems to have been, in a Manner, born with you, almost persuade me, you will succeed in your Search; and that you may be the better able so to do, I will supply you with whatever Money you want.

In order to render the Task yet more easy to you, continued he, I have an infallible Means, to prevent your being mistaken in *Likinda*, should she fortunately happen to be at *Paris*; I have some of her Pictures here; and you may judge, when you have once seen them, whether it is possible for you to be deceived in her.

Having thus premised, *Rametzi* rose up, and carrying me into a Closet, opened a rich Casket, from whence he took a Picture in Miniature: This, said he, putting it into my Hands, is the perfect Likeness of her, whose Loss is the Cause of all my Misfortunes; it was drawn by One of the greatest Masters in *Europe*; and it was from this Original, the Copy was taken, which I shall shew you presently.

We passed on, then, from thence into a private Apartment, that was inexpressibly magnificent;

cent; but nevertheless, the Picture of *Likinda*, which I there beheld drawn at full Length, was its greatest and most valuable Ornament: She was represented as placed upon an Ascent of three Steps, and under a Canopy of Crimson Velvet, fringed with Gold. I could not look upon this Master-piece of Art, without the utmost Admiration; and was no longer surprized, that the Person of whom this was the perfect Resemblance had been capable of inspiring such lively and unbounded Passions.

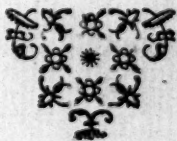
Rametzi reading my very Thoughts, in the profound Surprise, that was visibly painted in my Looks, imagined he saw himself, in the Emotions, it caused in me; and the sudden Exclamations, I could not help making at the Sight of so enchanting a Piece, extorted from my new Acquaintance, the most flattering Compliments. What shall I not owe you, said he, if you are the Means of my again finding *Likinda*? Why may not she have escaped that dreadful Danger, as well as I? That Fainting wherewith I was seized, is it not an evident Proof of her being in the Coach before-mentioned? And that Livery of Sorrow, worn not only by herself, but her Equipage, must undoubtedly be for the Loss of her Brother, and perhaps of myself.

In order to please *Rametzi*, I readily agreed, to whatever he advanced, upon this Head; though, at the Bottom, I very much questioned, *Likinda's* having escaped the Danger, whereof he had given me so terrible a Description; I promised him, however, that I would exert my utmost Abilities to proceed in this so ardently desired Discovery; and would espouse his Interest, as earnestly as if it were my own: And that he might be the more fully satisfied of my Zeal for his

his Service, I acquainted him with the Means I intended to use, the better to obtain my Ends. *Rametzi* approved thereof, and gave me beforehand, a thousand Thanks, for the Pains I was willing to bear for that Purpose.

It was afterwards, agreed between us, that we should always be once a Week at the Tavern where we first met; and that, from thence, he should take me Home with him, where we would give each other a mutual Account, both of what might relate to *Likinda*, and of various Adventures which this our Search might in all Probability occasion.

The End of the SECOND PART.



Page 11
The first of these is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.
The second is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.
The third is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.

SECOND
The second of these is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.

THIRD
The third of these is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.

FOURTH
The fourth of these is the
fact that the land is
not only fertile but
also well watered.